movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

DECEMBER

10¢

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Mae West's Life Story

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in Queen Christina

ROUGH COPY

ROUGH COPY

A FAMOUS CARICATURIST'S CONCEPTION OF

METRO GOLDWYN MAYER'S *New* COMEDY TEAM

MAY ROBSON POLLY MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

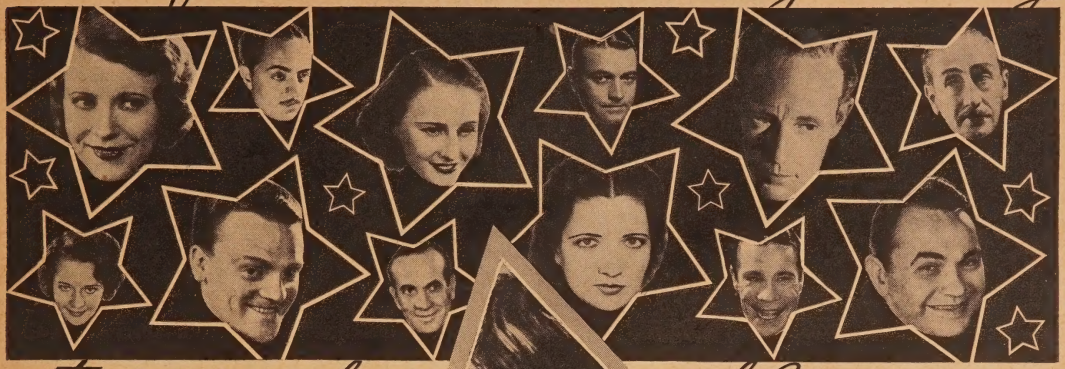
Charles F. Riesner
Director

Harry Rapf
Associate Producer

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by William Cotton is one of a series of caricatures of M-G-M stars by famous artists

ROUGH COPY

Now from Warner Bros. glittering



star-ranks blazes . . .

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The *Star* Company"....Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni in "THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MacMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK

And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 5, NO. 1

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

DECEMBER, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ JERRY ASHER ★ WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

Just when it seemed that every great thing that could be written about Garbo had already been said, Garbo herself did her greatest deed. That was bringing John Gilbert back to the screen. Once upon a time she had been in love with him. Now certainly Garbo proved her everlasting friendship for Gilbert. For she knew, as all of Jack's friends knew, that he never could be happy away from acting. She forced the M-G-M officials to give him the rôle opposite her in "Queen Christina," and thereby winning for herself the finest publicity she has ever had. Garbo has one more picture to make under her present contract. She has just bought herself a castle in Dyvik, Sweden. Whether or not she will return to Sweden after the second picture nobody knows. And what lies ahead of Gilbert after "Queen Christina" is also shrouded in uncertainty. But one thing is positive. "Queen Christina" no matter what its plot or direction, will most certainly be one of the most interesting productions of the year. This caricature was done by Paderewski, and the cover portrait was painted by Georgia Warren.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Marlene The Magnificent.....Thyra Samter Winslow 12
A Great Writer Visits A Great Star

Mae West's Life Story.....Harry Lang 14

What Motherhood Has Done for Karen Morley.....Alan Bruce 24

Rumble Seat Husbands.....Harriet Parsons 32
They Are a Brand Peculiar to Hollywood

Jean Gets Her Camera Man.....Nina Wilcox Putnam 34

The Inside Story of Sally and Jimmy.....Dorothy Manners 36

Crashing Movie Society..... 38
Rules for Popularity in the Picture Village

The Camera Does Lie.....Marquis Busby 46

Confessions of a Casting Director..... 52

The Man Who Will Never Go Hollywood.....Gladys Hall 54
His Name is Nils Asther

The Woman Spy.....Dorothy Emerson 56
The Thrilling Story of Constance Bennett's New Picture

Movie Mirror's Departments

Tips on Talkies..... 4
Hot News..... 8
Inside Stuff..... 26
Hollywood Fashions..... 40
Movies of the Month..... 60
Hair-raising Ideas..... 64
Speak for Yourself..... 68
Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle.... 72

Exclusive Portraits

Irene Dunne..... 17
Janet Gaynor..... 18
Joan Crawford..... 19
Gary Cooper..... 20
Ramon Novarro..... 21
Gloria Stuart..... 22
James Cagney..... 23
Joan Blondell..... 49
Johnny Weissmuller..... 50
Norma Shearer..... 51

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She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one . . . *The play*—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. *The lovers*—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.

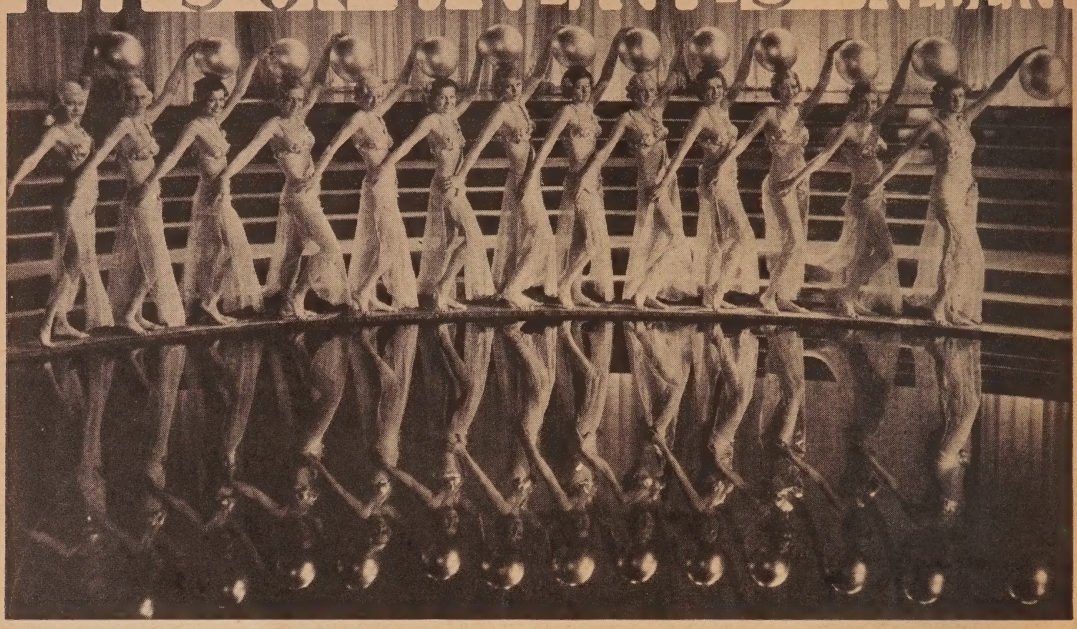
. . . Vanilla! They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey . . . with girls and music.

Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A *Paramount Picture* directed by Mitchell Leisen.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

TIPS ON TALKIES BY DORA ALBERT



✓**Another Language** (M-G-M)
There's something real about this picture. You'll feel that the people in it are the kind of people you might conceivably know. It's the story of the conflict between a young woman and her interfering, domineering in-laws, who resent anyone who is not as dull and conventional as they are. Helen Hayes is grand in this rôle, though it doesn't give her very much emoting to do. Robert Montgomery is the rather weak young husband, and he plays his part well, though it is the kind of part that no actor shines in. This picture has some grand dialogue, some fine performances, and is almost a double-check film.

☆

✓**Beauty For Sale** (M-G-M)
A typical Faith Baldwin story, told against the background of a beauty parlor. The setting is gorgeous, the story obvious. It's about three girls, and what they do about the men in their lives. Florine McKinney is reckless; Una Merkel is practical and Madge Evans is romantic. Madge falls in love with a married man, and doesn't know what to do about it. The niftiest performance in the picture is given by Alice Brady as a tongue-wagging, poodle-petting, rather dizzy wife. Pretty smooth, too, is Otto Kruger's characterization of the husband.

☆

✓✓**Berkeley Square** (Lasky-Fox)
Here is one of the finest and most unusual screen pictures you ever saw. It's not an easy story to understand, because it deals with a lover whose great love transcends time. Born in the twentieth century, he goes back to the eighteenth century to pledge eternal devotion to the girl he loves. The magnificent acting of Leslie Howard makes this picture tremendously effective. There is fine work also by the supporting cast, including Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, and Betty Lawford.

☆

Big Executive (Paramount)
A rather boring, rambling picture about a Wall Street man (Ricardo Cortez) who falls in love with his rival's daughter. The only redeeming thing about the picture is a vigorous performance by Richard Bennett.

☆

✓**Blind Adventure** (Radio)
Mystery and comedy well mixed, in the story of the adventures of an American girl caught in a London fog. A burglar comes to her assistance, and since the burglar is played by Roland Young, you can imagine where the comedy comes in. Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack are the love interest, and very nice, too.

☆

✓✓**Broadway To Hollywood** (M-G-M)
For chuckles and laughs and sobs, this is pretty nearly A-1 entertainment. What makes it so is some grand direction and a series of beautiful performances by Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jackie Cooper and Madge Evans. The story is the heart-history of three generations of a theatrical family. It's told with a great deal of gusto and color and poignant emotion.

☆

✓**Bureau of Missing Persons** (Warners)
An inside story of the dramas that go on in the missing persons department of the police force. And you can bet that while it's fiction, the background is pretty authentic, for the story was written by Captain Ayers, of the Missing Persons Bureau of New York City. The drama revolves around Pat O'Brien, who plays a hard-boiled detective, Lewis Stone, the head of the bureau, and Bette Davis, a gal hunted for murder. The story has romance, comedy, and drama. Could you ask for more?

☆

Dangerous Crossroads (Columbia)
There's a sameness about Chic Sale's characterizations that makes pictures in which he appears a little monotonous. That's true here. Chic Sale plays a locomotive engineer who shows a gang of newfangled gangsters that he's smarter than they are. Preston Foster, Diane Sinclair and Frank Albertson are in the supporting cast.

☆

✓**Deluge** (KBS)
Here indeed is a thrilling idea, to picture what would happen if the world came to an end. The picturization of that idea is magnificently done, starting with a mysterious eclipse and a world-wide earthquake. Then suddenly the whole thing goes flat with a trite story about the adventures of the survivors of the earthquake and the tidal waves that follow it. See the picture anyway for the thrilling stuff at the beginning.

☆

Devil's In Love, The (Fox)
A deadly bore. A young doctor, Victor Jory, is unjustly accused of murder and escapes to a distant corner of the world. Here he's shown doing his stuff against a Foreign Legion background. The rest of the story is concerned with his falling in love with Loretta Young, who turns out to be his best friend's gal. The story is so inane it's a waste of time to see this picture.

☆

✓✓**Dinner At Eight** (M-G-M)
Imagine Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Phillips Holmes and Lee Tracy all in one picture. Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow and Billie Burke give the best performances. Jean Harlow is a riot in a rôle which gives her some hot lines to put over—and does she put them over! The story's about a group of people gathered together by hostess Billie Burke for her dinner and about the hidden dramas in the lives of these people.

☆

Faithful Heart (British-made)
Don't ruin your illusions about Herbert Marshall

(*Continued on page 6*)

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED

✓✓**Lady For A Day**
Honestly, this is the most satisfying and human picture I've seen in a long time. It has a "different" movie plot, a wow of a performance by May Robson, and it leaves you feeling all warm inside.

Also

✓✓**Broadway To Hollywood**
✓✓**Dinner At Eight**
✓✓**Morning Glory**
✓✓**Paddy The Next Best Thing**
✓✓**Three-Cornered Moon**
✓✓**Tugboat Annie**

If you have a list of personal recommendations for double check pictures, why don't you send them to me, and also the picture you've seen recently which bored you most.

The stamp of superlative entertainment

WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in **"THE BOWERY"**

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and **JACK OAKIE** in **"TROUBLE SHOOTER"**

GEORGE ARLISS in **"HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"**

CONSTANCE BENNETT in **"MOULIN ROUGE"**

GEORGE BANCROFT in **"BLOOD MONEY"**

LORETTA YOUNG in **"BORN TO BE BAD"**

LEE TRACY in **"ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"**

ANN HARDING in **"GALLANT LADY"**

GEORGE ARLISS in **"SENTENCED"**

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

(Continued from page 4)

by seeing this British-made picture, unless you're simply dying to see him in a picture teamed with his wife, Edna Best. That's about the only excuse for this terrible claptrap about a man, his mistress and his daughter. When British pictures are good, they're very, very good, but when they're bad—well, this is an example.

☆

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)
This is one of those trick scientific ideas, but you can't call it a good movie. Leslie Fenton plays a young engineer who builds a floating island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Added to this, there's a tepid love plot, with Jill Esmond as the girl.

☆

✓Headline Shooters (Radio)
Here, at last, is a picture which glorifies the hazardous work of the newsreel photographers. It's noteworthy for its thrilling shots of actual catastrophes. Apart from the thrill shots, it would be just another love story of two men in love with the same girl—Ralph Bellamy and Bill Gargan both courting Frances Dee. But the work of newsreel cameramen has been exploited so little that this picture is worth seeing.

☆

✓Her Bodyguard (Paramount)
A better-than-you'd-expect program picture, with Wynne Gibson, Eddie Lowe and Johnny Hines turning on a show that'll give you plenty of entertainment. As a musical comedy star who hires a bodyguard to protect her from the advances of the producer and backer of the show, Wynne Gibson proves that she has what it takes.

☆

✓Her First Mate (Universal)
What that team of Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts can do with a laugh-idea you already know, or should know. Here they're grand, against a sort of nautical background. Slim is the last of a line of sea-captains; Zasu plays his wife. Slim gets tangled up with some rum-runners, and Zasu extricates him from the mess. With the help of Una Merkel, a swell comedienne herself, this great pair gets plenty of laughs.

☆

It's Great To Be Alive (Fox)
The plot of this one is supposed to be sure-fire. It deals with what happens when only one man is left in the world, after all the others have been killed off by some kind of scourge. Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart and Edna May Oliver work hard to put this one over, but it doesn't click. Instead of being funny, it's just silly.

☆

✓✓Lady For A Day (Columbia)
Some call this hokum, but just the same it will get you. It's a marvelous story of a mother's sacrifice with May Robson (and there's an actress for you) giving it the works. Also watch Jean Parker, the high school girl whose dramatic ability is the talk of Hollywood. This picture gives you everything, from laughs to tears. And when at the end you smile through your tears, you'll love it.

☆

Last Trail, The (Fox)
If you're a dyed-in-the-wool western fan, here's another wild west thriller to feast your eyes on. This time it's a gang of cattle crooks who are foiled by the arrival of the hero. George O'Brien does the heroics nicely. But if you don't like Westerns, gosh, how this sort of stuff bores you!

☆

✓Mama Loves Papa (Paramount)
A laugh fest, thanks to Charlie Ruggles' grand clowning and some pretty good work by Mary Boland as his dumb cluck of a wife. The story's about a meek little fellow who's made playground commissioner because a big political boss wants to use him as a tool. You'll watch with glee as Charlie Ruggles, as the meek little fool, upsets the big boss's applecart.

☆

Man of the Forest (Paramount)
A combination of laugh film with a western thriller. With the usual wild west plot about disputed water rights, with the usual villains, and with a cast that includes Randolph Scott, panther girl Verna Hillie and lion man Buster Crabbe, it's fair entertainment for western-movie lovers.

☆

✓Man Who Dared, The (Fox)
Preston Foster and Zita Johann give two surprisingly good performances in this story of the career of the late Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, who was killed by a bullet intended for President Roosevelt. If you like biographical stories, this one will entertain and thrill you. It's a good picture, though not a great one.

✓Mary Stevens, M.D. (Warners)
Has Glenda Farrell ever been cast in a picture yet that she didn't walk off with? She walks off with this one in her rôle as a wise-cracking nurse, stealing the picture from Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot, although Kay Francis is grand in the latter half of the picture. The first half of the picture doesn't mean a thing to the story, and it isn't till the picture has gone on for quite a while that it really begins to gather speed. The story's a bit complicated, dealing with two doctors, a man and a woman, and their different careers and ambitions.

☆

✓✓Morning Glory (Radio)
You admirers of Katharine Hepburn, take a slant at this. If you've raved about Katharine before, what will you say now! She seemed so glamorous, so sophisticated, so modern, that you never dreamed she could put over a rôle like this. This time she plays a young, naive, stage struck girl who comes to New York in search of fame and glory. Adolphe Menjou, Doug, Jr., and other brilliant troupers are in the cast, but you'll hardly know they're alive. "Morning Glory" is all Hepburn, and it is the most amazing performance she has given.

☆

✓Myrt and Marge (Universal)
A backstage musical comedy, with Myrt and Marge, the radio favorites, doing their stuff. If you're looking for comedy entertainment, this is plenty satisfying, though it isn't another "42nd Street" or "Gold Diggers." You'll laugh with Ted Healy, Trixie Friganza and the rest of the comedy cast.

Lots of letters are coming in on this little picture stealer, Pert Kelton. Watch for her in "The Bowery." She's swell

✓Night Flight (M-G-M)
The cast of this almost outshines the story. Not that the story isn't full of excitement and thrills, but when such actors as Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and John and Lionel Barrymore and such actresses as Helen Hayes and Myrna Loy are advertised, you want to see them in big parts. When you see a marvelous actor wasted on a bit, you rebel somewhat, and that's what happens here. The story? The sacrifices that are made so that the mail may go through over the South American Andes. The love interest in this picture is down to the minimum, and the flying scenes are played up. The suspense is beautifully worked out.

☆

✓No Marriage Ties (Radio)
Every once in a while Richard Dix appears in a picture that startles those who thought that he was just about on his last legs on the screen. This is one of those. It's a sparkling, rollicking story of a drinking newspaperman who gets fired, only to become a big-shot advertising man. The picture deals with his love-life, too. Dix fairly romps through this rôle, with the help of lovely Elizabeth Allan, screen newcomer, and Doris Kenyon.

☆

✓One Sunday Afternoon (Paramount)
The story of Biff Grimes (Gary Cooper) who was in love with a girl (Fay Wray) and lost her to a rival back in the golden '90's. On the rebound he marries another girl, Frances Fuller, but through the years he plans revenge on his rival. Then one day he gets a chance for that revenge and discovers—well, see the picture for yourself. The most delightful part of the picture is the screening of the scenes showing the courting manners of the good old days. The park flirtation scene especially is a wow. And watch that girl, Frances Fuller, who plays Gary's wife. She's a comer, and how!

☆

One Year Later (Allied)
Mary Brian, Don Dillaway and Russell Hopton in a story about what happens in the year between a couple's honeymoon and the husband's journey toward the electric chair. The story is a bit lurid and the melodrama is piled on almost too thick, but it's so fast moving that you may enjoy it anyway.

☆

✓✓Paddy, The Next Best Thing (Fox)
If you like Janet Gaynor (and sometimes it seems as if the whole world does), you'll grant that this is her best picture since "Delicious" and the kind of thing she should be playing in. Janet Gaynor played the Sally Eilers type of picture in "The First Year" and the Lilian Harvey type of picture in "Adorable," so it's a relief to see her playing Janet Gaynor again. She's the adorable, mischievous younger sister of a girl who agrees to marry Warner Baxter because her father's in debt. Janet does everything she can think of to stop that marriage, and succeeds. This charming story is set in Ireland, and Janet makes a winsome Irish lassie.

☆

✓Penthouse (M-G-M)
A murder-and-romance drama, with Warner Baxter playing a likable lawyer chap whose uppercrust friends shun him because he has saved a lot of gangsters from the chair. When one of these society friends is accused of murdering a girl and all the evidence is against him, Warner Baxter steps in to save him. Mynra Loy, playing a girl who has a lot of friends in the underworld, helps him. Between the two of them, they give you a pretty zippy picture.

☆

✓Power and the Glory (Lasky-Fox)
You'll either think this picture a great experience or else just a hash. That's because it isn't told in consecutive fashion, but begins at the end of the story, with the death of the main character, and then flashes back to the beginning of that story. But what powerful drama the picture packs! Spencer Tracy turns in a performance you won't easily forget. He portrays a man who rises to great power, and whose power and success bring him the greatest tragedy of his life. Colleen Moore makes her comeback here. Some will hail her as great; others will be disappointed in the new and subdued Colleen Moore.

☆

✓Rafter Romance (Radio)
Well, well, well, here at last young love gets its innings. After their nice team-work in "Professional Sweetheart," it was inevitable that Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster be teamed again. This is a human, laugh-laden story about two youngsters who have so little money they can't pay their rent. Their landlord makes them share the attic. The boy works nights, the girl works days, so for a long time they don't meet. When they do—well, of course, young love is triumphant.

☆

Shanghai Madness (Fox)
A melodrama set against a Chinese background. It's about a heroic young American navy officer (Spencer Tracy) who gets in terribly wrong because he takes regulations into his own hands to fight communists. Then the story tells how he gets in right again and wins the girl (of course there's a girl—this time she's Fay Wray). If you're looking for melodramatic thrills, and don't care whether the story that supplies them is logical or not, this is your meat.

☆

✓Song of Songs (Paramount)
A good picture though not a great one, with Marlene Dietrich giving a marvelous performance in a rôle that is a complete departure for her. At the beginning of the picture she actually plays a naive country girl, and does a remarkable job of it. Brian Aherne is grand in some of the scenes, stiff and wooden in others. The story's about a girl who poses for a sculptor and falls madly in love with him. He deserts her, so that a rich and middle-aged baron can marry her. Some people will be mad about this picture; others will be bored to death.

☆

✓Storm At Daybreak (M-G-M)
Beautifully framed, smartly screened, elaborately produced, this is really a familiar plot dressed

up to kill. It's the old eternal triangle story, set this time against a background of the World War in Austria-Hungary. But clever performances by Kay Francis, Nils Asther, Phillips Holmes and Walter Huston, some grand dialogue and the swell photography combine to make it a far more gripping screen tale than you'd expect.

☆

✓**Stranger's Return, The** (M-G-M)
If you're looking for a picture with a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha, be warned! This, by a long shot, isn't it. But if it's grand acting you care about, you'll find it here in the splendid performances of Miriam Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore. The picture is very quiet and lacks story punch, dealing as it does with life and love on a farm in the mid-west. What it lacks in punch it makes up in fine character-acting.

☆

✓✓**This Day and Age** (Paramount)
What a grand showman Cecil B. DeMille is! He proves it again in this, which will leave you cheering and applauding. It's a typical DeMille plot, full of spectacle-scenes and mob stuff. A group of today's youngsters, tired of the law's dilly-dallying, take the law into their own hands and torture a gangster into confession. The picture sweeps you into a sort of frenzied hysteria, and you'll love the excitement of it.

☆

✓✓**Three-Cornered Moon** (Paramount)
The goofiest, nuttiest, sweetest comedy of the season. It's about the Rimplegars of Brooklyn—and what a family they are! The mother's a dumb cluck, the daughter's in love with a writer who never earns a penny, and one of the sons goes around the house eternally rehearsing some part for a Little Theatre. As the dizzy mother Mary Boland steals the picture—and that in spite of some real competition from Claudette Colbert, Lyda Roberti, Dick Arlen, Wally Ford, Tom Brown, and the rest of the grand cast.

☆

✓**Torch Singer** (Paramount)
A nice juicy orgy of sentimentality, with Claudette (beautiful figure) Colbert giving it what it takes. The picture's the sob story of a torch singer who has a child out of wedlock and signs her own baby away because she can't support it. And then, too late, comes fame. But, of course, there's a happy ending. Claudette is supported by such troupers as Ricardo Cortez, David Manners and Charles Grapewin. Then, too, there's that marvelous Baby LeRoy.

☆

Trail Drive, The (Universal)
A typical Ken Maynard Western, in which Ken turns the tables on the villains, and wins the girl, Cecelia Parker. There are also some interpolations of cowboy music, fine for those who like it. Otherwise this is just a routine Western.

☆

✓✓**Tugboat Annie** (M-G-M)
Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler (bless 'em both) in one of those adroit stories that are a mixture of comedy and tears. I won't pretend that this is as good a picture as "Min and Bill," but it's still way ahead of most pictures you'll be seeing. The story tells of Tugboat Annie, a grand old woman tugboat captain devoted to a good-for-nothing souse of a husband, and how at the end the good-for-nothing souse makes a great sacrifice for his son. Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan supply the young love interest, but, of course, it's Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler who'll make you feel all warm inside.

☆

✓**Turn Back the Clock** (M-G-M)
I've heard this called everything from the best picture Lee Tracy ever made to the worst. Personally I think it's good entertainment, but I've liked Lee better in other pictures. This has an amusing idea—what would happen if we could live our lives over again. That's what Lee Tracy is wishing when this picture happens. So his wish comes true, he lives his life over again, starting back in 1910. Knowing all the time what the future will bring, he has a swell time trying to convince other people of it. There's a splendid supporting cast, but Lee Tracy, as usual, is the whole show.

☆

✓✓**Voltaire** (Warners)
Remember "Disraeli"? Well, here's George Arliss back again, playing an important historical figure in the way that only he can play it, making the man human, crotchety, lovable. Whether you ordinarily like historical pictures or not, you oughtn't to miss George Arliss's grand performance in this. Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen turn in neat characterizations in minor rôles.

Watch for this face as you'll be seeing a lot of it. It's Blossom Seeley, who is being called the big picture-stealer of the year. She was having very sour breaks until she was cast in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" after Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Lilyan Tashman had refused the same part. Blossom was so swell that they immediately had her sign a nice fat contract. And Daryl Zanuck, head of the Twentieth Century Company, predicts great things for her

Wouldn't this be pretty keen to find under your tree on Christmas morning? She's Betty Furness, RKO's little wonder girl, coming up rapidly thank you

hot news

by MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD: Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press: It finally happened . . . The saddest news of the month is that little Renee Adoree, the unforgettable heroine of "The Big Parade," has finally died of tuberculosis in a sanitarium at Sunland, California . . . She was thirty-one years old . . . for three years she put up a game fight against this disease . . . early last summer she came back to Hollywood hoping she was cured . . . but she loved life too much to really rest . . . she could not resist the parties and laughter after having been away for so long . . . and very soon she was ill again and her closest friends feared it would be the end . . . All Hollywood mourns for her . . . Gary (big boy) Cooper was seated right smack next to Lupe (hot Tamale) Velez at the Friday night prizefights . . . but Gary was with Sandra Shaw and Lupe was with (guess whom?) Johnny Weissmuller . . . Lupe-the-Loop promptly turned her back on Gary and showed just how MUCH she loved her Johnny . . . Gary looked as embarrassed as the guy that wandered into the turkish bath on ladies' night . . . and while we're rattling, Johnny's divorce becomes final before you read this . . . the folks are expecting to hear Lohengrin at any time now . . . "I have every intention of marrying Lupe if she will have me," says Kid Tarzan . . . but Lupe she don't say nothin' stop . . . don't believe for one moment that the Joan (those orbs) Crawford-Franchot (subtle) Tone romance is Frigidaire . . . our spies report that Franchot calls Joan's set 'steen times a day stop . . . Herr Hitler can huff and puff and try to blow her house down but Dorothea (Fatherland favorite) Wieck won't be seeing Germany very soon . . . Paramount has renewed her option . . . they say her rushes on "Cradle Song" are that swell stop . . . the Clara (tobasco) Bow-Rex (cowboy) Bell spat was a lot of smoke and no fire . . . just an argument whether a stray dog should stay in the house or outside . . . they compromised on the kitchen . . . both Clara and Rex think they won the argument . . . and Clara snorts flame if asked if she is REALLY romantically inclined toward Richard (very youthful) Cromwell, her leading man stop.

Hollywood will miss Peg Talmadge, mother of the famous stellar sisters . . . Peg went to her last resting place wearing a jade pin that Constance had given her . . . a rosary of Natalie's placed in her hand . . . and in the casket was the first money Norma ever earned . . . it had been Peg's most cherished keepsake for years . . . hail and farewell to one of Hollywood's most beloved women stop . . . Mae (naughty but nice) West always has an answer . . . an interviewer asked her why men are so interested in women with pasts . . . "because," drawled La West, "they hope history will repeat itself" . . . and ain't it the truth, dearie exclamation mark . . . well, anyway, SOME people in Hollywood can keep a secret . . . getting so you really don't belong socially out here unless you go into

Lola Lane has a new hair-do (described on page 73) and a new beau too. In fact, this was the last picture caught of her with Lyle Talbot, till recently her leading escort

bankruptcy . . . latest are Esther (so blonde) Ralston, Dorothy (Wally's widow) Reid, and Jeanie Macpherson . . . once the most famous screen writer . . . the Macpherson petition listed debts of more than $32,000 and assets of only $343 . . . and a once famous male star is borrowing anything he can get from his friends these days . . . seems Hollywood gold is not an endless stream after all . . . but isn't that the way it goes sigh and exclamation mark.

It looked for a while as if there would be Civil War on the Paramount lot . . . all because Marlene (gone sissy with skirts) Dietrich supposedly told a reporter that she had never heard of Mae West . . . Mae was ready to put the gipsy curse on Marlene . . . but the German sex appeal said she was misquoted . . . she really said she hadn't heard of Mae West FASHIONS . . . but did Mae do a burn-up flock of exclamation marks . . . the stork has a date with Billie (so gawgeous) Dove come springtide . . . Billie is happily married to a non-professional and doesn't give a durn about moompitchers anymore stop . . . a group of nuns were having their initial glimpse of a studio . . . the first set they were taken to was Constance (hoity-toity) Bennett's "Moulin Rouge" . . . a snappy leg show was in progress . . . Connie almost DIED but the nuns carried it off with considerable aplomb stop again . . . Gloria (ex-Marquise) Swanson will portray the vivid life of Sarah Bernhardt in "The Divine Sarah" . . . does the idea appeal question mark . . . and ever since Fifi (naughty eyes) D'Orsay announced her engagement to a Chicago doctor a gagster has been surreptitiously placing an apple in her dressing room every day stop . . . Katharine (doing a Garbo?) Hepburn wouldn't be photographed at the Tennis Tournaments . . . keeping her face covered whenever a camera turned her way . . . so, just for spite, the camera boys stayed in front of her box all afternoon . . . Katie didn't see ONE set . . . and the lowdown is that the spectacular Hepburn gal played an extra one day in "Queen Christina" . . . just wanted a close-up of the Great Garbo . . . wonder if Garbo knew . . . and what she thought stop.

Now that the Countess di Frasso is being seen with Cary Grant, Gary Cooper is being seen with Sandra Shaw. The other gentleman is Gavin Gordon and they're at the Beverly-Wilshire opening

Their girl friends didn't know it . . . but the reason two screen heroes hurried them home from the Colony Club was because they wanted to return and take Peggy Hopkins Joyce to HER doorstep stop . . . Marlene Dietrich returned to town just in time to greet the new earthquake . . . she made it out of her hotel suite in nothing flat . . . and draped in a fur coat and not much else stop . . . Dorothy (used to be in films) Dunbar is getting a Mexican divorce from

One happy married pair and one pair about to be married and they hope happily—George Barnes and Joan Blondell, who are Mr. and Mrs., and Myrna Kennedy and Busby Berkeley, who are engaged

Monroe Owsley is dating Vivian Tobin and Genevieve Tobin is oh, so much that way about Felix Chappelet that all Hollywood expects the wedding announcement any day now

Max (prizefighter) Baer . . . it's whispered that if the divorce had been secured in Hollywood there would be a swell, new topic of conversation . . . and Max threatened

Yes, they're still going together, except when she's going with some one else —Dick Powell and Mary Brian at an opening

Will Rogers sitting next to Walt Disney, of Mickey Mouse fame, at dinner in Walt's honor

if his wife got the divorce he would marry Peggy Hopkins Joyce . . . so what lifted eyebrows AND question mark . . . seems to be a year for fantasy . . . first "Alice in Wonderland" and now Goldwyn announces "The Wizard of Oz" . . . the studio would like to have W. C. Fields for the Wizard and Helen (White Sister) Hayes as Dorothy . . . but Helen does not return to Hollywood for months and months . . . she's doing things about the stage stop . . . how's your blood pressure . . . there's to be a sequel to "The Red Headed Woman" . . . with Jean (110 in the shade) Harlow doing the hot stuff again . . . sequel will be "The Red Headed Woman in Paris" . . . it will be filmed when the weather really gets cooler stop . . . here's a party we want to attend (dressed in a suit of armor) . . . Edgar Allen Woolf will give a "Feudists Party" . . . people who hate each other are invited to come and settle their difficulties with kisses or with shotguns . . . he's considering asking Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, John Gilbert, Charles Chaplin and James Tully . . . heaven help a pacifist on a night like that exclamation mark . . . a press dispatch says James (rough stuff) Cagney is learning jiu-jitsu . . . won't that be nice for his leading ladies question mark.

Fan Mail department at Paramount waltzes forth with the stop-press news that Mae (c'mup) West receives twenty-five proposals of marriage daily . . . offers come from males between the ages of seventeen and seventy . . . and Boris (bogey man) Karloff will scare you next in "A Trip To Mars" stop . . . Creighton (Lon's son) Chaney has been signed to star in three Monogram features . . . first is "Thirteen Fathoms Deep" and Sally (pert) O'Neil will co-star in this stop . . . Estelle (dusky) Taylor and Roland (director) Brown are expected to step off at any time now . . . and Lola (Lew's ex) Lane will wed Al (another director) Hall in January when her divorce becomes final . . . all sounds like the New Deal in matrimony has really struck Hollywood stop . . . GOLLY . . . all in one evening at the Hotel Miramar supper room were Gary Cooper with Sandra Shaw, Lupe Velez with Johnny Weissmuller, and Bobbe Arnst and a new boy friend . . . ice froze right on top of the pop bottles stop . . . Texas (hello, sucker) Guinan was telling about the old days when she made two hundred westerns . . . someone asked how they ever found that many stories . . . "Oh, we always used the same story," warbled Tex, "we just changed horses" . . . leave it to Tex exclamation mark . . . did you know that Joel (Adonis, Jr.) McCrea and Frances (heart interest) Dee refused to make personal appearances in San Francisco unless RKO agreed to soft-pedal their romance . . . here's one heavy romance that will not be used for ballyhoo purposes if they can help it stop . . . Fox will film "The Flight of the Swan" . . . the story of the late Anna Pavlowa . . . now all they have to find is a girl who can both act and dance stop . . . Sally (bride)

Look who turned up at the tennis matches together! Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Incidentally—all photos on Hot News pages except Betty Furness' are by our Hyman Fink

Eilers found her dressing room locked and her name off the Fox payroll . . . all because she refused to act in "Sally and Jimmy" . . . they do say Sally would be so happ-ee if she could side-step that contract stop.

That Chicago Fair Fan Dance has

arrived in Hollywood . . . on a sixteen millimeter film . . . it's much in demand at parties . . . for very PRIVATE parties stop . . . since Max (Livermore butcher boy) Baer crashed the Garbo set and chatted with Greta he has received exactly 3800 letters and telegrams from her fans . . . every conceivable question was asked . . . now did someone say Greta was slipping question mark . . . Mae West is writing a book on "How To Misbehave" . . . no comment seems necessary stop . . . Oliver (fat boy) Hardy has kissed and made up with his missus . . . their marital disagreements have helped fill newspaper columns for nigh on to four years now stop . . . Jetta (exotic) Goudal returns to the leaping tintypes as the diva in "Fog" . . . Jetta has been doing right smart lately with her interior decorating business . . . and Alice White and Cy Bartlett are talking matrimony once again stop . . . the cardinal sin at any studio is taking an outsider on the process stage where "trick" shots are made . . . and Will (commenter) Rogers escorted one hundred English seamen right into the holy of holies . . . old employees dropped dead from shock but, shucks, it didn't bother Will any stop . . . two famous women met for the first time t'other night . . . Mary (sweetheart) Pickford was introduced to Mae (patootie) West . . . and WERE those gals interested in one another exclamation mark . . . William (suave) Powell and Margaret ("Cavalcade") Lindsay have been out a-stepping . . . and Carole (energetic) Lombard has been sorta dividing her time between Gary (he gets around) Cooper and Russ (crooning Romeo) Columbo . . . and Russ wears the BLUEST blue shirts Hollywood has ever seen stop . . . RKO would like to get the name of Enrico Caruso, Jr., on the dotted line stop.

The welcome sign on the Paramount doormat is being scoured for Sylvia (walkout) Sidney . . . all will be forgiven if she will consent to making a financial settlement for taking French leave (no pun intended) on the Maurice Chevalier picture stop . . . the Mdivani boys are still keeping the cinemaniacs entertained . . . and Mary (grand opry) McCormick says Prince Serge is the "world's greatest gigolo" . . . well, there's something in being the world's GREATEST, anyhow-de-ho stop . . . Baby Leroy disgraced himself COMPLETELY the other day when some pretty girls were taking turns holding him stop . . . the W. S. (director) Van Dyke swimming party was a riot . . . everyone got ducked BEFORE they had time to put on their ducking clothes . . . ah, these Hollywood orgies exclamation mark . . . Grace (grand opera) Moore returns to the screen in a Columbia musical . . . the tunes will be by Friml . . . and that's something exclamation mark some more . . . Charlie (old shoes) Chaplin plays a factory hand in a big American city in his forthcoming comedy . . . and in these advanced days of sound Charlie is building new SILENT stages at his studio . . . that's all hooey about Charlie abandoning his moustache just because Hitler has one like it . . . Charles Spencer would as soon part with an arm . . . and our own Hyman Fink was photographing Chaplin at the Beverly-Wilshire when the earthquake came along . . . the comedian immediately flopped right on his back and said . . . "it's the safest way" stop . . . no more pictures for Joan Bennett until after that "blessed event" . . . and that's all for this month stop.

Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall return in fine health and spirits from Honolulu where they have been making a picture together

Bob Montgomery and Charlie Farrell take a back seat, and love it, to Fred Perry, the tennis star

Adrienne Ames on her way to Reno and marital freedom. You'll find a description of her costume in the fashion article on Page 42

MARLENE the Magnificent

A Great Woman as Seen by a Great Writer + + +

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

MARLENE DIETRICH seems to me one of the most provocative—and one of the most understandable people I have ever met. Lonely. Sad. And yet curiously detached and free.

Usually I shy away from celebrities. Too often I've admired an artist or a writer or an actor. And then I've met a pompous turkey-cock, a self-centered museum piece, a ridiculous creature puffed out of shape by fame. It has been hard to forget the creator and go back to an objective admiration of the creations. I'd about decided to spare my feelings and stay at home.

So, because I admire Marlene Dietrich on the screen with the enthusiasm of a rabid movie fan, I rather dreaded meeting her. I'd heard she was difficult to talk to. Still, why not take a chance, I said to myself. What if she does turn out to be just another ham?

I met a tall, cool girl with lovely eyes and an understanding smile. And with a beauty beyond grease-paint and lip-salve. A slim girl in gray, with a tender, vibrant voice. A girl who is sad most of the time. In spite of stardom, in spite of the things that would make most women happy. Not a sadness of little things. A deep melancholy that either you feel yourself or you don't know what it is about at all.

She said: "I am always sad when I wake up in the morning. It takes hours for me to feel more cheerful. Maybe that is why I do not care for sports—for games. Sport is for happy people. It does not make you happy. It is for people who are happy already."

And I, who hate anything more active than eating and walk only when there are things that can't be seen any other way, felt those words were entirely comprehensible. Though laziness, I'm afraid, is mixed in with my hate of sports.

"Last summer I tried riding a surf-board," Marlene said. "By some accident I was able to keep standing on the board. The wind was in my face. And the sun. I looked at the others with me. Happy people. They laughed with me. And applauded when I stayed on the surf-board.

"And suddenly I felt no longer young and gay—like a débutante. I said to myself: 'What am I doing here? This person, riding like this—this is not I! It was over. I couldn't ride any more."

She dislikes card playing. A silly game! She pantomimed folks dealing and picking up cards. And making faces as they take the bits of cardboard so seriously. As card-playing is one of my minor *bêtes noire,* I understood that phase of Marlene.

Marlene does not like most crowds. Friendly crowds she does enjoy, occasionally, when she is sure they are friendly. Usually she feels that crowds hold only curiosity seekers who are cruel.

"People come to the stations when I go through on the train and peer at me and ask for my autograph," she said. "Not because I am I, but because they know my name. Tomorrow they will be at the stations to see someone else. Those are not the people who like to see me in pictures!"

She does not like parties. She thinks most of them are silly. People huddling together because they are not complete in themselves. I like crowds and people, but I admit

that, psychologically, there may be something on Marlene Dietrich's side. She likes to be with one person—or two. She does not need people outside of her own household.

What does she like, then?

Her family most of all. Her husband, whom she married when she was very young, before either of them had any ideas about fame. Her little girl, Maria, whom she adores. Her mother, to whom she writes nearly every day. Her servants.

Last year Marlene brought two maids to America with her. One of them got married. This year a new one came over to take her place. Marlene is interested in these girls. Their little worries. Their love affairs. They are part of her family. Important to her.

Her work comes next. She is happiest when she is working. Then she forgets things that make her sad.

Marlene knows what she owes to Josef von Sternberg. She has no illusions about that. She is not an unconscious Trilby who has been brought to perfection by a cruel Svengali. She is keen enough and shrewd enough to know that her success is due to what von Sternberg saw in her and made her on the screen.

She said: "I like all of my pictures excepting the last one—the only one Mr. von Sternberg did not direct. If 'The Song of Songs' is a success it is an accident. It is in my contract that I am to work in the future only when Mr. von Sternberg directs me."

She doesn't talk over her work with Mr. von Sternberg ahead of time, she said. She knows the story. That is all. When the time comes to make a scene, he tells her what to do. Visualizing and feeling the character, she does what she is told. She is a quick study—learns her lines at rehearsals.

Music comes after her family and her work. Once Marlene practiced the violin every day, dreamed of being a musician. Then she hurt her hand. When she found she couldn't be a really good violinist, she gave up the violin altogether. She doesn't like to do things she can't do well.

She plays the piano now. Every day. For hours at a time when she isn't working. And in a lot of her spare time when she comes home from the studio.

Music is important to her. Last summer her happiest days were spent in Saltzburg. And the best moment in her whole summer was when she first heard Strauss' "The Woman Without a Shadow." Besides Strauss, she likes Debussy and Revel—all of the rest of the moderns. The classics, too. And American jazz!

At left the new Dietrich as she returned to Hollywood, photographed on the day of her arrival by Movie Mirror's staff photographer, Hyman Fink, and at right is Thyra Samter Winslow, who wrote this delightful interview. Miss Winslow is the world famous author of "Picture Frames," "Show Business" and other stories

She said: "At home my mother doesn't understand how I can listen to music all day. She throws up her hands in horror because I start the gramophone going in the morning and keep it on for hours at a time. In Europe the radio programs are so poor. Here they are lovely! I turn my radio on in the morning—and keep it on all day. I listen to jazz! I'm conscious of the radio only when I want to be. It drives other people crazy when they come in. I love it!"

She likes Hollywood. Why not? The climate is good and her home is large and comfortable. She is busy and interested in her household.

"It is a large household," she said. To Marlene that means that she must give much of her time to it.

And her work is interesting. Absorbing. She likes to read. Modern German things and books and magazines in English, too. She has her music. And part of her family is with her. She smiles tolerantly at Hollywood parties—at the curious gallimaufry of life that Hollywood has produced. She feels she is not actually a part of it.

The life she really prefers is far different. Vienna is the city she loves best. Austria means more to her than all of the rest of the world.

She said: "There's something about the very air there that is different. Not just more fragrant. More life-giving. More vital. You go through Switzerland. It is a rich country and comfortable—and smug. And then you know, without being told, you actually feel when you come across the border—the Austrian border. Austria is poor. But even the poorest people paint their houses with bright colors. There is a—how do you say?—godmother in gay design. Everywhere there is beauty, (*Continued on page* 89)

Mae West's LIFE STORY

Beginning the life of a Brooklyn belle who turned S-E-X into S-R-O

By HARRY LANG

"TH' story of my life? H'mm. . . ! Not ALL of it, y'can't mean. . . ?"

"Uh-huh; ALL of it," I urged.

Mae West dropped the lids over those purple eyes that had been regarding me. Then she looked away, out of a nearby window, to somewhere much farther off than range of mere vision. What she saw there lushed her lips into that maewestic smile that says so many things you can't print. H'mm. . . ." she said again, then; "well——"

And that's how it began, that afternoon tête-à-tête wherein Mae was to tell, for the first time, for you readers of Movie Mirror, *the intimate little and big memories of that amazing personality—that personality that so suddenly crashed into your awareness when she flashed across the screen as Lady Lou in "She Done Him Wrong."*

Most certainly that's the only way you know her now—as Lady Lou. Yet that's not Mae West. In this, her own story of her own life, you'll meet Mae West as her self—and you'll be surprised. Oh, you won't be surprised to know that she was the daughter of "Battling Jack" West, hell-fightin', rip-roaring featherweight boxer of the hectic nineties. But you will be surprised to learn, for instance, that this prize-ring pug's kid was brought up in a way comparable with that of a rich man's daughter—pampered within an inch of her spoiled young life, even to the detail of private tutors to teach her French and German.

As far as possible, this story will be in Mae's own words—words you'll find strangely reserved and sedate as compared with the talk of Lady Lou (save for an occasional "hell" and "damn" that crackles from Mae's lips in the midst of the most otherwise politely-worded sentence!).

However, for the adequate reason that Mae does nothing in the strictly conventional and orthodox manner, this story cannot be a consecutive narration, in her own quotes, of her life and doings. Because she doesn't tell it like that. She jumps from one incident to the other, the two far apart in chronology. She interlards her narration with explanations, philosophies, observations. And when she comes to straightaway connective matters, she glides over it with a quick, "Oh, you can find that in the records—look it up and write it in." And so here's her story.

"I've always had my own way (she began) ever since I can remember. Even before I can remember, from what my mother used to tell me. . . .

"I must've learned very early that if I wanted anything—*anything*, I mean—all I really had to do was to make up my mind to do it, stick to it, say to myself: *'H'm; it c'n be had!"*—and I'd get it.

"I remember a doll. . . ."

"BUT," interposed Your Interviewer, about here, "you haven't been born yet—that is, as far as this story is concerned."

"H'mm . . . well, as I was saying, I remember a doll that I wanted."

"But, hadn't we better begin with the stork?"

"What stork?" demanded Mae.

"Your birth."

"Oh, that—why, I thought you knew all about that," she said. "Well, it's no secret. Y'could find it in the records.

"I was born in Brooklyn—in the Bushwick section. I don't remember the address, now, but it was a brownstone house on the corner—a corner of the same block where former Mayor Hylan once lived. They call Brooklyn 'the City of the Churches' you know. Well, I hardly think that Old Doc Stork knew that the baby girl he delivered that August day—August 17th, it was, and never mind what year!—would one day overcome that holy environment and become the

Big, beautiful, bold and bad. That's the Mae West technique

exponent—theatrically, that is—of those lusty and careless ladies who've more use for a ham sandwich than they have for virtue!

"And do you know, I've found out that that corner brownstone house where I was born was only two blocks from the birthplace of Clara Bow. Imagine being born between Mayor Hylan and Clara Bow. Geographically, that is. And in the matter of time, too. . . .! H'mm. . . .

"Well, if Lincoln could come back today, he could take you out to—Illinois someplace, *(Continued on page 78)*

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE

FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N.Y.World-Telegram

JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

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LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance." —N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully." —N. Y. Herald-Tribune

RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at $1.65 admission. *You see it at popular prices.* Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News

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Every critic, without exception, *raved! And you will too!*

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cat...cade"

From the play by John L. Balderston

FOX

The Stars wish you

A Merry Christmas

and so does

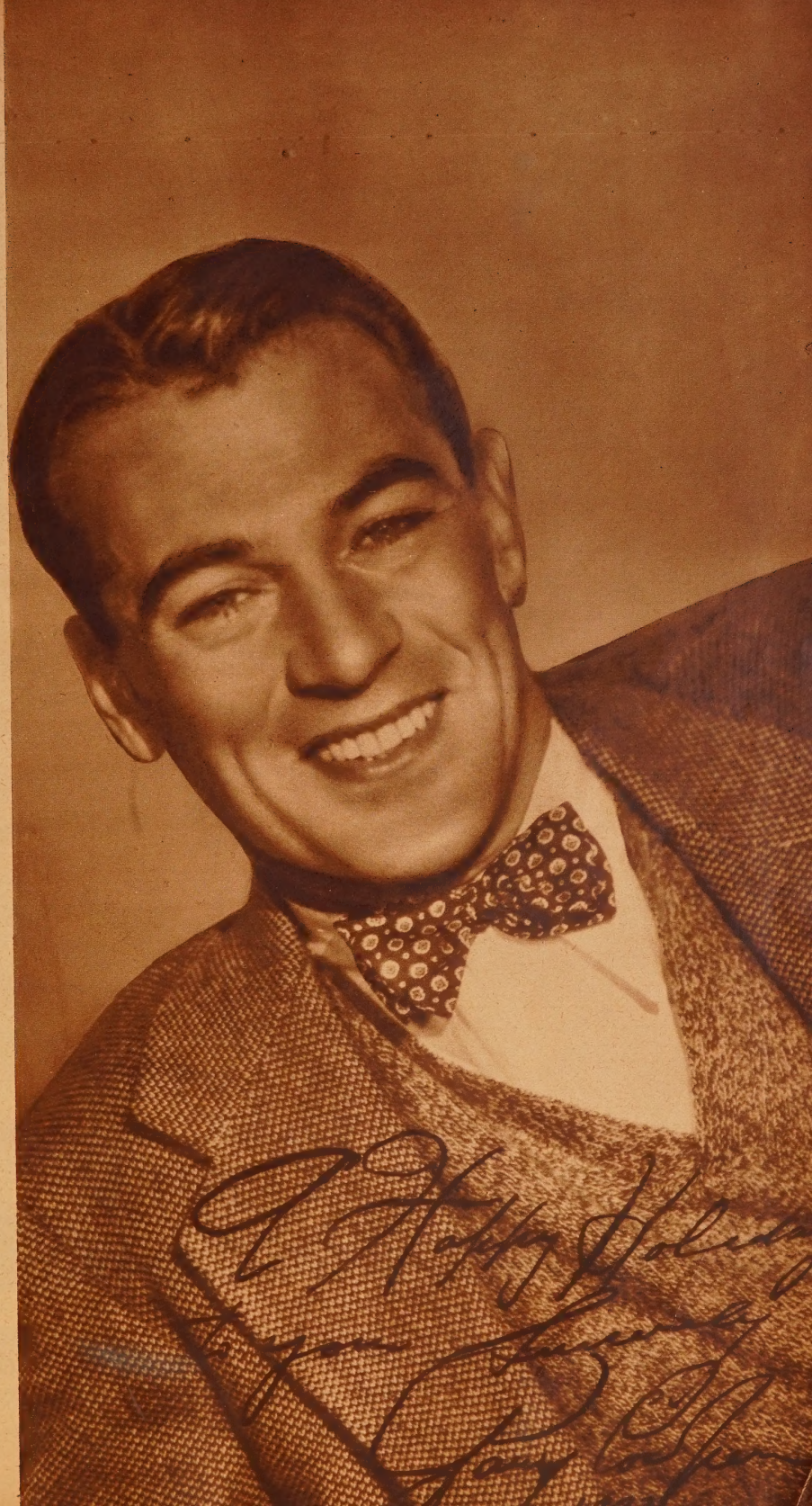
Movie Mirror

At this season of the year with everyone feeling so pleasant toward everyone else, Movie Mirror thought you'd like personal messages from the stars. So we went to eight of the most important movie personages, asked them to select their favorite portrait and write you. On the preceding page is Irene Dunne wishing you good holidays and on this page is winsome little Miss Gaynor

Ramon Novarro signed his picture for you in Spanish before he even realized it! Then he signed it in English, just so everyone would understand, but in any language Christmas Greetings from Ramon are good news. Ramon always starts Christmas day by attending mass and then singing carols, and what lovely holidays the whole Novarro clan does have in this lively Mexican way!
elices Pascuas
Ramón Novarro
Christmas Greetings to you!
Ramon Novarro

Joan Crawford takes a portrait from her very newest sitting to send her message to you. This is the new Crawford with the wise but tender eyes and the curving mouth ready to ripple into laughter. (And if you were as close to her as the camera was, you'd see her golden freckles, too.) When Joanie wishes anyone Merry Christmas she means it with her whole heart

Things are getting better. Business is improving. More people have jobs. It's a nicer world, and what could be brighter and more stimulating than this broad smile Gary Cooper gives you all? And don't you wish you could be at Gary's new ranch house on Christmas day before the crackling fire, surrounded by the trophies of Gary's African hunt—and by Gary himself?



Lovely Gloria Stuart as fast a rising young starlet as Hollywood now boasts sends you a message from herself at Universal. A very modern young person, she looks you squarely in the eye. Right now her path is a bit lonely. She believes in facing all things truly. She is trying to work out both her career and her marriage satisfactorily. We wish you a Happy New Year, Gloria

You can't fool us, Jimmy Cagney, with your new slicker mustache, but you must like yourself this way, since this is the picture you selected for your fans. A very distinctive gentleman, you go your own way in Hollywood, happily, quietly married, living quietly and working noisily and hard. But your pictures bring in the gold at the box-office and that's quite as it should be

What MOTHERHOOD has done for KAREN MORLEY

By ALAN BRUCE

"I WOULD rather be dead than face the life which is the lot of most women," said Karen Morley a year ago. "Of course if I ever fell desperately, head-over-heels in love, it might be different but even in that case mine would have to be a different marriage. I could never see little Karen sweeping, cooking and having babies. Even love would never bring me to that."

A few days ago I saw Karen Morley in the maternity ward of a hospital in Hollywood, where her baby son, Michael Karoly Vidor, was born. Karen, who used to be cold and self-possessed, was dithering over him like any other hausfrau. Karen, who used to say that she would rather eat worms than devote herself to the raising of commonplace children, was raving about her son like any mother of a new born baby.

Two close-ups of Michael Karoly Vidor, taken by his director father, Charles Vidor when Mike had reached the advanced age of nearly four days

And in that lies a story, the real story of Karen Morley. It is the story of a girl who was cold, unhappy, aloof and lonely, who shrank from the common destiny of women, and yet who at last has found herself in that destiny.

Karen never used to be very popular in Hollywood, except with a few people who knew her well. The rest found her too critical, too destructive, too much of a lone wolf. Karen herself used to say that people never liked her the first time they met her.

For one thing, Karen was too frank, a virtue that is not particularly appreciated in Hollywood. After she appeared in her first picture with Garbo, she told interviewers exactly what she thought of Garbo. Garbo, she said, had been deliberately rude to her. It was cruel to treat a beginner that way.

No other girl in Hollywood would have dared to criticize in that way. For Karen to say those things could not have hurt Garbo, who was idolized by her fans, but it could easily have hurt Karen herself.

One day Karen even hurt the feelings of kind-hearted Herr Lubitsch through her frankness, which was like a slap in the face to him. He had given her the story of "Broken Lullaby" to read. She read it. And having read it, she flayed it mercilessly, criticizing some of the dialogue. She noticed as she spoke to him that he turned as cold as ice, but it was too late to go back. Future events justified Karen's criticism, if you consider the failure of "Broken Lullaby" at the box-office, a proof that it fell short somewhere in human values. But whether Karen was right or wrong, she lost a friend through her sharp tongue. She was a little too intelligent for her own good. A little less frankness and a little more consideration might have saved her many hours of misery and loneliness.

And yet Karen was not to blame for the cold, critical attitude she assumed in Hollywood. Everything that had happened in her life conspired to make her that way.

She was born Mildred Linton in the small town of Ottumwa, which is in Iowa. She had no great advantages of birth or breeding. But she was a very sensitive child, and she decided that whatever happened to her, she would behave like a lady. When she was very young, about five or six, she took her first long train trip with her grandmother. Underneath she was seething with excitement, but she was determined not to show it. She did not want to betray her inexperience. As she had never dined on a diner, she decided that she would order something especially nice to eat.

"What will you have, lil' missy?" the steward asked.

All the nice things she had thought of to eat vanished from her mind.

"Baked potato," she said. "Baked

potato is so nice to have on trains."

Actually she hated baked potatoes, but she sat and ate her baked potatoes as cheerfully as she could, proud that she had been a lady about it.

That little incident gives you an inkling of how Karen Morley acquired poise, and with it a certain coldness. Whatever her real emotions might have been, she learned to restrain them.

Later, when Karen went to the University of California, she did not make many friends. She had a pretty miserable time of it at college. She didn't have money enough to join a sorority or to wear clothes as exquisite as some of the other girls had. As there were about seven or eight girls to every boy in the college, the competition among the girls to attract the attention of the men was terrific. Karen ignored practically all the boys on the campus and they ignored her. Though she told herself that they were the worst spoiled bunch of conceited males she had ever met, still it does something within a girl's soul to find herself the least popular in a group of girls.

KAREN could undoubtedly have made herself attractive to men if she had wanted to, but she was too honest, too real to stoop to flattering people simply to be popular. All her enthusiasm for college chilled.

As first she had studied science and planned to be a doctor, but stage fever was in her blood, and before very long she left college, where she had been so unhappy, and joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where she did everything from painting backdrops to playing leading rôles. Here she succeeded in attracting the attention of an agent who took her to the M-G-M Studios just at the time when they needed a girl to voice-double for Greta Garbo in a test scene with Robert Montgomery. When Director Clarence Brown heard her voice, he insisted upon interviewing Karen. In that way she got the rôle of the suicide in "Inspiration."

Up until that time Karen had been enthusiastic about her career. But shortly afterwards something happened (*Continued on page* 84)

Long months awaiting the birth of her son have brought new understanding to the rebel heart of Karen Morley as she reveals in this exclusive and very human story

Inside Stuff

by Peter Abbott

MAY these few words set at rest the rumor that Dorothy Jordan has gone high chapeau since becoming Mrs. Merian C. Cooper. A member of the publicity department, that used to pose Dorothy exposing the Jordan limbs, passed the luxurious Cooper limousine. Dorothy, smothered in furs, was ritling in the back seat. Not only did she let out an undignified shriek at the sight of her former compatriot, but she almost fell out of the window, waving a big hello.

Out from Hollywood, they have Goebel's lion farm. This is where all the movie lions are trained to be nice and courteous, when out in company. Most of the "cats" are named after famous celebrities. And one named Norma Shearer, recently received an autographed photograph from her namesake.

The big tank was being prepared for a swimming scene in "Dancing Lady." Dozens of tiny frogs suddenly found themselves minus their summer home. Just as they were ready to take the scene, Director Robert Leonard spied one lone inmate still enjoying the luxury of the fresh water. "Get him out quick or Joan Crawford will never go in," shouted Bob.

Three prop men ran around the edge of the pool for thirty minutes, before they landed their prize in a butterfly net.

"What's taking so long?" asked Joan, coming out of her portable dressing room.

"We were held up trying to get a baby frog out of the water," answered the director.

"But I love baby frogs," exclaimed Joan, "throw him back in again."

Ivan Lebedeff and William Powell are properly impressed when the man mountain, Primo Camera, grabs them by the arm

Harold Lloyd scooped the town when he got Fred Perry, tennis champion of the world, in his box at the tennis matches

This happened in the doorway leading into one of Hollywood's most exclusive apartment houses. But it might have happened in the play yard of any small town in the United States. Two little girls were all dressed up in trailing gowns, flopping shoes and big hats, playing movie star.

"I'm Joan Crawford," said the first little girl.

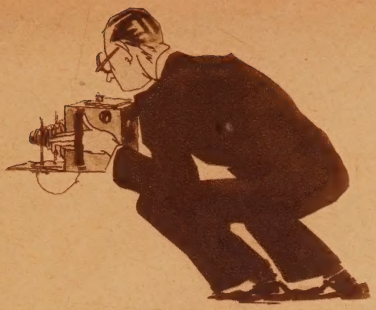
"You can't be Joan," answered the second, "You haven't got a gardenia."

Even blasé Hollywood is still capable of being shocked. Bette Davis devised a plan whereby she could once and for all stop the rumors that she and her brand new husband were making faces at each other. It was the night of a Warner Bros. première. Up in front of the theatre drove Bette. On either side were four men—eight in all. They were the ones whose names had been linked with hers, because they happened to be her friends. One half were wearing white carnations. The other half red. Bette wore a corsage combination of the two colors. Yes, Hollywood is still gasping.

This is written for those of you who might want to call a Marx Brother on the phone. (For what reason, no one knows.) But when you call and ask for Chico, he will say it is Harpo. And when you ask for Zeppo, he'll answer that you are talking to Groucho. In other words, you'll never get the one you want, unless you are satisfied with the one you've already got. It sounds silly. Well, maybe it is.

That funny man, Joe E. Brown, pulled this one on the studio barber. "Give me a Dave Hutton haircut," said

ILLUSTRATED with PHOTOGRAPHS



Taken by HYMAN FINK

the cavern-mouthed comedian. "What do you mean by that," asked the barber with a puzzled expression. "You know what I mean," expostulated Joe, "Trimmed at the temple —trimmed at the temple!"

Get a load of this one. They do say as how the final close-up on Mae West's new picture, "I'm No Angel," is going to be a howl. A gateman, who knows a telephone operator, who knows the script girl on the picture, reports the lines go something like this:

Cary Grant: (Taking Mae to his manly bosom) "Tell me, do I really affect you as much as you say I do?"

Mae: (Shrugging her shoulders and speaking through pressed lips) "Put cha self in ma' place. Whatta ya' think?"

It required several minutes to change the camera setup on Garbo's picture, "Queen Christina" . . . Director Mamoulian strolled outside the stage to catch a breath of air. "Hey boy," shouted Lionel Barrymore, as he saw the figure in the darkened doorway. "Which way to stage ten?" "To your left and through the archway," answered the director. "Thanks buddy," called back Lionel, as he hurried to the set. Then Mamoulian went back to directing Garbo.

Two studio hairdressers sat on the sidelines, sighing over Primo Carnera, as they watched him work out for his screen battle with Max Baer. "Gee, he's swell," said one, "I'm glad I saw him first." "Whadda ya' mean, you saw him first?" piped up the second girl. "I've had my eye on him ever since he first stepped through the gate." "Well, don't let's fight about it," came back the reply, "There's enough for both of us anyway."

Another Hollywood surprise marriage—that of Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. They flew away to Yuma, like all the other eloping newlyweds of movietown this month

M-G-M gave May Robson a real party in celebration of her fifty years of fine work on the stage. Lionel Barrymore was one of the first to autograph her guest list

And who do you think is the personal screen nomination of the almost-ethereal Francis Lederer? It's Wallace Beery. We have Francis' word for it, that Wallie is one of the finest artists in the movies.

"Queen Christina" can now talk about her operation! For many weeks, dozens of women hand embroidered the beautiful court costume Adrian designed for Garbo. Finally the great day arrived. But alas and alack! When the elusive one put it on, her processional to the throne, represented the plight of a Volga boatman. Back to the wardrobe it went. Thirty pounds of the magnificent, but heavy, beaded embroidery was cut away. Once again Greta put it on. This time she made the throne in par.

It was première night in Hollywood. Lights, stars and the usual excitement prevailed at the Chinese theatre, where "Dinner At Eight" was being shown. Suddenly over the air came the voice of Jean Harlow, broadcasting from the lobby. "This may sound sentimental," cooed Jeanie. "But I want to express my thanks to my father and mother, who are responsible for me being here." The next day a wag came out with the remark that the theme song of the next Harlow picture should be, "Thank you father, thank you mother!"

What a break for Ann Sothern! (Mary Mason to you.) Ann, as she is now

called, was having lunch at the same table with Sally Eilers, at the Fox studio. Harry Joe Brown, who was to marry Sally in a few days, happened by. "I think this girl is a great screen bet," said Sally, "Why don't you give her a test?"

Mr. Brown took Sally's recommendation and sent for the girl. The test was made, but through an error, it became mixed up with those made for "Eight Girls in a Boat." The minute Ann came on the screen, they made up their minds. All that day was spent in the wardrobe and learning lines. That night she left for location at Lake Arrowhead. Her days of posing for leg pictures, as a stock player, are gone forever.

Poor Dorothy Petersen! She came to Hollywood and made the fatal mistake of hiding her natural beauty beneath the powdered wigs and homespun frocks of screen motherhood. She couldn't seem to escape. At last she got a chance to appear as her natural self in a picture for M-G-M.

Then Myrna Loy, who was playing the lead, came on the set. Immediately something was wrong. Everyone sensed it, but couldn't tell just what it was. Suddenly it was discovered that Dorothy and Myrna almost look like twin sisters.

So another actress was called in and Dorothy Petersen has gone back to playing mothers again.

A certain dance director in Hollywood is noted for his strict discipline in training the girls. Sometimes he gets pretty rough with them, but he is so likeable, the fair chorines are loyal to the cause. One day in particular, everything went wrong. He raved and tore his hair, bawled people out and threatened to fire them. The girls were tired and hungry. Just as he turned away, one girl more daring than the rest, began singing the song from "Three Little Pigs," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf"! Immediately the other girls joined in. At first he was furious. Then his humor got the best of him. The rest of the day ran like clock work.

Wonder what Joan Crawford meant by this one? Bing Crosby, who is working in the Marion Davies picture, came over to visit on the Crawford set. "How's the new baby?" inquired Joan.

"He's wonderful," beamed Crosby, a la the doting parent, "But there's only one trouble. He doesn't like to take his bath."

"He's going to be an actor," prophesied Joan, as she went back to work.

Yes, Hollywood is quite the sophisticated city! It was midnight and the famous Boulevard was as deserted as an old maid with the smallpox! Suddenly fire bells broke out. Flames poured out of the roof of the local five and ten. Machines carrying hastily dressed citizens, began arriving from all directions. But leading the crowd of curious, was Gary Cooper, who was on his way home from working late at the studio. Even a tired movie star can't resist a good healthy fire in Hollywood.

Here is pretty Elizabeth Allan snapped partying with her very devoted husband, W. J. O'Brian

Jack La Rue may be one of the big bad wolves in pictures but he's all the world to his sister, Rose, with whom he's here going to see a movie

Always crabbing, that's Warren William, and we don't mean he's a sore-head either. But he likes to catch crabs and play with kids and here he is down at Wilmington, Cal., having fun doing both

Here's a Hollywood couple who got married all over again, just for the joy of it. Reginald and Mrs. Barker got remarried on their thirtieth anniversary and took a wedding tour around the block

Another happy couple, Ben and Bebe Lyon returning from their very successful trip abroad. Their baby daughter, Barbara was with them, too

to sweat it out," advised the doctor. Francis did. Wearing fur-lined boots, gloves and a seal skin parka, he put in the hottest moments of his life, under the glaring lights of the sound stage.

Florence Desmond, famous impersonator from London, is in Hollywood. Doing a scene with Zasu Pitts in the Will Rogers picture, Florence has to do her famous impersonation of Zasu in the same scene with the comedienne. Every time they'd get half way through the scene, poor Zasu would throw up her hands in despair. "I just can't go on," wailed Zasu. "She does it so well, I forget which one is me."

Hollywood's famous Colony Club was outdoing itself with merriment. There were stars and more stars. Then in walked Jack Oakie, and the party was complete. "How about a little music," shouted Jack, to the stringed trio in the corner. "Play that new one dedicated to the nudist colony." The poor orchestra leader shrugged his shoulders and shook his head in bewilderment. "You know the one I mean," continued Oakie, "It's called 'You're An Old Smoothie!'"

They're still talking about Adrian's latest model. It was at the Donald Ogden Stewart Movie ball. Everyone was supposed to come dressed as his favorite star. Adrian arrived dressed as Chic Sale. But only his feet were visible. He was wearing one of the famous dwellings sponsored by the Specialist.

The stately halls of the Los Angeles City Hall fairly trembled, as a bevy of Paramount cuties, led by Baby LeRoy, came to have their contracts approved. The presiding magistrate placed Monsieur Le Baby up on his desk, where he could be seen. He even allowed him to hammer with the gavel and call the court to order. But when an enterprising photographer asked his honor to pose with the baby on his lap, dignity suddenly came into its own again. "Don't forget I have a full day's work ahead of me," stammered the judge.

Saturday night guests in the

Pals, on and off screen, Jackie Cooper and Wally Beery pose in front of the United Artists' studio where they made "The Bowery" together. They were both on loan from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

It's nice to see that there can still be friendship in Hollywood. Especially when divorce enters into it and separates two people, once recognized as the world's greatest sweethearts. Picking up a daily trade paper in London, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. read where his ex-wife, Joan Crawford, had broken her ankle while performing a difficult dance routine for her new picture. It took three cables on Joan's part to convince him that it was only a bad sprain and she would soon be well again.

Francis Lederer, famous European star and matinee idol, has finally broken the ice! After various delays, his initial picture, "Man of Two Worlds," in which he plays an Eskimo, is under way. But the day before it started, Francis was taken sick with a bad cold. "The only way to cure it, is

Sally Eilers put one over on the movie colony. Hollywood thought she was interested in Bill Powell, with whom she is shown here at the Vendome (the other two ladies are Virginia Bruce and Sandra Shaw). But read about her marriage on Page 36 of this issue

home of Joan Crawford were startled by the undignified shrieks of the hostess, coming from the upstairs floor. Following the sound, they came upon Joan standing over a huge box on which were lettered the words, "Live Turtle Inside." After eliminating dozens of boxes and papers, a tiny turtle about the size of a dollar, was discovered. On its back was written the name "Joan." An admiring fan had sent it all the way from the World's Fair. At first it appeared to be dead. The star carried it carefully down to her outdoor fish pond. Latest reports state that the Weissmuller swimming record has been broken.

After working day and night to finish her latest picture, "Beautiful," Ann Harding saw her little girl Jane, for the first time in several days. "You know, mama," said the child, "I've decided not to be an actress." "But I thought that's what you wanted to be," answered the mother in surprised tones. "I've changed my mind," said Jane, "I think it's much nicer to be a mother and stay home with your little girl."

The name of this little episode might indeed be called "The Passing Show." When Joan Crawford was just a chorus girl, Frances Williams was one of the stars of "The Passing Show," where Joan was dancing. The other morning, as Joan left her three-room suite to go to the sound stage, she noticed a light burning in the first dressing room she had ever occupied on the M-G-M lot. As she passed by, the door opened. Out walked Frances Williams who is now playing a part in "The Hollywood Party."

The cast and crew of "Beautiful" finished the last scene on the picture, just in time to get out to Director Al Santell's house for a celebration. Al, who is famous for his grilled steaks, donned chef's cap and apron. Sitting around an open air grate were Ann Harding, Sari Maritza, Robert Young, Allan Hughes and Jane Keith, who handled the consumers' end of the situation.

Once a champ, always a champ! For the fight scenes between Max Baer and Primo Carnera, the studio thought it would be a nice gesture to invite all the old champions to sit in the audience. When they got Jess Willard on the 'phone and extended the invitation, the ex-champ replied, "Sure I'll be glad to come; how much is there in it for me?"

Jimmy Cagney met up with a pal of his, while lunching in the studio cafe. "I hear you got married," cried the red-headed Cagney. "Tell me all about it." "Boy, did I marry a beauty!" raved his pal, "Has a swell racket, too. She's a lingerie model." "I get it," cracked Jimmy, as he backed away, "You fell for an *undyworld* queen!"

And just to keep the spirit of good old NRA, R.K.O. studios are renting out King Kong to an organ grinder!

The wisest bit of philosophy for the month comes from none other than Hollywood's newest gal friend, Texas Guinan. "I don't drink and I don't smoke," says Tex, "But it's not for goodness sake. It's the only way I could keep on going, when I do practically everything, but bathe, in a night club. I just call it being plain smart." Incidentally, in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Tex introduces ebony fingernails, to match up with the jet gown she is wearing.

Remember Tullio Carminati from the silent days? He's returning now, being signed by Twentieth Century pictures

Norman Taurog, who wins all honors for Hollywood's most jovial director, tells this one on himself. After a day on the set directing Maurice Chevalier in "The Way to Love," the director was stopped at the automobile gate by an excitable Italian woman. While he is quite swarthy of complexion, Norman comes from anything but Italian parents. Rather than try to convince the woman that he could not understand her, he kept nodding his head and saying "yes," to her foreign mutterings. Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning, she showed up at the casting office, with seven children. All were ready to make their début in the movies.

Would you like to know what actually happened when Joan Crawford met Bing Crosby for the first time? Well, here is the exclusive and authentic story on the great occasion.

A friend took Bing over on the set where Joan was rehearsing for a dance number. When Joan saw Bing coming through the door, she began to shake so badly, she couldn't

stand up. Bing was more excited than she was. He had read stories of Joan being his biggest fan, but had credited them to the over-zealous mind of the studio press agent. Dave Snell, who is Joan's favorite arranger, was there at the time. "I think you should make this complete by singing Joan's favorite song, 'Melancholy Baby,'" suggested Dave. Bing didn't know the words but Dave did. So he fed the words to the crooner who sang them as only Crosby could. And Joan sat there with big black tears streaming down her face.

It was during the days of Hollywood's famous earthquake. Ted Healey had an apartment on the ground floor of the Lido in Hollywood. His stooges were living up on the third. Suddenly the building gave a violent jerk and almost toppled over. Racing down the three flights of stairs, the stooges burst into Ted's apartment: "What'd you do?" they demanded—all out of breath.

She was blonde and dizzy. William Powell saw her standing in front of the Westwood Village theatre, where his picture, "Double Harness," was playing. Turning to her boy friend, "Bill" heard her remark, as he went up to buy his ticket, "You ain't gonna get me in there, I can't stand western pictures."

A platinum orchid to Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim, for her pluck and courage. Hollywood is proud of a real trouper. Recently she was having a gasoline shampoo in a local beauty parlor. Suddenly her beautiful head of hair burst into flames. Her face and body were seared almost beyond recognition. While confusion reigned supreme, she had the presence of mind to go to the phone and call for a doctor. Not only that but when the ambulance arrived, she refused the stretcher and walked out by herself.

It takes a healthy stomach to weather a luau. The term can be reduced to plain English but not the food; it is an Hawaiian feast. The "Blood Money" company found themselves up to their necks and sitting on their haunches, surrounded by dozens of banana leaves laden with doubtful delicacies. George Bancroft and Frances Dee were in the scene depicting this orgy of gastronomic bliss and were acting to the hilt in an attempt to look happy in their work. Bancroft went through the motions of eating poi, and Dee tried to look ecstatic over fat greasy chunks of pork. Finally Bancroft found one dish that he liked. He specialized on it, eating heavily. When the scene was finished he turned to an Hawaiian fellow-feaster and asked, "What was that one dish that I liked?" The café au lait gourmand answered, "That was broiled octopus." Bancroft left the kanaka picnic on the wings of nausea.

A dusky flower named Rose has been personal maid for Texas Guinan for more years than Guinan cares to remember. She rules the roost with a firm hand and calls Texas "Queenie." In one scene in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" La Guinan wore a white beaded dress, so heavy that she was rooted to the floor by her elegance.

Texas called to Rose, "Please come over here and fix my hair."

Rose, not to be outdone in repartee in front of the multitude, yelled back, "Queenie, you come over here, I can't get over there."

ROSE disappeared one time for two days and when she returned Texas asked for details. Rose beamed, "I went and got myself married."

Texas said, "Why didn't you tell me? I would have stood up with you."

The sun-burned bride answered, "I told you the last time and you stood up with me and it didn't last through the winter. This time I did my own marrying."

A person who gets a letter from Texas Guinan thinks at first glance that the Camorra is on his trail. The stationery has a hand, almost life-size, in an upper corner,

(*Continued on page 66*)

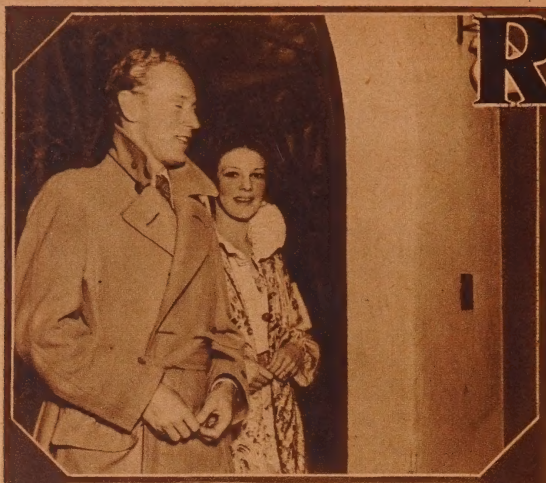
It's on again, that romance of Alice White's and Cy Bartlett's and here's Jimmy Cagney watching them register bliss

Jack Dempsey and Mrs. Dempsey are that devoted. They appear frequently at the dancing places—we caught them here at the Ambassador

Those cute pals, Madge Evans and Una Merkel, call at the Hollywood Movie Mirror office to congratulate our new Western representative, Jerry Asher, on his job. Don't they all look like nice people?

Rumble-Seat

They are a Hollywood Institution and the Rules They have to Live By are Very Quaint



Elissa Landi, shown here with Leslie Howard, is very much married in England

There is a young man with an appropriate name of Smith who can call Katharine Hepburn "wife"—but he seldom sees her

"ARE you married?" inquired the Paramount publicity department of Judith Allen, newly signed Paramount player.

"No," said Miss Allen. "No indeed."

"Judith Allen Actress To Divorce Gus Sonnenberg" screeched the newspaper headlines.

And the beans were spilled. Miss Allen had, she admitted, told a fib. Tested for the part of a virgin in C. B. DeMille's "This Day and Age" she had figured she'd have more chance if she concealed her husband. But big Gus Sonnenberg, champion wrestler, was rather a lot of husband to conceal. Anyway, Judith got the rôle—and Gus got the air.

Although he didn't see it that way it was probably a good thing for Gus that he and Judith were divorced at the outset of her career—for from the look of things he was destined to become a rumble-seat husband. The rumble-seat husband is a characteristically Hollywoodian institution. You find him elsewhere, married to stage stars, opera singers—feminine big shots of any profession, in fact. But nowhere does he flourish quite as conspicuously as in Hollywood.

If mobilized these rumble-seat husbands of Hollywood

The famous Ames-Ames-Cabot triangle, left, and the Ken Murray-Sue Carol alliance right. With Sue and Ken are Helen

Twelvetrees and Mr. Woody who is married to the fair Helen and, wonderful to relate, he actually goes places with her

HUSBANDS

By HARRIET PARSONS

would constitute a sizeable army—a legion of forgotten men. Theirs is the thankless position of prince consort to the glamorous queens of moviedom—living in the reflected limelight of their more spectacular spouses. Frequently they are mentioned in the public prints. Their names are even internationally famous—but it is an ignoble fame, for it attaches to them not by reason of their own deeds, but the deeds of the women to whom they are married.

I suppose you think, Mr. Average Husband, that it would be a dream of bliss to be married to any one of such beauteous, colorful creatures as Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Lilian Harvey, Dorothea Wieck, Irene Dunne, Elissa Landi, Janet Gaynor, Adrienne Ames.

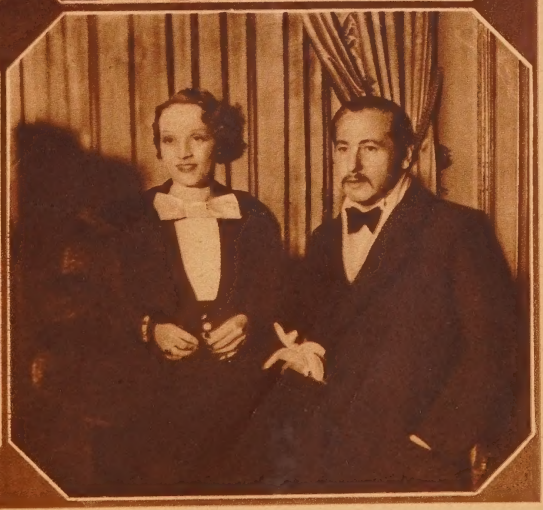
But take a second think and see whether the glamour of these ladies would stretch far enough to make Mr. Marlene Dietrich, Mr. Katharine Hepburn or Mr. Lilian Harvey feel mentally well dressed.

If you're going to qualify as a class A rumble-seat husband these are only a few of the things you'll have to be able to take: you must be able to be gracious at a première, party, railway station, airport or dock when mobs swarm about your wife and you are pointed out perfunctorily as "So-and-so's husband"; you must be able to stand by without looking sulky (although feeling pretty silly) while your wife signs autograph books, talks over the (*Continued on page* 70)

Bette Davis went to a Première lately with eight escorts, but without her husband

Charming Dorothea Wieck has a husband in Germany and a career in America and the two don't mix so you can notice it

Dietrich, the one and only, goes in for directors in America, Director Mamoulian at left, and Director von Sternberg at right.



Her little daughter lives with her—but not her husband, who stays in Germany, except for occasional American visits.

by

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ON a certain terrifically hot afternoon last summer, the Fair Grounds at Chicago were in a turmoil, and the center of this turmoil was a small blonde girl, running for her very life.

She was just a slip of a thing, surprisingly wiry and vigorous under her close-fitting black frock, but fast as she ran, the crowd was gaining on her. Panting and bewildered, she rounded the corner of a snowy building only to be confronted by another contingent of the mob, which had suspected the direction she would take and headed her off. With a roar which struck terror to her heart they closed in on her and all but lifted her from her feet, snatching off her hat, making ribbons of her dress, yelling and shouting.

"It's Jean!" they cried. "It's our Jean."

"Help!" said the blonde faintly, and turned in gratitude toward a friendly cop who had pushed his way to her side. "Help! Get me out of this!"

"Sure I will," said the cop. "But would you mind autographing my book first?"

The girl, as you have probably already guessed, more or less gentle reader, was Jean Harlow, and the ravenous mob was composed of the delighted fellow citizens who had recognized her when she had indiscreetly, ventured to try and see the great Exposition in what was, for so long, her home town.

"I decided then and there," Jean told me, sitting curled up in a huge white chair in the sun-parlor of her Beverly Glen home, "Yes indeed, I decided then and there, that what a girl like me needed was a good, strong husband!"

It was the day after her surprise wedding to Harold Rosson and the above related incident had come to light when I asked her, bluntly, why she had married again? Clad in blue slacks and a soft white shirt, her only jewels the new wedding ring and a slender diamond and platinum anklet above her small right foot, she looked like a doll, so huge was the winged chair in which she sat. Her reply had been a mischievous one, and deliberately evasive. She looked, I

think, as the wild, impulsive young Jean may have looked after her sudden marriage with the fabulously wealthy young husband from Chicago who accompanied her to Hollywood when she first came out seeking a motion picture career. That youthful episode had not, as Jean herself once told me very frankly, been able to survive Hollywood's atmosphere of jealousy, both professional and personal. However, there had been no financial need for Jean's working while she was Mrs. McGrew, and he'd given her a good deal—brief happiness, youth, charm, much money and the backing she'd needed to fight her way to fame. Oh, yes indeed it was quite easy to see why she had married the first time!

The grim specter of Paul Bern flitted across my memory, too, as I sat looking at the slip of a girl whose fate, for a while, had been so tragically interwoven with his. I was recalling the brilliant, sunny day of their wedding, only a short twelve months-odd ago when all of M-G-M turned out to celebrate. There was then no apparent reason why Jean should not have been glad indeed to marry Bern—he, too, had much to offer her. Many tongues at the time wagged rather unkindly, saying it was a marriage of convenience so far as Jean was concerned. Financially it certainly was desirable—and some said that Jean was keenly aware of the match's advantages not only from the point of view of Paul Bern's private fortune but from the angle of what he would do for her by way of building her to the dizzy heights of stardom. Poor child, if indeed she had meant to buy herself top-billing, Heaven knows she paid a dreadful price in the days and nights which followed Bern's suicide and the suicide of his morganatic wife! Still, no second sight was needed to decide why Jean had thought the popular Bern, who was both clever and powerful, a desirable bridegroom!

Jean and Hal Rosson, the morning after their flying wedding, snapped by Hyman Fink, Movie Mirror's cameraman, at Jean's home

JEAN Gets Her Cameraman

Another snap of Jean, Hal, her step-father and her mother having breakfast together the morning after Jean's dramatic elopement

But why Harold Rosson? He was neither rich nor famous nor very young. Hollywood is, without doubt, the most snobbish town in the world, and Hollywood has always drawn the strictest line between technicians and actors. The finest gentlemen with the best education in the world cannot and does not escape the rigors of this distinction, and Mr. Rosson, charming and clever as he is, is still a cameraman: one of the best, so I am told. So Jean most certainly did not marry him for social position. (*Continued on page* 88)

The Inside Story of Sally and Jimmy . . .

And of The Man Sally Married

For the First and Last Time the Little Eilers Girl Explains a Situation that Has Greatly Puzzled Hollywood

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THE newsie stood on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine and bawled: *"Wuxtra . . . wuxtra!* Sally Eilers marries producer Harry Joe Brown. Surprise elopement knocks Hollywood for a loop!"

The kid was conservative.

The surprise elopement of Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown knocked Hollywood *out!*

Until the very moment when that startling news came over the wires from Yuma, Arizona, Hollywood had believed with good cause that Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn, the boy who is her screen sweetheart, were in love with one another!

Consider the facts since Sally announced her separation from Hoot Gibson. It was to Jimmy that Sally turned in those first despondent weeks of her marital rift. It was Jimmy who took her dining, dancing and to the theatre. It was Jimmy who was in New York when his pretty little screen partner's boat docked from her recent vacation in Europe. Sally and Jimmy, with friends, had visited the Chicago Fair together. Since their return to Hollywood the gossip columnists had made no secret of their "serious interest" in one another. The week before her marriage Sally had spent at Yosemite and Jimmy had followed her up there!

But the newsies yelled: "Wuxtra. . . . Sally weds movie director. . . ."

All the official details were recorded. An airplane had been chartered to carry the big wedding party consisting of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rogell, Lew Cody, Dixie Martin, Marion Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin. Judge Freeman, "the marrying Judge," had performed the ceremony. The bride wore gray . . . her corsage was of orchids.

But it was an entirely different set of details and questions running through the surprised mind of Hollywood.

What of Sally and Jimmy? What had happened? Had they quarreled? Not since Janet Gaynor did that famous run-out on Charlie Farrell and married Lydell Peck in San Francisco, has there been so much puzzled speculation. You heard those old familiar phrases, "spite marriage," "lovers' quarrel" . . . you heard all the things they had said about

Janet and Charlie five years ago and had never for a moment stopped saying during the entire time she was married to Lydell Peck. You heard . . . Is Jimmy Dunn destined to haunt the private life of Sally Eilers the same way Charlie Farrell has stood in the background of Janet Gaynor's ever since "Seventh Heaven"?

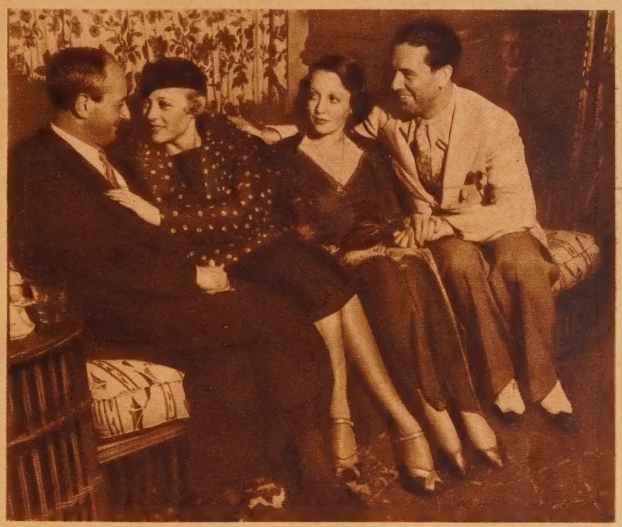
The voice of Hollywood cried: "Sally marries Paramount Studio executive. . . ."

The curious mind of Hollywood wondered: *What of Jimmy Dunn?*

The new Mrs. Harry Joe Brown sat facing me on the green divan in her smart apartment in the *Colonial House*. We had been discussing frankly the questions Hollywood throbbed with. She said: "How terribly unfair it is to all of us. . . . !"

A moment before an excited bride had been pulling me by the hand on a rush tour through the luxurious apartment which will be "home" to Sally from now on.

"This is the dining room. . . . Harry and I planned it together when he was furnishing the place. You don't know Harry? I didn't know there was anyone in Hollywood who doesn't know my darling. I tell you I've married the grandest man in the world . . . but I'm darn sick of hearing about it. I want someone to tell him how lucky he is . . . for a change. I'm thinking of making this play room over into a bedroom. I brought this desk back from Europe. But really, he is an angel, and I don't care how many people tell me so. If we glass in this porch it will serve as an extra room. I adore him. Here . . . read these telegrams (she dumped hundreds of yellow sheets of congratulations and good wishes into my lap), I'm so excited and happy I feel light in the head!"



Just when Hollywood wondered when Sally Eilers would divorce Hoot Gibson and marry Jimmy Dunn, the girl surprised everyone by marrying Harry Joe Brown. With them here are Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the matchmakers

That was the pert, excited Sally of a moment previous . . . until I had mentioned the name of Jimmy Dunn and the Hollywood gossip which still linked her name to his. Now she sat very quietly (she looked small curled up on the enormous divan), a cigarette between her fingers. There's something childishly appealing about Sally with her short bobbed blonde hair and the faint sprinkling of freckles across her nose. She can look as smart as a Paris model one moment . . . until she runs her restless fingers through her hair. Then she looks like a kid in just a simple little blue sports dress.

She said: "I want to speak of this subject frankly . . . for the first, and the last time. I want people to know the truth about the legend of Sally and Jimmy. Because nothing in the world must be permitted to happen to the sweetest affection that has ever come into my life . . . my love for Harry.

"It is so difficult to explain. I think the only fair way to get at the truth is to start back at the very beginning when I first met Jimmy on 'Bad Girl' . . . when I was married to Hooter." (Which is, of course, Sally's nickname for Hoot Gibson.)

"During the making of 'Bad Girl' there was nothing vague or indifferent about my feelings toward Jimmy. *I couldn't stand him!* I thought he was the cockiest, most irritating man I had ever met. After we had been on the picture about a week, I told Hoot one evening that Jimmy acted like he was doing *me* a favor by giving a good performance in the picture. Hoot said to forget it . . . I was probably just imagining things because I was so nervous over the first real break I had ever had. But I knew better. I knew I didn't like Jimmy Dunn.

"Hoot and I were living out on the ranch at the time and we did a lot of entertaining. Until the release of 'Bad Girl' we never had Jimmy out. But when the picture went over so well and everybody was so marvelous about our work, Hoot said he thought we should start inviting Jimmy to the parties and rodeos. He said it looked funny not to have Jimmy there. One day Hoot came home with a friend of his, a man named Harry Joe Brown and they both kidded me about being jealous of Jimmy! As far as I was concerned Harry Joe Brown was just another of Hoot's friends. I didn't even know who he was, though I had an idea he was an agent, or something. If anyone had told me that within two years I would be married to Harry, I would have laughed out loud! But I suppose he would have laughed even louder. He told me that when he first met me he thought I was the cockiest, freshest kid he had ever met. He said he felt rather sorry for Hoot . . . because he was married to such a spoiled brat.

"The first big rodeo we gave, I finally broke down and invited Jimmy. Harry Joe was there, too. But as far as I was concerned they could have been absent . . . both of them. I did notice Jimmy seemed a little nicer than he was in the studio, that is, he seemed more like a big kid than the know-it-all I had suspected him of being. I didn't notice anything in particular about Hoot's friend, Mr. Brown. He swears up and down I used to forget to speak to him. I did discover, however, he was not an actor's agent, but an important associate producer and director. Which meant nothing at all to me. I had a good Fox contract, and I was getting ready for my second picture with Jimmy, 'Dance Team.'

"As that picture progressed we got along a lot better. We laughed and kidded around and became the best of friends. Frequently we lunched together . . . and I think that was the real beginning of the talk about us . . . being interested, I mean. That night at the *Mayfair* when Hoot and I quarreled over a decollette gown I was wearing . . . there were plenty of gossips who said we quarreled because I danced with Jimmy too often. It was silly and absurd then . . . but all that talk *did* make a difference. It made for a self-conscious relationship between Jimmy and Hoot and me.

"I don't think it necessary to go into the many quarrels for many reasons, *and Jimmy was not one of them*, which eventually led to the separation of Hoot and me. We made up a couple of times, only to (*Continued on page* 75)

CRASHING

IT used to be the correct formula for crashing New York society to buy a million dollar "cottage" at Newport, give another million to a pet society charity, and marry your daughter to an impoverished English nobleman, the possessor of a mortgaged castle where the plumbing was really something scandalous.

You could build a two million dollar villa on the best street in Beverly Hills, install a platinum swimming pool, give four millions to charity, and marry your daughter to Mahatma Gandhi. And you'd still be on the wrong side of the fence at Pickfair. That just isn't the way things are done in the entirely mythical kingdom of the cinema, unless you already belong. If you do there's not the slightest reason for reading this story.

East is east, and Mae West is Mae West, or something like that. Anyway, the formula is different. You can get into the motion picture smart set on a pretty modest budget, if you are willing to put up with four or five "ifs," and a half dozen "buts." Of course, goodness knows, I'm not trying to say that a million or so in the bank is an actual drawback.

There are now, and always have been, quite a few people mingling in the Hollywood upper crust who are not important figures in the motion picture industry. In several cases the people are not connected in any way with what is laughingly called the world of the fillums. They sell bonds, or insurance. They are doctors and lawyers. Or pa still supports them. They are Los Angeles and Pasadena society girls, or champion swimmers or tennis players. You see them at all the swank parties. How do they get that way?

Movie Society

This is one of the best ways of crashing Hollywood society. (If you want a key to this picture turn to Page 91)

First of all they are interesting. They have a sense of humor. Call it a line, if you want to. They may be interested only, as an example, in how many people in the United States carry life insurance policies, but they have sense enough to talk motion pictures at motion picture parties. There's one thing about picture parties. Every one has something in common beside the weather. The insurance man may catch a star in an off moment some time and sell him a big policy, but he doesn't try it at first, and seldom, if ever, at parties. These "outsiders" must be good dancers, play an intelligent game at bridge, dress well, and not be dubs in the swimming pool or on the tennis courts.

Ronald Colman said once that the outdoor girl had a grand chance of being a social success in Hollywood. The picture men like the girl that plays tennis, swims, rides horseback, and doesn't pay undue attention to facial kalsomining. The girl who is merely a parlor ornament has about as much chance as a snowball in that well known hot climate. Unless, of course, her papa knows Louis B. Mayer or Jack Warner. Introductions DO help, in any case.

It's a lot easier for a personable young man to get his name in the Hollywood society columns than it is for an equally personable young woman. The town is shy on escorts. Such a scurrying about as the feminine stars resort to in order to dig up a presentable boy friend for a big party. Naturally a new man is like good news from home. A hostess is not unwilling to have her lady friends bring an uninvited escort, but you should (*Continued on page* 86)

Mae West prefers big hats with jeweled pins as ornaments

Alice White and Sari Maritza favor the same type of small hat

Sari's stiffened veil is in black, Alice's in white. Cute?

EXTRA! EXTRA! All about the nomination of Evalyn Knapp to Hollywood's Hall of Fashion Fame. Popular young star wins the Style of the Month trophy by introducing the most unique fad of the hour . . . a two-timing hat called "Dine and Dance" by James Hopkins, the most recent addition to Hollywood's famous coterie of American Designers!

. . . and don't be so faSINated (forgive me, Mae West) by Evalyn's home-run on the hat situation that you can't appreciate the appropriateness of her dinner gown. Just as dual nature as her chapeau, what with one long tight sleeve on one arm and just an absurd gauntlet on the other. Gold lamé of dress and black satin of hat—a brand new original model, at last, is hard to beat. Bravo and huzza to the girl who came back!

JUST as I caught my breath after that one I heard a sly whisper from one who knows about things almost before they happen. It had to do with watching watches and just as I was saying to myself "poor thing, it must be the California sun . . ." I looked up and saw Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe stroll into the booth just across from mine at the Café Vendome. And there on Lil's tailored suit lapel was a clip that wasn't a clip. It was a tiny watch! I rushed to a telephone and called Hyman Fink . . . but he didn't catch it until the next afternoon and where do you think it was by then? On the cuff of Miss Tashman's black top-coat ticking merrily away in proud confidence that it had us fad-fanciers simply silly keeping up with every little thing. Since *then* I've seen the same little gadget on the cuff of Miss Tashman's *very* stunning black velvet afternoon gown. It's bound to start less interesting clips being put "on the cuff" in more ways than one. (How many charge accounts have you?)

BUT before you go into a huddle about whether or not you can keep up with Lilyan Tashman let me add to your problems by informing you that Joan Crawford's newest watch is a tiny round one *in the side of her lipstick!* I have a hunch it's probably the first one in Hollywood and before you even have time to wonder who gave it to Joan let me say just one thing. I *know*—but I won't tell!

IT may or may not sound strange, but in Hollywood it's very smart to go to the fights. The other night Myrna Loy and Max Baer were guests of honor at the American Legion Stadium and you should have seen all the celebrities! Myrna looked as delectable as ever. She wore a simple black frock with a long sable coat which had no collar but long ties of the fur just flipped over each other at the throat. Her hat caught my eye for it was a miner's cap of black velvet, pulled way down over her right eye and

Joan Bennett always wears jeweled clips on her turban hats

Sally Eilers wears metal clips on her hat with the new brim

Bessie Love proves you can wear clips even on a tricorne

Dorothea Wieck wears a double veil, one down, one up and very chic

as cocky as could be with a little top-knot of velvet waggling from the crown. Myrna is one girl who wears sable as nonchalantly as a polo-coat, isn't it swell to see someone like that?

MY fondest hope was realized that same evening when I found Mae West sitting right in front of me . . . she's the toast of the town, you know. Well, there were no plumes, no plush and no pompadour. She wore a very good-looking winter suit. Black tweed with just a dot of white in the weave; dropped epaulets which were stiffened and corded around the shoulder seam; a bright red crêpe blouse with a soft bow in front and a simple little toque of black velvet completed her costume. When they called on her to take a bow she just smiled and waved her hand, and loads of people hardly recognized her. She's quite small, you know, off the screen, and very pretty!

A two-timing hat and a two timing dress, both belonging to Evalyn Knapp and described in this article

DID you know that all the girls in Hollywood are having pearl earrings dyed to match their frocks?

AT the Warner Brothers Opening of "I Loved A Woman" there was a terrific disturbance during the interval between the acts. Bette Davis lost one of her eight boy friends and couldn't find him anywhere. But while she was rushing around searching the crowds for the missing beau I got a very good look at her newest evening ensemble. Gray waffle crêpe with a double-breasted, three-quarter length coat. The buttons were rhinestone and the sleeves had pleated fullness just below the shoulder-line. It was terribly becoming to Bette and the only dash of color was the vari-colored boutonnière which she pinned right between the first two buttons. Oh yes, she made each one of the "eager eight" wear a boutonnière just like hers and from their ardent attentiveness you can well imagine that those little flowers are being tenderly pressed in eight different books of sonnets this very minute.

IF you get tired of wearing stud earrings where they belong, try putting them on the edge of your velvet beret—that's what Martha Sleeper does and they look very cute.

BLACK velvet suddenly goes frivolous by allowing Elissa Landi the liberty of adding flimsy white lace epaulets to its otherwise daringly low decolletage. You'll see this gown in "By Candlelight"

which is Elissa's current production and for which she has some terribly nice clothes, 'specially designed by Letty Lee. It really is news—this return of long ropes of pearls for formal evening wear. Some of them fall to the knees but Elissa Landi wears hers in two loops which is a trifle more conservative and just as smart.

DON'T let anyone tell you the fez is out . . . Joan Crawford is wearing a bright Turkey red one, with a very long tassel which keeps whacking her on the shoulder.

RIGHT in the middle of a lot of gaiety here in Hollywood one of our loveliest stars "ups and offs" to Reno! But we caught one good last look at her before she boarded the train and noticed that she looks equally smart in "off to Reno" regalia. A perfectly tailored suit with the correct contrast twixt skirt and jacket. That is, a light skirt and a dark coat! It goes without saying that her hat was a simple felt and that she had used her inevitable good taste in choosing accessories. Who was it? Why, Adrienne Ames!

IF you had a chance, wouldn't you love to peek in Joan Crawford's windows one of these moonlight nights and see just how she dresses at home? If you were lucky you might see her wearing a slinky dark blue satin evening gown of Grecian silhouette. Around her slender waist a ruby red silk cord is knotted, with long ends hanging down in front. The neck is gathered on an invisible cord and in back . . . why, there isn't any back! Her sandals are very open ruby velvet ones and the same shade of ruby is carried to her lips and the tips of her graceful fingers. Need I add that she is wearing gardenias?

THE gallery at the Tennis Matches in Hollywood was an all-star one this Fall. It was amusing to note how many feminine celebrities clung to the styles of the waning summer season, and how many were resplendently fallish in their garb. Mink coats sat alongside of white linen suits and sables rubbed elbows with sweaters and slacks!

Norma Shearer announced the most important match on Movie Day in a stunning green outfit with bands of mink around her shoulder seams, a jaunty beret of tan antelope and green wool gloves which seemed to melt right into the sleeves of her suit. It's grand to have her back in Hollywood and she seems gayer than ever and just as chic!

THE sailor with its wide brim and elastic hold seems to have been pretty well passed up by most of the stars for the small, manipulated beret adaptations. These berets have come to the front in more ways than one—Grace Bradley, over at Paramount, has one that is called "The Accordian" very new, very smart, very becoming!

JOAN BENNETT and Sally Eilers always wear clips or metal ornaments on the left side of their usually-turbanish hats. It must be a superstition.

Alice White and Sari Maritza have little black hats exactly alike. They both wear them just the same, with stiffened nose veils which add just the right touch of coquetry.

Tallulah Bankhead and Adrienne Ames still hold the record for the under-the-chin elastic sailors, while Dorothy Jordan and Gloria Stuart wear this same type of broad-brimmed chapeau at very dangerous angles, depending solely upon the little elastic which is hiding in clusters of curls around the back of their heads.

The very mysterious Dorothea Wieck has a new corded black crêpe turban with

Tunics are oh, so good this winter and you'll find in this fashion letter just how to wear them. They are fairly inexpensive and add tremendously to your wardrobe

Clever fur note on Elissa Landi's coat. She has a Johnny collar and huge, puffed shoulders of galyak on an otherwise plain coat

Glittering dresses will be most correct for winter evenings. Bebe Daniels brought hers back from Paris. Travis Banton designed Miriam Hopkins', and he tells you how to wear it

VNS

ACCESSORIES

On a severe black velvet gown, Elissa Landi has angel sleeves lined with rows and rows of lace, giving that soft, alluring feminine touch

a double veil which crosses high in the front. All Hollywood is anxiously awaiting the release of "Cradle Song" which is Miss Wieck's first American production.

YOU may have used platinum tips on your finger nails, along with that bright red polish, but I'll bet Fay Wray has beaten us all to it when it comes to wearing all-platinum nails with a silver dinner gown. At the same time she wears the very newest type of silver sandal, which is à la Trilby and reveals platinum tipped toes!

I TOLD you about Mae West at the prize-fights, but I forgot to mention that she prefers large hats for private wear when the occasion allows wearing them. There is where her considerate nature took care of those who sat in front of her at the fights! Remember that, girls. Yes, the larger the better according to Mae, but instead of feathers or veils Mae West uses jeweled pins as trimming for these broad-brimmed chapeaux. She has several pet pins, rather large ones, which she switches from hat to hat. But she suggests that it's wise to put the pin back in the same place each time which is a practical little hint, isn't it?

LONG Russian blouses are being used a lot these days. Claudette Colbert wears one in "Torch Singer," as part of a street costume. It's black satin, over an accordion-pleated skirt and lavish silver foxes serve as her wrap.

Then there's the one Vivian Tobin wears in a garden party scene in "Behold We Live." Hers is of course semi-formal and the long tunic is light blue transparent crêpe, bound with narrow black velvet ribbon. The skirt is accordion-pleated, of course, and the black velvet-covered buttons down the tunic spell "Rich Man"!

SPEAKING of tunics, you should see Ivan Lebedeff between scenes on "Bombshell" which is Jean Harlow's new picture. He removes his dinner coat and wears a fascinating black satin Russian blouse which is called "rubashki" in his native country! It's becoming, and how!

TRAVIS BANTON, Paramount's famous designer says that beaded fabrics for evening gowns are exceedingly good. But, he stresses the point that their use must be "casual." For instance, one he designed for Miriam Hopkins in "Design For Living" is a perfect symphony in design, but its simplicity is outstanding. You will notice that she wears no jewelry, which is part of the secret of being what Banton calls "casual."

DO you know what the smartest combination of color is, right at this moment? Recovery red and Blue Eagle blue! The girls in Hollywood are wearing it morning, noon and night. 'N-r-a'nt they smart?

OH yes—Bebe Daniels is back from Europe with trunks just bursting with new clothes. She says Parisian clothes are simply *so-o* dazzling it's hard to choose. One lovely one she is saving for Christmas parties is tango mouselline with gold sequins scattered over it. It has a sequin bolero and little gold satin caps over the shoulders. Bebe says it's just gay enough for the formal, but intimate parties she plans to attend during the holidays. It has a very slenderizing line which is good for young matrons like Bebe.

A CLOTHES speakeasy! Leave it to Hollywood to think of that!

It's run by two cute girls who understand the younger Hollywood stars of today and know that they prefer to be treated informally and like to be themselves in after-studio-hours. The girls call themselves Connie and Marian and their tiny shop is just outside of Los Angeles. It is the most charming place, a tiny English cottage, with an interior like a cozy living room, all white velours, including the rugs, hangings and chairs. There is an open fireplace wherein logs crackle. There is tea to be had and ivy trails from pale vases, and it's very easy to explain just what kind of a dress is needed for just what sort of a party.

MOVIE MIRROR'S style scout, Mildred Duncan, went shopping there and discovered Martha Sleeper engaged in buying the clothes for her more important holiday parties. So little Mildred, always on the job, asked Martha to pose in them just for us, which the nice girl did.

At the bottom of the opposite page you see Martha in a honey of a party frock in black velvet with real lace sleevelets and revers. Martha chose it because she is having friends in for a buffet supper Christmas Eve and she loves to play hostess in velvet. The lace treatment on the dress is so amusing Martha thinks they won't mind her turning her back on them occasionally—and she knows perfectly well how smart lace-on-velvet is.

For Christmas dinner in mid-afternoon, a good family tradition in the Sleeper residence, Martha

Hollywood's Clothes Speakeasy at 8840 Sunset Boulevard, where the stars buy their personal wardrobes

has chosen a long sage-green sheer wool crêpe frock. She is wearing it in the picture where she sits before the clothes' speakeasy fire. The dress's only trimming is a bow of mink accenting the center of the high neckline, fastened with two jeweled clips. The hem touches the floor when Martha stands.

On this page Martha's suit of red rust wool with red fox is worthy of much attention (and with Martha in it, it will get it!) It has a separate sleeveless jacket, which, removed, merely turns the dress into a chic one-piece model. This costume, says the debonaire Miss Sleeper, she'll wear when she goes around Christmas morning delivering her Christmas gifts.

On this page also is the tomato-red crêpe dinner dress for that Christmas meal, but her evening dress, for later that night, we didn't have space to show. And are we sorry! For it's in talisman rose (which is pinkish yellow) crinkled satin, utterly simple, except for jeweled clips on either side of the square neckline and at the waist. Clips, you will notice, have not gone out of fashion at all, but continue very chic and you practically cannot have too many of them, or in too many varieties of colors. It is smart not only to have them in rhinestones (or diamonds if you can afford them—but who can—?) but in rubies, emeralds or other colored stones to match your dresses, or to form a contrast to them. In fact, there are few accessories which are so good an investment, since for a dollar or two you can improve the appearance of the oldest dress. Incidentally, Martha is a pronounced brunette, so all the colors she has chosen can be highly recommended for other brunettes as being not only very becoming but very, very smart.

On the other hand, georgeous Carole Lombard, who is so definitely a blonde, permitted her wardrobe to be predominated by the warm hues of tomato, bright henna and golden brown this Winter.

Knotty but nice is this tomato crêpe dinner dress (right) with bands of sable to give it prestige. The sleeves are lined with taffeta to make them stand out that way. The back (small picture) is cut very low

Red rust wool with red fox around the dropped shoulder line, that is what Martha has chosen for her mid-winter suit. Notice the simple lines of the frock and the smart swagger lines of the coat which is boldly sleeveless

The Camera DOES LIE

by MARQUIS BUSBY

PSST! Don't tell a soul, but a lot of these movie stars are as two-faced as anything. In case any tar and feather parties are already forming to the right for my special benefit, I hasten to add that I mean the remark literally. One side of the face is actually different from the other. Their photographer knows. Their photographer knows more about them than their own mother, to come right down to cases.

It was a shock to me, for instance, to find that one side of the handsome Barrymore phiz out-Barrymores the other. And that if you turn a certain light on Jean Harlow she will look like two other people. I'm sure that I would know Helen Hayes if I saw the right side of her face or the left side of her face. It would still be Helen Hayes to me—and a peach of an actress. But what a whale of a difference a little turn makes. Or, so says the photographer.

When a star sits for portraits the photographer has to know more about angles than your geometry professor, and more about lights than the guy that brought starlight to the Chicago Fair. In other words you have to be what the social registerites call a smart hombre to be a successful photographer in Hollywood. Only in Hollywood he is called a "portraiteur."

That isn't just another case of the movie town's tendency to fancy up everything in general. There's as much difference between the old-fashioned photographer and his "birdie" and the successful Hollywood portraiteur of today as there is between a leaky rowboat and the Berengaria.

The portraiteur must know his profession from alpha to omega. How to take an average, or garden variety face and make it look like something that would launch a thousand ships. He must know how to avoid that rigid expression, for all the world like the old, cigar store Indian, that most of us achieve when we think we are looking natural for the camera. In case of women subjects he must give expert advice on makeup, and what materials and colors are most suitable to the lens. If you are planning a visit to the photographer's there are some pearls of wisdom in the words of George Hurrell.

HURRELL, Hollywood's youthful wizard with the still camera, can tell you plenty about the pleasures, or trials and tribulations of photographing screen notables. Hurrell has instructed nearly all of them to watch the birdie from Greta Garbo to Jackie Cooper. I heard a long time ago that Jackie Cooper ate his spinach without complaint. Now Hurrell tells me that Jackie doesn't wiggle when he's being photographed. That PROVES he's a prodigy.

To Hurrell's pleasant studio on Sunset Boulevard come the great and near great of filmland. In his exhibition window one week you see a new sitting of Gloria Swanson, the

This is George Hurrell himself and on these two pages and the next are his favorite portraits of his favorite sitters, Joan Crawford, Eddie Lowe, Jean Harlow, Loretta Young and Bob Montgomery

If You Ever Want to Have Your Picture Taken, Read These Tricks of Hollywood's Most Famous Photographer

famous tilted nose waving in the breeze, figuratively speaking, you understand. The next week, likely as not, it will be Mary Pickford. Another week will be a striking study of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, for Hurrell's camera catches other personalities than just the glamorous ones of the screen.

It isn't easy work. The average front rank star must be photographed from four to eight times a year, and he, or she, spends up in the thousands of dollars for this very thing alone. In an average sitting all the way from fifty to a hundred poses may be taken. There must be almost that many, for each magazine and newspaper insists on exclusive studies. Then, too, the sitting taken in July must differ from the one made in March. Each picture must be striking, and the man behind the camera must remember that the public associates an aura of glamor and beauty with the stars. Beauty must not be sacrificed for a merely interesting or unusual camera study.

"SO, occasionally," said Hurrell, "it is pleasant to photograph a man like Wallace Beery. He knows he isn't handsome, and he doesn't worry about it. It's a photographer's holiday when he comes into the studio.

"It's fun to work with him," he continued, "but try and get him to make an appointment. M-G-M has been trying to get him to come to my studio for two months, and he isn't here yet. He'd rather go to the dentists than to the photographers."

Hurrell thinks it's fun (and profitable, of course) to photograph the stars. But there are many things he must remember when a famous person enters his studio.

He knows, as an example, that lighting is vitally important in photographing Jean Harlow. A top light will exaggerate the fact that she has deep-set eyes, and, as a consequence, the cheeks will appear too full. And it is this same top light that brings out the lovely modeling in Joan Crawford's face. Both girls are beautiful, of course, but their facial construction differs. On the other hand if a light is placed incorrectly Joan's nostrils will appear larger than they really are. That is because the bridge of Joan's nose is so extremely slender that any glimpse of the nostrils seems large by contrast. That, Hurrell points out, is something for people with slender noses to remem-

ber when they go to the photographer for a sitting.

He knows, too, that a top light on Myrna Loy tends to bring out her exoticism. The face flattens slightly, and the slant eyes are emphasized. Another light will make her lose most of that slightly Eurasian appearance. The studio knows that, too. In "When Ladies Meet" the exotic Loy lady had a different lighting than usual. Lights can make Myrna look like a slant-eyed foreign enchantress, or a typical American business girl.

He knows also that Helen Hayes almost goes to pieces when she faces a portrait camera. Before she can be photographed her nervousness must be overcome. It never ceases, however, to be a painful ordeal to her, and yet Helen is not difficult to photograph.

"I like a straight front photograph best with Helen Hayes," explained Hurrell. "Her charm lies in the whimsical something that is in her nature. Her eyes and mouth mean everything in a picture, and she has an exceedingly expressive face."

Expression and animation means everything, too, in a Robert Montgomery portrait. While he photographs well from almost any angle, it is expression that is important. Ramon Novarro is one of the few stars who can face a camera with a perfectly blank face and lose nothing, photographically, in the process. Not, of course, that Ramon goes around all the time facing cameras with a blank face just to prove it.

John Gilbert is an excellent subject, easily photographed from most angles, but that doesn't make John feel a bit more cheerful about going to the portrait studio.

"He fidgets and perspires when he sits for a portrait," smiled Hurrell, "and you can't keep him very long. He will stay for a certain time, reducing himself to a state of nervous collapse and then dash out of the gallery. 'That's enough,' he will say. 'I've got to go now.'"

And it will be months before he can be persuaded back. A photographer has to work fast while Gilbert is there.

It's all a great big pain in the neck to Greta Garbo. She's bored with the whole idea. She gives up the necessary amount of time to it because she must, but she is completely disinterested. She strikes her poses, doesn't appreciate suggestions, particularly, and shows no great interest in what the finished portrait looks like. From any angle Greta is equally lovely, and here is one star who is NOT two-faced. Her face does not change with different angles. So, if you have a Garbo face you're lucky.

Hurrell usually works with music. Of course this is just the old theory of stopping a baby's tears by allowing it to (*Continued on page* 74)

Hurrell wanted a certain background to photograph Norma Shearer against. Read what happened. Left and right, two of his nicest camera subjects, Franchot Tone and Mary Pickford

JOAN BLONDELL

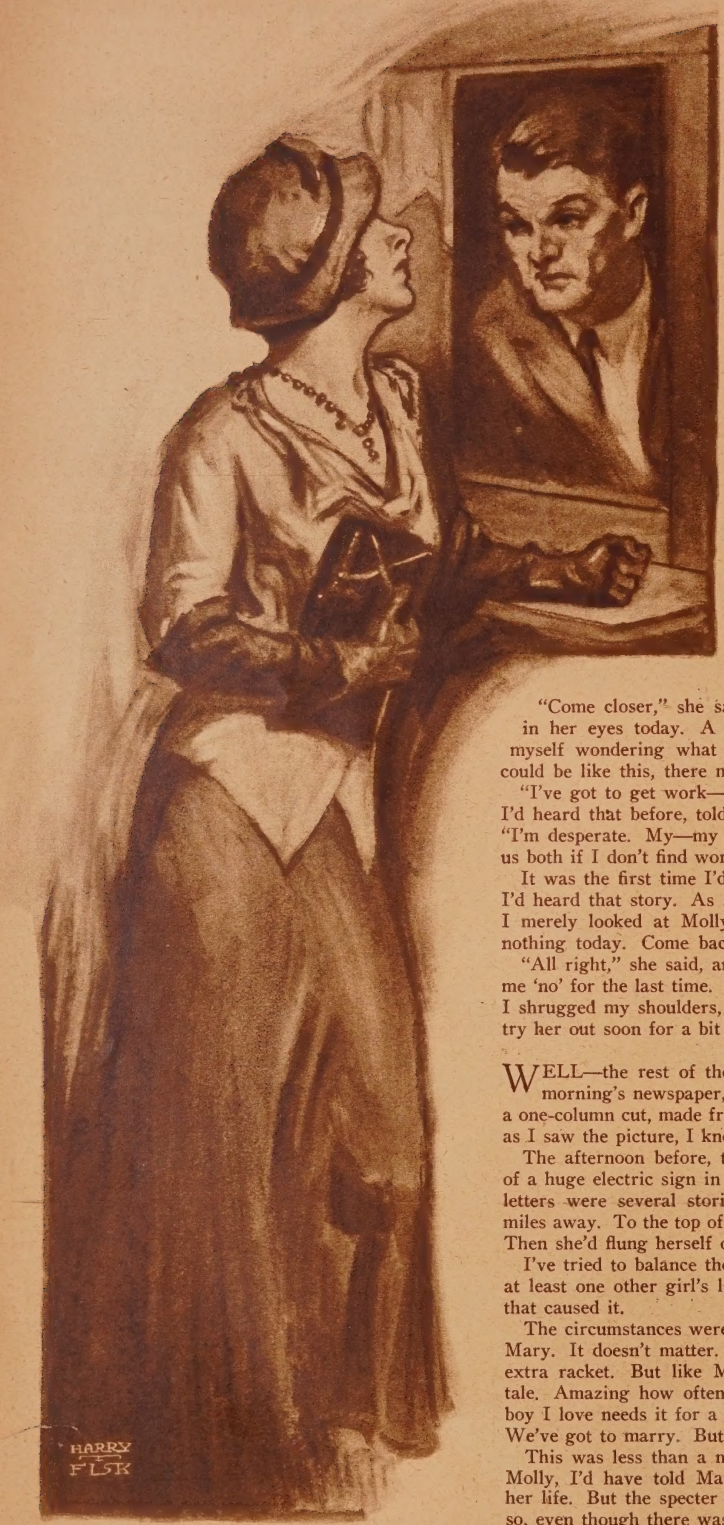
Joan Blondell says she succeeds because she isn't beautiful. Then she has a charming picture like this taken proving her a little faker. Of course, there is a tender quality about Joan these days which probably springs from her own happy marriage to George Barnes, the ace cameraman. Watch this girl in "Footlight Parade." She's elegant

Johnnie Weissmuller
Maureen O'Sullivan

Tightly clasped in each other's arms and undoubtedly thinking of John Farrow and Lupe Velez! That's love in the movies. But who cares so long as Johnny and Maureen are back together again as Tarzan and his Mate, looking so virile, so romantic and so very, very thrilling?

norma shearer

Returning gaily from her six months' European vacation, Norma Shearer is ready to resume her work again. M-G-M has [magnificent plans for her; "Marie Antoinette," "The Green Hat" and "Rip Tide" will be her next three productions. No divorce rumors about Norma. When anything threatens her home, as did the recent illness of Irving Thalberg, Norma stops being the actress and becomes only the devoted wife. Can this deep love of hers be the secret of her growing radiance and beauty which you can discern in this loveliest of her new portraits?



"I've got to have work," Mary said. "The boy I love needs it to live and I'm— I'm going to be a mother"

PART II

I'VE killed a girl! . . .

Oh, they'll never be able, on any police or court records, to write the word "MURDER" after my name on a docket. And yet, I tell you that for the rest of my life I'll have to live with the moral conviction that I killed Molly S——— just as certainly as though I'd put a bullet into her heart.

We knew Molly, we casting directors. She was one of the countless many who came, day after day, demanding work, then asking for work, finally begging for work. Blonde, pretty in an unexciting sort of way, utterly undistinctive. Her name was on every casting-list in town. She never seemed to get a job. They were scarce—but even so, she didn't have what it takes to click.

One afternoon, there she was again at the casting-window. She called to me. "Listen," she said; "I've got to talk to you today. Your assistant here won't do."

I nodded him aside, stepped to the window.

"Come closer," she said. "I've got to whisper." There was horror in her eyes today. A new intensity I'd never seen before. I found myself wondering what had happened, and telling myself that if she could be like this, there might be work for her. The flatness was gone.

"I've got to get work—today," she said through teeth that didn't part. I'd heard that before, told her so. "But this isn't a bluff," she went on. "I'm desperate. My—my baby's sick—I've no money. I tell you I'll kill us both if I don't find work today. . . !"

It was the first time I'd heard *she* was a mother but not the first time I'd heard that story. As sheer bluff, from girls who had no baby at all. I merely looked at Molly, grinned, said: "It's old stuff, kid. There's nothing today. Come back—next week, maybe."

"All right," she said, and a horrid grin twisted her lips. "You've told me 'no' for the last time. There'll be no next week for me." She left and I shrugged my shoulders, went back to my desk. Mentally, I resolved to try her out soon for a bit; if today was a sample, she *could* act, after all.

WELL—the rest of the tale is brief. But fiercely poignant. In next morning's newspaper, I saw her picture on one of the inside pages—a one-column cut, made from one of the very portraits I had on file. Soon as I saw the picture, I knew—had little need to read the brief story.

The afternoon before, they'd found her broken body lying at the foot of a huge electric sign in the Hollywood Hills. A real estate sign whose letters were several stories high, so they could be read at night from miles away. To the top of one of the towering letters the girl had climbed. Then she'd flung herself off.

I've tried to balance the scales, in a way, since then. I feel I've saved at least one other girl's life. And it was the memory of Molly S——— that caused it.

The circumstances were much the same in this case. Let's call the girl Mary. It doesn't matter. She's alive today, married, out of the picture-extra racket. But like Molly, she came to me one day with a similar tale. Amazing how often we hear them: "I've *got* to have work. The boy I love needs it for a chance to live. I'm—I'm going to be a mother. We've got to marry. But he has to find his health first."

This was less than a month after Molly's death. If it hadn't been for Molly, I'd have told Mary exactly what I told Molly that last day of her life. But the specter of that broken body was vivid before me. And so, even though there wasn't an extra job open and wouldn't be for days,

Confessions of a Casting Director

The Laughter, the Drama and the Tears That Lead to Stardom

by our schedule, I gave Mary a ticket, told her to report next morning on Stage 5 where Director L. was making a crowd scene.

Mary's eyes were full with tears as she left. Her voice was so choked, I couldn't understand the words of thanks she spoke. But when she'd gone, I stepped over to Stage 5, waited until the Director was free for a moment.

"Bill," I said to him; "Mary So-and-So is reporting here for work in the morning—"

"But I can't use her!" he exploded. "Can't put a new face in. Anyway, she's not the type. Anyway, what the hell."

"Keep your shirt on!" I flared. "I'm paying that girl's day-checks out of my own pocket, but she's never to know it. I've got fifty to spare. That'll give her ten days' work. If your schedule lasts, keep her on that long. It'll give her what she needs."

Bill never made a reply. Merely looked at me. Nodded. I went back to my office. Next day, a boy from his set came to me, handed me an envelope with a fifty-dollar bill in it. I called Director L's stage, got him on the wire.

"What do you mean, Bill? I said *I'D* pay the girl myself," I demanded.

"Sure, sure," he replied. "But let's pay her ten a day, instead of five, huh?"

So Mary worked ten days, got $100. And she doesn't know to this day, I believe, that Director L's expertness managed it so that she was never quite in camera-range, never appeared in a scene, never interfered with the work of shooting that picture, even though she went through the ten days' work happily believing she was earning a $10 check each day!

Well, now that I've dressed myself in wolf's clothing and in sheep's attire for you, let's get away from sob-stuff, and take a look at some other colors in the casting-office kaleidoscope. Of course, the stories those girls told me—Molly and Mary—are a sample of the sort of thing we casting directors get, day in and day out. Their sob-tales were just another gag of getting into pictures. You'd be amazed at the schemes, the plots, the devices whereby women and men try to crash the casting office gateway into the films. . . .

Offhand, I'd rate the factors whereby individuals try to get in as follows: First, SEX! Second, sob-tales. Third, threats. Fourth, money. Fifth, influence. I'll give you examples of all—

You probably read, several months ago in Movie Mirror, a story by Vina Delmar called "Hollywood Bad Girls." In it, Vina told of the girl who applied to a casting director, wearing a great fur coat. He told her to take it off, so he could judge her figure. She flung it open—revealed herself, as Miss Delmar wrote it, with "not even a garter. . . !" I know about that incident; the casting man was one of my close friends. A somewhat similar case took place in my own office.

IT was my private office. Because her name was well known, an actress from New York had secured an appointment. She wanted work in pictures. "But I haven't a rôle worthy of you," I told her. "Never mind," she said, "I want to crash pictures. I'll start at the bottom." I ran through my lists. "Here's something—but it's just chorus-girl stuff—half-stripped. Er—you wouldn't want. . . ?"

She stood up. She was wearing a brilliant green gown. I recall yet how it contrasted with her hair. She smiled. Then, with a single movement, she unwrapped the gown, clicked a button at the back, and stood before me like a marble statue against the green background that had been her dress.

It was dazzling. She turned, slowly, that I might judge her figure. I expected anything next. Instead, she replaced the dress as deftly as she'd taken it off, sat down again. The whole thing was a matter of fifteen to twenty seconds! I was still gasping.

"I invented it myself," she said, calmly. "The dress, I mean. After all, part of our stock (*Continued on page 76*)

The girl's huddled form lay cold and still upon the pavement

The Man Who Will Never G Hollywood

"I *AM a stranger in Hollywood,*" Nils Asther said to me. He is.

This man, who is more incredibly handsome than any man these star-bedazzled eyes have ever seen or dreamt of seeing; this man who could have women, worshipful, at his feet, plucking their hearts as a strong hand plucks roses—this man lives alone, with his man servant, in a remote high hillside house back of Hollywood, where his tall head reaches to the stars.

And to this fastness come only some four or five close friends. No one knows the telephone number. No parties are given there. Few people know exactly where the house is.

His companions are Chief, the black stallion and a Great Dane dog. His intimates are books. Music speaks to him in place of women's voices. The people he talks with are the baker, the grocer, the rancher, the egg-farmer, the newsboy, the mechanic.

He said to me, as we were lunching together in the R-K-O commissary the other day "The older I grow the more I care to be with primitive people, people of simple tastes and quiet hearts. People who work with their hands and know the honest fabric of their own lives.

"The older I grow the more I care to live out of doors, to be under the sun the day long and under the moon the night long. I feel like pushing back the walls with my bare hands—the walls of houses which confine me; the walls of life which confine me, too. Should I change such things as these for the close hot air of the Cocoanut Grove and places like it—*why?* I have never been able to find a satisfactory answer to that 'why'."

I said "There *is* something strange about you Swedish people, it would seem—Garbo—you—both solitaries—who could have the world at your feet—"

"There is something *wrong* with *me,* no doubt," Nils said, "but it is something from within that makes me as I am—preferring to hear the running of waters to the blare of a jazz orchestra—preferring to walk on the mountain tops and along the wide beaches rather than to be cluttered and crowded on a dance floor. Preferring flowers and faithful beasts at my feet instead of those who crowd about a stranger to pay him homage they cannot really mean . . .

"For myself I am sorry that I am as I am. I would like to 'go Hollywood' as you call it. I mean, I would like to *want* to go. But I can't. I don't.

"I think I lost this appetite a long while ago. For a brief time, there in Sweden, before I came to this country I, too, as other men, frequented dance halls and gaming rooms and the boudoirs of lovely ladies. I tasted that life and the dregs were dry in my mouth. I went to be filled—with something, joy or exaltation or pride. I came away empty—always empty. I lost more than I gained. I was less than when I began.

"Then, I lost my first wife over there, you may remember. I left my youth there, perhaps, I lost my desire for lights and crowded pleasure places, for flirtation and all kinds of gambling. That phase of my life is over. *It will not come again.* Until—" Nils smiled, raising one eye-brow above the other as he does —"until, perhaps, I am middle-aged and reach the foolish stage."

* * *

Nils tried, when he married Vivian Duncan, to embrace again the life of

"There is no thing and no person strong enough to separate those who belong together," says Nils when speaking of love

by
GLADYS HALL

You Will Understand More Clearly, After Reading This, Why Nils Asther Is So Fascinating + + +

laughter and gaiety and sociability and "mixing." It was like trying to wed some little, effulgent sun with the night-riding, solitary moon.

"I had hoped that we would be successful" Nils told me. "It has been said that my mother was the cause of our separating. *There is no thing and no person on this earth strong enough to separate those who belong together.* We simply did not belong, Vivian and I. When people separate the causes are deep in the persons themselves. Neither persons nor places have anything to do with it. *Opposites do attract but the attraction is short-lived.*"

* * *

Nils said, "I spend the days when I am not working like this—and this will tell you, largely, why I do not 'go Hollywood'—I rise at seven or earlier. I work with my trainer for an hour or more. I eat a light breakfast out of doors—wearing my bathrobe or trunks. I always dress like this when I am at home, which is why I must always have a man servant. Always, everything I do is done out of doors. Even when I am working in the studio, as now, I step away from the stage the instant the scene is shot and walk up and down outside until I am called again. So, then, after my breakfast I walk over the hills, sometimes as much as thirty to forty miles in one day. This is a *necessary* thing to me, don't you see? It is the basic reason of why I do not go Hollywood. *I must do the things that are imperative for me.* There isn't time for all things. One does the things that matter most to one's self.

"Then, when I come home I have a swim and a rub-down. Perhaps it is time for luncheon and I have that. Alone. Then there is always a script to read, letters to write home. Then it is time for a cocktail. Sometimes, at this hour, two or three of my friends come in and join me. Sometimes I go to them. By this time it is the dinner hour which I eat, always alone. Then there is some music I must play or hear. And after that I go to bed and read—often until the dawn shows at the windows or in the sky. And always, I have the terrible thought of all the books there are to read which I shall never have time to know.

"These are my days and my nights.

"TIME—TIME—the *shortness* of time, the many things there are to do and the brief while there is to do them is the greatest tragedy I know. It is the ultimate tragedy of all men. And time passes so much more swiftly here in Southern California than anywhere else in the world. A day dies before it is born. The rapid cycling of the days is like the gentle, imperceptible whirring of a bird's wings.

"And so I do not 'go Hollywood' because there are so many things I want to do more—much, much more. There are so many books I want to read. Astronomy—I know nothing about it except what I think when I lie out on the hillside beneath the stars. But I *want* to know about it. I want terribly to know about it. So much so that the affairs, the scandals, the parties, the competitions of Hollywood are of no significance to me by comparison. There are so many places on this earth I want to see and know about. I keep thinking to myself 'Someday I will have time—soon, now—'

"I want to meet the great thinkers of the world, scientists, statesmen, writers, painters, musicians. I want to hear them talk. How *could* I go Hollywood, spend time that is so precious, when I have not time to read the stars, the music, the books, the minds I may never (*Continued on page 77*)

The Woman SPY

An RKO Picture

starring

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Her heart was breaking as she kissed this handsome stranger goodbye. She loved him and hoped that they would never meet again

From a story by Jane Murfin
Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

SHE was in a tight place. The ticket-seller refused to give her a ticket.

"Sorry, Fraulein. We can take only gold or silver, no paper money accepted. It's orders."

"But I've got to get to Vienna . . . now, tonight."

Others in the line behind her were getting restive. Yet, because she was pretty, and in such distress (you could see it in her big blue eyes), he tried to soften his refusal.

"Sorry Fraulein, but Europe is mobilizing for war. Everything is upset. All tourists must leave Luxembourg. We cannot be responsible for their safety. Nobody knows what is going to happen. This train goes as far as Berne, but I can't take your paper money."

Carla, quick to feel his sympathy, began to plead; then she stormed: "I'll pay you twice the fare . . . three times . . . no? How dare you treat me so! I'll appeal to my personal friend, the Prime Minister . . .!"

It was no use. The man had his orders. He obeyed them.

Time was getting short. The big depot was filled with milling people, tourists, peasants . . . each one intent on his own dilemma. There was hysteria in the air. War! The word was in every mouth, in a dozen different languages.

No one knew how near, how immediate danger might be. But Carla was used to danger. She'd been bred to it, trained for it. Her charming face was that of a woe-begone child, but her head was coolly functioning. Perhaps the order had not gotten around the station. She tried the telegraph office. Nothing but gold or silver. Quick . . . a book stall . . . there, too! She was putting down the books she had pretended to want, when a pleasant, masculine voice said:

"If Mademoiselle would permit me to buy the books . . ."

She answered him absently: "No thanks, I didn't really want them. I was trying to get this note changed, to buy my ticket."

But she looked more closely at him as he continued: "I'll be glad to buy that too, if I knew where mademoiselle was going."

This was her way out! Automatically she swept him a smile, a dazzling smile, one of her best smiles, and he went on: *"I'm* going to Madrid."

"Charming place, full of antiquity and bull fights. But I happen to live in Vienna."

He was delighted. "So? Ein echtes Wiener kind! Well,

The innocent looking little seamstress slipped a needle into the innocent looking little bobbin. But the needle held a secret code

THE CAST

Constance Bennett	Carla
Gilbert Roland	Rudi
Edward Ellis	Col. Lieber
Sam Godfrey	Franz
Lucien Prival	Erlich
Mischa Auer	Mitika
Ben Hendricks	Probert
Leonid Snegoff	Private Muller
Evelyn Carter Carrington	Frau Stengel

why not go to Madrid? It's right on the way."

"Not my way, I'm afraid."

"Well, then, if it must be Vienna, to Vienna we'll both go! It's my home, too. Wait a little while . . . I'll be right back."

He strode off, and Carla's eyes followed him quizzically. This wasn't going to be half bad. She had to get to Vienna before they tightened up the frontiers. Her passport would bear only so much investigation.

He came back triumphant with two tickets. She thanked him prettily: "I'm afraid I can't properly express my gratitude. You don't know what an embarrassing situation you saved me from."

"But think what I saved the Ticket Agent from! When the Prime Minister hears about his refusing to take paper money from a personal friend of His Excellency's . . .!"

They both laughed. Carla admitted it had been a feeble dodge. "But it was all I could think of at the minute!" she said.

Rudi wanted to tell her she was all he could think of at the minute. Oh, she was charming, this damsel in distress.

And Carla continued to charm him, through the long uncomfortable journey. He managed to find some supper for them. He saw to her luggage, he amused and diverted her, and . . . he fell in love with her. There, in the dusty, dirty, squalid, war-time train, Rudi realized what had happened to him.

IT was dawn when they reached the border and were ordered out, a motley mass of frightened, stranded people. Carla clung to Rudi. "Isn't there an automobile to be had, anywhere?"

"All commandeered, they say. We're just not meant to be separated. What do they call it? You know—Fate! You've heard of Fate?"

"Oh, yes, plays dirty tricks on you if you don't watch out." She was talking idly, her mind seeking a way out of the situation. She was unprepared for what he said.

"We're not talking about the same Fate. The one I mean is very kind. She suddenly realizes here's a man who has travelled the world over looking for the girl of his heart, and without success. Just as he's given up the search . . ."

Her long lashes veiled her eyes. "Given up?"

"Well, practically given up. Fate takes him by the seat of his pants and boots him into a railroad station where he suddenly finds the lovely one he's been looking for."

"Threatening the Ticket Agent!"

"Yes, terrorizing him with what the Prime Minister will do to him. And now I'm going to find an automobile for us. I won't be five minutes. Even that's a long time. Do you think you should let me go away for so long, at a dangerous time like this, with war threatening?"

Suddenly, neither of them was jesting. She was in his arms. Strange blossoming of love, in the dark, in the rain, beside the railway, and stranger still his first question:

"Darling, what's your name?"

But neither of them realized its humor. Only Carla knew that something was happening to her, that she must hold onto herself.

"I'll tell you all about myself when you come back. Goodbye, don't forget me while you're away."

"Don't say goodbye, even in a joke. And don't move from this spot. Don't get sick and die while I'm gone, will you?"

She watched him stride away in the rain, probably out of her life. For a long pause, she stood there and tried to pretend that she had a life of her own, Carla, "K 14," of the Allied Secret Service, one of those who serve without glory and without fame, pledged to her country in a closer, tighter bond than even a soldier knows.

He had been sweet. Many men had said "I love you" to her but this was the first one her heart had heard say it. Presently she shook herself with a little laugh. This was all very well, this delightful interlude, but she had work to do. He must not find her there when he returned.

Nor did he, for before he returned Carla had inveigled a peasant to take her and her bags into his smelly, old cart, and in it, she covered the first lap of her devious journey to Vienna.

Once there, she followed her orders to get a job as a singer in a cabaret where officers came for entertainment. But before she could accomplish much, she was arrested on suspicion. The message they were hunting for came to her hidden in a silver coin that unscrewed, and passed undetected. Nevertheless, she knew her usefulness there was ended.

Later on, under orders she was a sewing girl in a cheap little tailoring shop, and had an even narrower escape. She was warned that the Austrian Secret Service were becoming more vigilant. And while they had not spotted her, several of her associates had been caught.

Danger, always danger, always she played a part. Not "played" a part. For a while she lived as a real cabaret girl, as a humble seamstress. It was the secret of her amazing success as a spy, this ability of hers to submerge herself in character.

Her immediate superior in the service congratulated her:

"You are either very lucky, or very clever."

"Why, Colonel Ivanoff," she boasted. "I'm not only the best agent you've got. I'm also your second best."

Carla stopped to buy chocolates of a gypsy peddler and suddenly realized he was giving her the signal that her life was in danger

"You must leave at once to save your life," the gypsy said. "I can't, I can't" moaned Carla. "I've found the man I love once more"

"I only hope your luck holds out." he grunted, and gave her an assignment that made even Carla wince.

"It's true I've been a nurse—but this. Can I get by, do you think?"

"Good luck, my dear!" was his only answer.

SO Carla took up still another rôle. She became Nurse Schontag at the Austrian base hospital in Tarnoff, twelve miles behind the lines. For weeks she worked as only a war-time nurse must; days without sleep in the horror and stench of the hospital; with always the boom of the guns to rasp the nerves and the unspoken fear of an air-raid.

Once in a while she remembered the way she had come into Austria, a charming voice asking, "May I buy the books for Mademoiselle?" She remembered that kiss, under the falling rain, beside the railroad station. Where was he now? Somewhere in this war. But she had little time for this. Her quiet checking-up must go on, a word from this patient, a guess from something an orderly said, her own observant, trained eyes. Bit after bit of important information she contrived to piece together and send on. For a long time she was able to get it out of Tarnoff in an amazing way:

She wrote her messages in invisible ink on a page of a book of poetry. With the book, and some others, under her arm, she went—to have her hair washed! Carla, just a pretty nurse with some books, perhaps for a patient, walked demurely down the village street and mounted the stairs to the hair-dressing parlor. On the way up she stopped to tie her shoe-lace, stopped on the fourth step, and of course, put down the books she carried. No one could see a panel open in the riser of the step and a hand draw in the top book. The shoe attended to, Carla picked up her books and went on up. Quite safe, no suspicion, this clever "post-office" where information could be received and passed on, served Carla well.

But the Austrian Secret Service had not been idle. One day, a book passed from hand to hand, as usual, but there was a weak link in the chain. Later in the day, Captain Ritter, Austrian counter-espionage officer, leafed it over in his office, trying it out for ciphers or invisible ink. His search was rewarded for he had found the message.

"And now," he says, "we will lay K 14 by the heels, wherever he is, and it's not far from here. First, that chap we caught with this, will lead us to their post-office."

That evening, Carla had word of troop movements that must be gotten through. She prepared another book of poetry and was on her way out of the little inn where she lived, when a man's laugh made her pause.

She peered down into the tap-room where the officers congregated. Surely she had been mistaken. No! There Rudi was . . . even after two years, unmistakably the same. She would know that dark, attractive face, and those well-shaped shoulders among a thousand. She had last seen that back disappearing into the rain, at that little frontier town.

For a moment, Carla the woman fought with K 14, the spy. It was better to dodge him. No, she'd stay where she was and let him see her. He would speak. She would hear his voice. Fate took the decision from her, for he had seen her and came hurrying over.

"It *is* you, isn't it?" There was such genuine pleasure in the eager question.

"Yes, it's me."

"I knew I'd find you. Why did you run away that night?"

"Self preservation."

"I don't understand."

"You are modest as well as handsome, Herr Captain."

"I wish I could believe I was that dangerous, to you."

"You can. I was really afraid of you. You were much too fascinating. So I ran away while I still wanted to. Don't you believe me?"

One of the officers she knew interrupted them.

"Good evening, nurse. I see you two know each other."

"Know each other!" Rudi beamed. (*Continued on page* 81)

"How could she have escaped?" Rudi demanded. "She is the cleverest of all Russian spies and you have let her slip away"

Rudi hoped that in some way the things he knew about Carla could be proven false. If not, he must issue her death warrant

MOVIES of the

IT'S a gay and singing month for you in the movies. You must hear Bing Crosby's songs in "Too Much Harmony" and Lilian Harvey's songs in "My Weakness" and all the songs in "Footlight Parade." They are that elegant! You'll want to see little Harvey, too. She promises to be a very controversial star. There are some grand performances, too, that you mustn't miss: Charles Laughton in "Henry, the VIII"—one of the finest performances we've ever seen; Chevalier's in "The Way to Love"; Eddie Horton's in the same opus; Alice Brady in "Stage Mother"; Gene Raymond in "Brief Moment" (how that lad is coming up!); Jimmy Cagney—and can he hoof!—in "Footlight Parade." The average on movies is distinctly on the up. Almost every picture we've previewed this month we can recommend highly and without reservation. Not a single one is really bad.

✓✓ My Weakness (Fox)

You'll See: *Lilian Harvey, Lew Ayres, Charles Butterworth, Sid Silvers, Harry Langdon and Henry Travers.*
It's About: *A modern Cinderella.*

Forget about plot and construction when you go to see this one and you're in for a pleasant evening's entertainment. What it lacks in story value, is made up in beautifully staged dancing numbers, clever songs and fast comedy.

Lilian Harvey shows up to the best advantage in her song numbers. This rôle does not give her the dramatic possibilities of some of her foreign-made productions. But she is utterly charming. Women will love her beautiful costumes. And the men won't exactly complain, at the over-abundance of Elinor Glyn's unknown quantity (or is it quality?).

The cast is excellent—Harry Langdon in his rôle of Dan Cupid. Charles Butterworth of the dead-pan and Lew Ayres, a bit colorless, but very pleasant. Of course, you know that Lilian will get her man. Take a wealthy son like Lew Ayres and a pretty chambermaid like Lilian Harvey and put them under one roof. There's only one result—in the movies anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means see it. Especially if you happen to need cheering up.

For Children: Take them along. Perhaps, a bit over their heads, but they'll be amused.

✓✓ Footlight Parade (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Claire Dodd, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and hundreds of girls.*
It's About: *A boy who stages prologues for the movie houses, another boy and girl in love, back stage intrigue and the usual mix-up that means musical comedy plot.*

"42nd Street," "Gold-diggers of 1933" and now "Footlight Parade." Warners made all three of them and made one to top the other. "Footlight Parade" is the same formula that made the other two such smashes, girls, dances, songs and laughs, plus a much better story, better acting and the biggest, most smashing climax ever seen on the screen. It is musical comedy raised to the heights and if you don't get your money's worth out of this, you are just an old meanie who couldn't be happy if you discovered an oil well in the front yard.

Jimmy Cagney is the dance director who nearly goes mad thinking out new ideas for prologues. Joan Blondell is his devoted and unappreciated secretary. Ruby Keeler—getting better every picture—is the shy violet who steals the important show. Dick

You'll want to stand up and cheer "Midshipman Jack" with Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness

These cuties and that cutest girl of all, Lilian Harvey, are in "My Weakness," a grand picture

MONTH

Powell is Dick Powell and very nice that is, too. All of them are swell but it is the dance numbers that make the picture. "By a Waterfall" for sheer magnificence will pull you right out of your chair.

Your Reviewer Says: This is a smash. It's gay, delightful and thrilling.

For Children: You bet.

✓✓ Too Much Harmony (Paramount)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lilyan Tashman, Harry Green, Ned Sparks, Kitty Kelly, Jack Oakie's Mother, Henry Armetta.*

It's About: *Love and heartbreak behind the scenes of musical shows.*

Yes—that's trite-sounding, isn't it? You're about to say: "Oh, another backstage musical?" But don't be too fooled. Because it's one of the very good ones—thanks to a knock-out performance by Jack Oakie, who mixes laughs and sobs as the boy who sacrifices his own love to make the girl happy with another, and Bing Crosby's crooning.

The story is about a vaudeville trio, small-timers until a big star (Bing) falls for the girl, wants her in his show, has to bring her partners along. One of them, Oakie, loves the girl, too. Enough to make love to the star's girl in order to free Bing to marry Jack's girl.

Delightful bit: Jack Oakie, posing as a Southern gentleman, doing dialect stuff. Fine music: "All the World Is Singing Booboo," and "Thanks" and "Black Moonlight." Gorgeous dance number: "Bucking the Wind."

Your Reviewer Says: This will give you a fine hour's entertainment.

For Children: Plenty to amuse them.

For those who like mysteries, "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case" with Warner Oland and Heather Angel, is excellent fanfare

✓✓ The Private Life of Henry, the VIII (United Artists)

You'll See: *Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Lady Tree, Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester, Merle Oberon, Franklin Dyall, Miles Mander, Wendy Barrie, Claude Allister, John Loder.*

It's About: *Henry, the VIII, his life, his wives and love.*

Don't think you are fed up with historical films. Don't be afraid of a film you know was made in England for fear it may be slow and dull. Don't be scared by an almost unknown cast. Don't, don't, don't let anything keep you from seeing this picture, for if you do, you will miss the greatest entertainment treat of your life.

Yes, those are big words, but this reviewer means

If you've never had Chevalieritis, "The Way to Love" will give it to you. And to Ann Dvorak goes honorable mention

You simply can't afford to miss Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIII." It's tremendous!

"Brief Moment" will keep you entertained. Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond head the cast

An unusually breath-taking murder story is "The Solitaire Man" aided by the performances of Herbert Marshall and Elizabeth Allan

every word of them. This *is* history and far back in the past but so fine is the production, so glowing and warm are the performances that you live in those days, you share the laughter and the tears, the romance and the intrigues of true adventure.

The story, of course, is about that mighty monarch who defied church and state to marry many women and of the comedy, romance and heartbreak that entailed.

Charles Laughton is magnificent as Henry and so, too, are each of the wives. When lovely Anne Boleyn goes to the block while Henry makes love to his newest favorite, the emotional intensity is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: See this by all means. It is a picture which has everything—laughter, tears, heart throbs, glamour.

For Children: Yes, if they are high school age. It will make history alive to them.

✓✓ "The Way to Love" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Maurice Chevalier, Ann Dvorak, Edward Everett Horton, Minna Gombell, Nydia Westman, John Miljan, Blanche Frederici, Sidney Toller, others.*

It's About: *The adventures of a gay, lovable, easy-going Frenchman, who is a walking advertisement for a photographer. His ambition is someday to be a guide and wear a uniform. He gets this, a girl and plenty of excitement.*

Thank you, Director Norman Taurog, for bringing back the old Chevalier. It's been many pictures since he has appeared more delightful, more entertaining and filled to overflowing with that lovable quality that originally endeared him so to his audiences.

This writer caught the first sneak preview in Santa Barbara, where Maurice, riding home, narrowly escaped death in an automobile accident.

Chevalier gives this picture every ounce of his contagious personality. And there's a dog in it, whose scenes with the Frenchman are pathetically reminiscent of the earlier Chaplin comedies.

You'll come away wanting to see more of Edward Everett Horton. Ann Dvorak has to look unhappy most of the time. But happy or sad, Ann is very capable, and incidentally, growing more lovely in every picture.

Nydia Westman, as a virginal maid who screams and slaps the nearest person, every time she hears the word "marriage," is grand but it's all Chevalier who more than proves that he doesn't have to have a boudoir, in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it.

For Children: It's grand entertainment and they probably won't get the few things that are suggestively subtle.

✓✓ "The Bowery" (20th Century)

You'll See: *Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray, Pert Kelton.*

It's About: *The good old days when New York had corner saloons and Steve Brodie jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.*

If this is a sample of future productions, the newly-organized 20th Century Productions, are going to give us our money's worth. This picture starts off with a bang and keeps banging until the final close-up. It is melodrama, comedy, and romance all in one.

From a historical standpoint, it will warm the hearts of audiences to see the famous Bowery basking in its early-day glory. The settings, costumes and dialogue are strikingly authentic. And the casting director should come in for a plug on this one. With hundreds of extras and tough-looking bit players in individual close-ups, there was nary a Hollywood face, so familiar in these rôles.

Wallace Beery as Chuck Connors has never been better. And how he does get your sympathy! George Raft as Steve Brodie, at last has a chance to prove that he really can act as well as look menacing. Mrs. Cooper's little boy Jackie is growing up. His great flair for acting is touched with sophistication. But the scene where he comes back to Chuck Connors after he is down and out, caused genuine weeping in the preview audience just the same.

Fay Wray was sweet, charming and beautiful as all good women are on the screen. Hers is the only touch of gentility

in the picture. The other extreme is Pert Kelton. She puts over her numbers in a Mae West way that's great.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't dare miss it. You owe it to yourself to see it.

For Children: Certainly not.

✓ "Ann Vickers" (RKO)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Walter Huston, Conrad Nagel, Bruce Cabot, Edna May Oliver, Sam Hardy, Gertrude Michael, Mitchell Lewis.*

It's About: *A woman who is disillusioned by love and tries to find happiness through a career.*

You may or may not have liked Sinclair Lewis' "Ann Vickers." But it is a cinch that you will be touched and thrilled by Irene Dunne's performance of this rôle. She makes Ann so truly intelligent, but withal so feminine, so sincere, that things about the book character which antagonized certain readers are softened in the picture through this actress' finer interpretation and artistry.

The picture starts with Ann in wartime and her first meeting with the soldier (Bruce Cabot) who loves and betrays her. Later you see her in the prison sequences, which are beautifully done, and finally finding her way to freedom through her love of a better and stronger man.

This reviewer saw "Ann Vickers" before it had passed the censors. Whether or not you will see its more daring scenes is up to them. They would make your grandmother's hair stand up, yet they are done so sensitively there is no offence in them. But they are unconventional, certainly.

Dunne makes it all her picture. Edna May Oliver as the doctor, is excellent. Walter Huston as the judge is miscast but pleasing. Bruce Cabot plays another cad so charmingly you automatically forgive him. But the picture for all their work, remains Irene Dunne's. She has never been finer.

Your Reviewer Says: This is adult, moving drama, a little more suited, probably, to women than men.

For Children: They won't know what it's about, or care.

✓ The Solitaire Man (M-G-M)

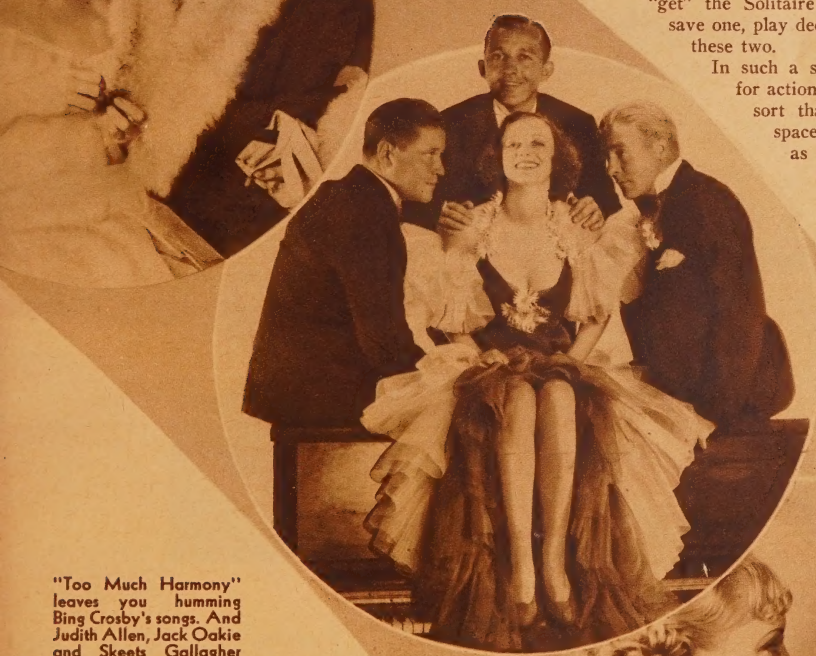
You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, May Robson, Mary Boland, Lionel Atwill, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes, Robert McWade, Lucille Gleason.*

It's About: *A murder is solved in an airplane cabin over the English Channel.*

Crying for "something different? Well, here's your answer—and at the same time, one of the most suspenseful pictures you'll see in a long, long time. The story: In an airplane flying across the Channel are six people. One is a famous crook called "The Solitaire Man" who's on his way to live in decency forever. Another is a police spy, himself a murderer, out to "get" the Solitaire Man. The other passengers, save one, play deep rôles in the conflict between these two.

In such a small space, there's little room for action, save of that mental, emotional sort that confines itself within little space, yet covers much. You'll sit, as did a preview audience, half-breathless as you watch the battles of wit, mind, crime-sharpened keenness, until at last, the murderer is exposed and the Solitaire Man (a Raffles type for whom you (*Continued on page 79*)

There are many laughs and a few tears in "Stage Mother," an excellent picture with Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan



"Too Much Harmony" leaves you humming Bing Crosby's songs. And Judith Allen, Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher are swell.

A better picture might have been chosen for June Knight's debut than "Ladies Must Love," but it's adequate.

Dolores Del Rio wanted to be completely modernized for the many interesting reasons that are given here. The first thing she did was bob her hair. Presto! she was a changed personality. We like it, do you?

Little Dorothy Wilson almost failed. Things were looking very dark indeed. Then she cut her hair, with the most amazing results. Maybe that's why she's back to work in "Eight Girls in a Boat" for Paramount

Do you want to do your hair at home, or know how to make any hat becoming? Alice White and Claudette Colbert give you some grand tips here. Read their directions carefully and you simply can't miss

Tricks from the Stars on how to make Your Crowning Glory a Crowning Triumph

Hair-Raising Ideas

DOLORES DEL RIO has just returned to the screen after a year's vacation. She came back with something new to offer. When as beautiful a woman as Del Rio cuts her shimmering black hair for the first time there must be an interesting reason. There is! She had to choose between remaining a classic, Latin type and becoming a fiery, modern beauty. It was her hair which told the story. No advice from others was needed; Dolores Del Rio thinks for herself, always. Del Rio says that every girl must be modern, especially an actress. She believes that long hair keeps girls from indulging in various sports, such as tennis, swimming and golf. Long hair hampers these sports and doubles the effort because it gets in the way. Long hair *types* one. Short hair doesn't do this because it can be arranged in various ways, according to one's mood, attire or characterization. She dreaded cutting her hair, but she loves it now and wishes she had done it long before. But she took plenty of time to make up her mind. That is the secret of any beauty step . . . thoughtful consideration first, action second!

MIRIAM JORDAN became Mimi Jordan at the last click of the barber's shears! When her shorn locks destroyed her cold, stately type of beauty she was far more in demand in Hollywood than she had been one short hour before. She was *too perfect*, too difficult to cast. Those who wanted to see her conquer Hollywood insisted that she "go modern" so she took their advice. She thought it was a ridiculous piece of business, but she took a chance. She says now it was ridiculous to be afraid of changing her type. She says girls shouldn't be timid about such things . . . that almost any premeditated change is for the best!

LITTLE Dorothy Wilson has cut her hair too! She admits that she "hopes it isn't too late!" You younger girls who may have felt as Dorothy Wilson did about "liking to be different" had better take a tip from her. She was *too* different. She couldn't wear the kind of hats today's young girl should wear; she couldn't be as versatile as she wanted to be. She began to be suspicious of those who said: "Oh, don't ever cut your beautiful hair!" Working at Columbia in "Above the Clouds," Dorothy confided in Richard Cromwell that she had a strange desire to cut her hair and Dick Cromwell said "go ahead, it would be swell!" She did . . . and it was . . . and the cluster of curls on Dorothy's neck may save her from going back to her typewriter, for news spreads quickly in Hollywood and there is a lot of talk about the *new* Dorothy Wilson! See how important such things are?

JOAN CRAWFORD is cleverly subtle about changing her type to suit her mood. She does it in original little ways which are always being copied in Hollywood. For instance, she has bangs "on call." With certain costumes, she wears them in a soft fringe across her forehead. The rest of the time they are combed back and become invisible.

Joan started another amusing little hair fad not so long ago in a most innocent manner. During a rehearsal, the top wave of her long bob kept falling across her face . . . it annoyed Joan, so she said: "I'll fix *you* . . . *I'll braid* you!" And lo! a new Hollywood coiffure was born. Even Bette Davis is wearing that top-knot braid down the left side of her blonde head and with those jaunty little hats Bette always affects it is very amusing and different. "Thanks, Miss Crawford!"

LOOK at Mae West's hair. She always has lavish "hair-do's" in pictures, but finds that a very simple, long bob allows her to arrange her hair in whatever fashion her picture characterization demands. She has her hair waved every day, but wears it in simple soft waves with very little curl in the ends. It suits her perfectly in spite of the fact that it is actually a very un-Mae West sounding coiffure.

HELEN TWELVETREES depends on her hair to help her "get her man!" She says she simply cannot vamp with her hair around the neck . . . so she piles it high on her head in an imitation of a Grecian knot, with her ears well in evidence and goes to work! In "My Woman" her current Columbia picture she shows us how very successful this process is . . . but the hair comb is all-important.

LORETTA YOUNG uses several types of hairdress to suit her various rôles. She feels very young and unsophisticated when she puts her soft, shining curls behind her ears. This, of course, is entirely (*Continued on page 73*)

MOVIE MIRROR

will be glad to answer any questions you may have about beauty or fashions. Do you want to know what colors to wear, how to improve your skin, how to do your hair? Write Mildred Duncan, MOVIE MIRROR, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and Miss Duncan will gladly give you her advice.

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page 31*)

fingers spread wide with long red cellophane finger-nails attached. Her name is printed in red letters, one letter of "Texas" above each finger. After dashing off her note, she signs the repressed billboard by dashing her name all the way across the bottom of the page with a thick red pencil. None too refined but very legible.

David Manners was being banished from Rome in "Roman Scandals." The emperor was giving him the Roman raspberry, a mental kick in the toga and had just said, "You are to leave Rome at once." The curled Manners was raising his head to reply when the four o'clock whistle blew over in the carpenter shop. Eddie Cantor, who was on the side-lines and thinking about going home, yelled to Manners, "Hurry up, for the love of Pete, there goes the boat now."

The United Artists' studio doctor was called on the stage. Someone had passed out. He unpacked his professional air, ran over and saw a person stretched out on a bed. He broke a capsule of ammonia under the patient's nose and waited, hoping for the best. He didn't have long to wait. The patient reared up out of bed, surprise written in moscovite letters on her stellar face. He had made a mistake and given the ammonia to Anna Sten, Samuel Goldwyn's new Russian bomb. She had been working in bed in the scene and was relaxing, recharging her battery for the next effort. The doctor collected his medicated wits and found the legitimate swoon.

The usually morose Miss Sten laughed long and loudly, much to the surprise of the company. An executive who was on the stage at the time went over to the doctor and said, "Will you please bring a capsule every morning and break it under Sten's nose? This is the first time she has laughed since we started the picture."

There is a game called Murder to be played on dull evenings. Guests choose cards, the one drawing the ace of spades being the murderer. Then the district attorney is chosen, not by card but for intelligence, a difficult task at most gatherings. After these preliminaries the lights are turned out and the murderer mills around, selects his victim

And everywhere that Mr. Chaplin goes, Paulette Goddard is sure to follow. In this instance they are at the tennis matches with Paulette having a big bottle of soda pop

That cute baby, Cora Sue Collins, has been awarded the little girl role in "Queen Christina." Even Garbo praises her. With Cora Sue here is Madge Collins, her big sister

They rule the air waves, this bunch, Lou Clayton, Ruth Etting, Jimmy Durante, Jack Oakie, and Rubinoff sans violin going on the air from Hollywood for Chase and Sanborn

and chokes him, often with malice aforethought. The future corpse then screams, partly from pain in these days of long finger-nails. Then the lights are turned on and the district attorney swings into action. Everyone but the murderer is sworn to tell the truth.

All went well at one party till the lights were turned on. The victim had screamed and the murderer had removed himself away from the scene of slaughter. With the light came a surprise. There were two corpses stretched out in the best gangster style. The official corpse opened one eye to glance at the rival cadaver and found Dorothy Mackaill, feet in the fireplace, thoroughly dead. The game went completely off the track when the district attorney found it necessary to question the corpses instead of the murderer. After much bickering the resurrected stiffs finally came to terms and Mackaill admitted that her death was her own idea, just to make the game more difficult. That ended the evening's entertainment. The party lapsed back into its coma.

The silent Garbo goes for solitary walks even in the studio, down back streets and through deserted alleys. On one of these jaunts, her hat pulled down over her eyes and her mind dreaming of all the nice smoked herrings she had left behind in Sweden, Garbo suddenly looked up and found that she had walked into a street scene. Jean Harlow, looking like an over-exposed snapshot, was emoting on the pavement. Greta was wearing her picture clothes, the man's suit and crush hat which she wears in "Queen Christina." When she discovered herself in the middle of the crowd she did a typical Garbo, pulled her hat even more over her scowling eye-brows and stalked on, thinking dark Scandinavian thoughts.

The tourists who were watching Miss Harlow's scene showed not even a flicker of interest in the gaunt figure that walked by, utterly oblivious that the Great Greta had been within autograph distance.

Guests who drop in at Harold Lloyd's beach house on Sunday expecting an elaborate lunch get badly fooled. As servants seem to resent being told at the last moment that there are ten extra people for lunch, the Lloyds hit upon the idea of a hot dog stand. It is built at one end of the deck-porch facing the ocean and is complete even to mustard and pickles. Atlantic City would be green with envy if it could see the speed with which the dogs are kenneled on the Pacific Coast. One always knows just who has a date later that day. That one doesn't take onions.

A very elaborately costumed chorus number was being filmed on one of the sound stages at Warner's studio near Burbank. That is one of the hottest spots this side of Hades. An automatic fire-extinguishing system is installed on all their stages, turning on in case of fire when a certain degree of heat (*Continued on page* 90)

Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, just like Mr. and Mrs. Anybody Anywhere love to go to the movies at night. Here they are paying their way into the Fox Westwood Village Theatre where the stars love to go

There's a story in these columns about this signing of Baby Le Roy's contract. It will amuse you

When Jack Oakie saw his mother off on the train for her personal appearance tour with Jack's picture in the East, Maurice Chevalier was along

SPEAK for YOURSELF

Three little Paramounteers show you how to stay warm in the cold, cold country. They are Gail Patrick, Lona Andre and Verna Hillie, as cute and tricky as their names

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize, five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars, or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Altogether They Make Up the Public

Poets, living lives of quiet beauty, rebel in the dark precincts of the theatre and crave the sensational, the weird and the morbid. "The Wax Museum."

Underdogs, reeking with the suffocating atmosphere of their rotten environment, love tender tales of delicate beauty. "Adorable."

Businessmen, giants of big business and industrial enterprise beam over pictures of silk garters and abbreviated bathing suits with their throbbing contents of feminine beauty. "The Kid from Spain."

Lovers, satisfied with living their own gay moments and kiss-clinches, enjoy good clean pictures. "Cavalcade."

Imbeciles, who have never known the thrill of responsibility, are awed by heavy philosophical stories. "The Man Who Played God."

Comedians, good-natured people with a sense of humor, can see the good in the bad and the bad in the good, and come out of a million moving picture houses just as they went in—good natured.

Wm. A. Oldfield, Montreal, Canada.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

"The Stranger's Return"

Busted, disgusted and distrusted, I wandered into a movie to forget my troubles. The picture was "The Stranger's Return." Before I realized it, I found myself amidst green pastures and cool waters, and a tranquil peace such as I had not felt in many years, settled over my troubled spirit.

The charm of that picturesque countryside brought me back to the days of my youth and I was Franchot Tone, whistling at early dawn, amid the fields of new-mown hay.

Ravishing Miriam Hopkins might have been the same country sweetheart with whom I used to roam down the shady lanes before "big money" lured me to the city and then ruthlessly landed me into the ranks of the unemployed.

Well, I left "The Stranger's Return" with a definite purpose in mind. Here was another stranger who would return to help the old folks on the farm, for the good old earth had never denied me a living. It made me realize that I've always been a "country" boy at heart.

Joseph Miller, Charlotte, North Carolina.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Detective Reports

I, Detective Casey, make the following report on picture stealers and sentence them to stardom.

Pert Kelton . . . for stealing "Bed of Roses" from the temperamental Connie Bennett. Pert, a vaudeville star, Mae Wests convincingly and cops every scene in which she appears. Her drawl just got me.

Frances Fuller . . . a marvelous performer in "One Sunday Afternoon" takes away the picture from Gary Cooper who was at his best. She is sweet of face, honey of voice and presents a combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Brian and Sydney Fox in one.

Baby Leroy . . . in "A Bedtime Story" steals the show from Maurice Chevalier. Little Leroy is the whole picture—little as he is.

Casey E. Cieslak,
Chicago, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Wary of Imitations

Why is it that most of the stars are developing dramatic personalities—and are more often than not getting the breaks?

It seems that all of the latest actresses are adopting either the Crawford or Garbo line. Some have succeeded—some have not. Just because they are successes is no proof that the public wants only their type. The studios are being overrun with them, and if it keeps up, even they will cease to please.

Give me the everyday, ordinary personality—a girl who is happy, sad, sinful, or good, the kind of girl Clara Bow portrays.

I am sure I am not alone in wishing for an entirely new and original type.

Marion Jebb, New Salem, N. D.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Arliss—Master of Movies

I go to the theatre to see: Eddie Cantor when I want to laugh, the four Marx brothers when I want to scream, Adolphe Menjou as the typical suave gentleman of the drawing room, Al Jolson when my lachrymal glands are full, Ramon Novarro for handsomeness plus good acting, the Barrymores for snobbish, yet unique performances, Bing Crosby for voice, Greta Garbo for beauty and mystery, Mary Brian for appealing innocence and simple sweetness, Mae West for whoopee. But, ah! when I want to view the spectacle of a finished, polished performance—I go to see the magnificent, the artist supreme and Master of Movies . . . Arliss!

Samuel W. Jennings,
Muskogee, Oklahoma.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Cinema Cinderellas

Up rolls the pumpkin coach—excuse me, the Rolls Royce, and out steps Cinderella. We, the public, love that sort of thing. Count up the Cinema Cinderellas you know!

The public demands its fairy tale; so Cinderella must have not only glass slippers, but a glass house to live in. We take command of her and become relentless dictators. We may not bother so much about her marriages and divorces; but we are strict about her diet and her smart clothes. She must please us—or else!

She adds variety, interest and color to our own flat-wash monotonous life.

From poverty, obscurity, or insignificance, Cinderella sweeps glitteringly across the screen, and we are enchanted. The movie magazines take an unparalleled part in creating the rôle of Cinderella. Its influence is incalculable; it is the music to which she steps across the stage. And we love it.

Mrs. E. Cox, Jr.,
Ahoskie, N. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Symbols

As modern art aims to avoid the photographic and contemporary writing seeks to penetrate, so the screen artists appear now to project their personalities as ideas rather than visions.

For instance, is not Joan Crawford the idea of restless femininity, Norma Shearer a law of immaculate order, Janet Gaynor the expectancy in every romance, Garbo depth? Helen Hayes' mobile face expresses sympathy and response. Jean Harlow's *raison d'être* is not for the ascetic. Mary Pickford became loved for depicting virtue with charm.

Beauty appears almost incidental while expression, that appertains to our experience, seems essential.

Valerie Jeans,
Chicago, Illinois.

La Hepburn's "Morning Glory"

I have just seen Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" and am still under the spell of those long tender eyes and the poignant wistfulness of that strangely enchanting unbeautiful mouth.

In her latest offering, surrounded by a distinguished cast, Miss Hepburn truly scales the heights. The promise of greatness that breathed through her performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" reaches a rich maturity in this stirring picturization of a stage-struck small town girl in quest of fame on Broadway. The vivid, intense Eva Lovelace of the film is a character that runs the gamut of emotions, playing upon the heartstrings a rhythm of laughter and tears.

The final bitter sweet triumph is a highspot of brilliant dramatic acting and direction, one that sends you away carrying in mind that glorious vision of Hepburn sheathed in silver, crying out those last heartbroken, challenging words that somehow seem so real . . . so real.

Olga J. Daste,
New Orleans, La.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Clara Bow in the very first still from her newest picture "Hoopla," in which she plays a circus performer. At Clara's left is Director Frank Lloyd; at her right, actor Williard Robinson. The three of them are having hot dogs for luncheon

Rumble-Seat Husbands

(*Continued from page 33*)

mike at openings, gives statements to reporters; you must be ready at all times to summon up an expression of connubial bliss for the lens hounds—even though wifey has thrown the cocktail shaker at you ten minutes before; unless you're a millionaire you will probably have to reconcile yourself to the fact that your wife is making five to ten times as much money as you; and unless your business is in Hollywood and leaves you free to accompany her on location trips you'll have to face the long distance marriage problem. Well? Can you take it?

The Ames-Cabot-Ames triangle is one of the darnedest situations Hollywood has seen in some time. When, with Stephen Ames in New York and Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot mooning publicly at every opportunity, an inspired press agent thought up the gag that Bruce had been approved as an escort by the absent Ames, the yarn made every magazine and newspaper in the country. When, later, Ames came to Hollywood to visit his wife, the two were never seen in public without their "mutual" buddy, Bruce. The merry little threesome appeared everywhere. Divorce rumors were persistently denied by all three until the very moment that Adrienne boarded the plane for Reno.

OVER in Berlin Baron Ernst von der Decken is probably wondering whether he'll be able to take it or not. He's not a full-fledged rumble-seat husband yet, for Baroness von der Decken's first Hollywood picture has not yet been released. She is, you see, Dorothea Wieck. But judging from her performance in "Maedchen in Uniform" she's very likely to be the next Hollywood sensation.

Rather an important person in Berlin, this Ernst von der Decken—novelist, editor and head of the city's most important radio station. But if Dorothea Wieck's star takes its place in the Hollywood firmament he'll be just another forgotten man to the movie fans of the world.

Rising rapidly in our forgotten legion and likely to wind up as commander-in-chief, is a man named, with ironic aptness, Smith. Chauffeur of the car whose rumble-seat is occupied by Legionnaire Smith is a young American girl named Katharine Hepburn, who bids fair to give the foreign exotics lessons in glamor—and acting, too, for good measure.

Mr. Smith—Mr. Ludlow Smith to give him his full title—is the gentleman to whom Katharine Hepburn, in spite of her unswerving statements to the contrary, was wedded five years ago. He resides in New York where he does very nicely as an insurance salesman, and where Katharine visits him when her career permits. Whether she is trying to rob him of the dubious honor of being known as Mr. Katharine Hepburn or protect him from it (which I suspect) only the lady herself can tell you.

Vivacious little Lilian Harvey is another husband-denier. Anyone who knew Lilian in Berlin before Fox brought her to Hollywood, will tell you she is madly in love with Willie Fritsch, well known German film actor. And tell you also that it is the general impression in Berlin that she and Fritsch are married. Lilian admits there isn't an American swain who can compare with her Willie—but as to any legal tie she denies it vehemently. Perhaps, like Hepburn, she is trying to protect her man from being labelled a Hollywood husband. For the general impression of a Hollywood spouse is something akin to what Ernest Truex portrayed in "A Warrior's Husband."

Undoubtedly the uncrowned champion of Hollywood's forgotten men at the present writing is a blonde Teuton by the name of Rudolph Seiber, who holds all known records as a long distance husband. He lives in Germany, but occasionally he crosses an ocean and a continent to pay a visit to Frau Seiber who resides in California. Or Frau Seiber returns to the family homestead to visit him.

When you see a news picture of the

MGM announced that Norma Shearer would play "Marie Antoinette," which made Jimmy Durante so ambitious he decided he'd like to be Marie, too. And here you have him—but do you want him?

Seibers there is usually with them a shaggy-haired, walrus-mustached gentleman named Von Sternberg, also Frau Seiber's mentor and director. Herr Seiber is also a director, but of no importance to Hollywood. There are long periods when he does not appear in the public prints at all—and when he does his presence is apologetically explained by the phrase "Marlene Dietrich's husband." Marlene is, you may remember, Frau Rudolph Seiber.

Running Seiber a close second is a curly-haired, youthful English barrister named John Cecil Lawrence. Some years ago he married a bright-haired, lovely girl of English education but Italian-Austrian parentage. Her name was Elisabeth Landi and although she was talented and beginning a literary career, young John Cecil undoubtedly thought they would spend the years of their married life together. But Elisabeth became Elissa, came to Hollywood and stardom—and now he's lucky if he sees her a couple of times a year. His profession keeps him in London and he's been wise enough to stick to it. For although he's a rumble-seat husband to Hollywood at least he retains his position and his individuality in London—and his wife's respect.

The case of Dr. Griffin is similar. Had he given up his distinguished New York practice to tag along after his wife to Hollywood he would be just Mr. Irene Dunne by now. As it is, although he's more or less a mythical character to movie fans, he's a professional man of importance in New York medical circles. Of course it's no fun seeing a wife as lovely as Irene so rarely—but apparently Dr. Griffin feels it's better to keep a wife's love at a distance than to lose it at close range.

Perhaps he derived that axiom from watching Harry Bannister. No list of Hollywood's unknown soldiers would be complete without Harry who publicly labeled himself a rumble-seat husband at the time of his unexpected divorce from Ann Harding. The Harding-Bannister marriage had long been considered Hollywood's ideal marital partnership, but Harry suddenly upped and let it be known that from his point of view it was far from ideal. I suspect Harry's the type of chap who needs to feel he's the big shot in the family. He'll be much happier married to someone less famous than Ann.

YOU don't hear much about Lydell Peck any more, do you? Lydell came into sudden prominence when he married Janet Gaynor and departed from the public scene with equal suddenness when they were divorced. Bette Davis' Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., Peggy Shannon's Alan Davis, Una Merkel's Roland Burla, Helen Twelvetrees' Jack Woody still get their names and occasionally their pictures in the fan magazines—but were their famous wives to divorce them they'd slip from view as rapidly as young Mr. Peck. Unless, like that genial gentleman, Henri Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, they should acquire second wives equally famous.

In fact it strikes me that I really did Hank an injustice when I handed the crown to Rudy Seiber. Yes, the more I think of it the more I am convinced that Hank is the greatest rumble-seat husband of all time. As the legal escort, first of Gloria Swanson, and more recently of Connie Bennett, Hank has bestowed real artistry on a job which is basically humiliating. Gene Markey, who is married to Joan Bennett, insists that Henri is not genuinely appreciated by Hollywood, that he is most deeply in love with the glittering Connie and is willing to accept his difficult rôle to remain by her side.

Strictly speaking, Hank is not really eligible for the legion of forgotten men—for even after he has departed his title lingers on. And whereas the press is hardly apt to be tempted to refer to Katharine Hepburn as Mrs. Smith it can seldom resist dubbing Connie Bennett la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

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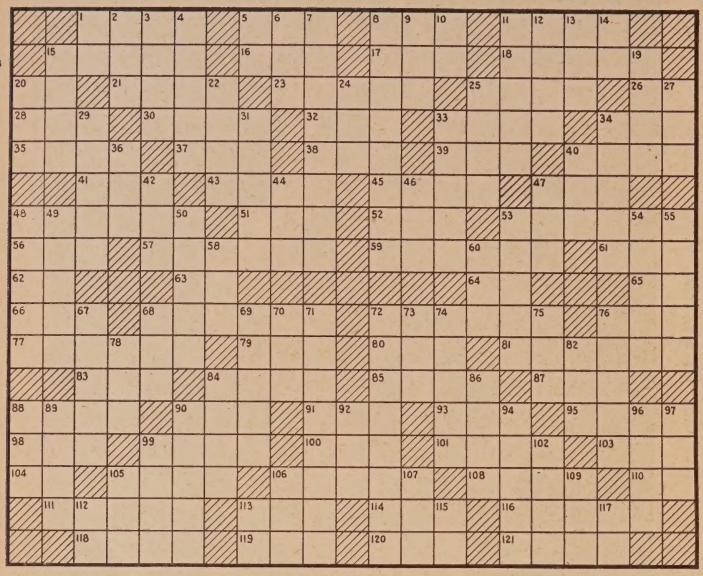
MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



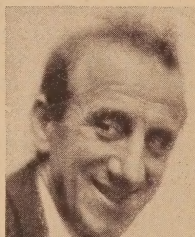
This month's puzzle contest is won by Frances Briggs, 654 N. Broadway, East Providence, R. I.

Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best puzzle submitted during the month of September.

Why not try your luck? Movie Mirror will pay $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before December first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Work this puzzle, and then see if you can make up a better one. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ACROSS

1. Descriptive of Randolph Scott.
5. Kind of masks worn by soldiers in World War films.
8. Arliss was "The Man Who Played ——."
11. He co-stars with Zasu.
15. Shakespeare role befitting the "great lover" Gable.
16. What movie stars do before camera.
17. The blonde Miss Claire.
18. Former Hollywood night club entertainer now in films.
20. What you do when film gets around to part you've seen.
21. Dull movies make fans do this.
23. Theatres display this bird on NRA signs.
25. First name of the cowboy philosopher.
26. Recipient of (suffix).
28. Elevated trains wrecked by "King Kong."
30. An act (no make-up necessary).
32. His first name is Christian.
33. "Dracula" in person.
34. Polish tenor of "Be Mine Tonight."
35. What Krazy Kat does in talkies.
37. Title of an English Guy now in Hollywood.
38. Bottles marked thus in speakeasy scenes probably contain tea.
39. Before.
40. What successful movie productions are called.
41. What Hollywood stars do in the famous "Brown Derby."
43. Some prefer to sit in this part of theatre.
45. County in Tennessee, Dorothy Jordan's home state.
47. Tam-o'-shanter.
48. Divisions of a stage or screen play.
51. Popular term for any screen veteran.
52. Sally's boy friend was one in "Sailor's Luck."
53. The Travelogue man.
56. Felix of the animated cartoons is one.
57. Chevalier speaks with one.
59. Some talkies use Western Electric ——.
61. Evergreen tree.
62. Ripley gives us the "Believe It — Not" shorts.
63. Joe E. Brown once played baseball for St. Paul in this league (abbr.).
64. Exclamation.
65. Position in "The All American" football game (abbr.).
66. First name of director Garnett.
68. He plays "Voltaire."
72. Jackie Coogan's brother.
76. Nickname of Mr. Roland.
77. Cattle seen in westerns.
79. Monte Blue's role as "Officer 13."
80. Her last name is Carewe.
81. Color of some cowboy steeds in "horse operas."
83. To inquire.
84. Miss Basquette or Mrs. Teddy Hayes.
85. One of the "42nd Street" stars.
87. Low laced shoe preferred by Garbo.
88. Conflicts of "Cavalcade."
90. Betty Bronson played "Peter ——" on screen.
91. Coin of Brazil.
93. Whose role made him "Her Bodyguard?"
95. Mr. Harlan but not Kenneth.
98. A sea eagle.
99. Spanky is one of Our ——.
100. Measure of weight.
101. What wardrobe mistress does when actress rips gown.
103. Hail!
104. Frank Buck's "Bring —— Back Alive" was an animal film.
105. Joan Crawford was born in the —— Star State.



34 Down

106. Lariat used by cowboys in westerns.
108. Bebe Daniels starred in "Rio ——."
110. Article.
111. Movie term for what cameramen do.
113. Dressier title role opposite Beery's "Bill."
114. "America's Sweetheart" was born in this Canadian province (abbr.).
116. A Polly who prefers a wise-cracker.
118. Last reel (pl.).
119. Whose wife is Ruby Keeler?
120. Negative used in the olden days.
121. Raced such as those who drove in "High Gear."

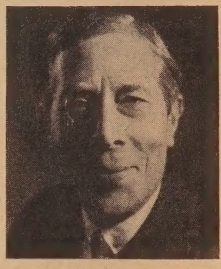
76 Down

DOWN

1. Fox tells us "It's Great —— Be Alive."
2. Character in "Little Women."
3. Principal part in a movie.
4. You know them as Eddie and Lilyan.
5. Oliver Hardy was born in this state (abbr.).
6. The flying Udet of "S. O. S. Iceberg" is one.
7. He had a role in "Our Betters."
8. Popular film couple recently presented with daughter.

22 Down

9. Frank Morgan has birthday on this June date.
10. What the new Arlen heir would say in a talkie.
11. The "frozen-faced comedian" doesn't do this before camera.
12. One of many movie Lees.
13. When you feel thus see "Mary Stevens, M.D."
14. "Hold —— Tight" was an Ellers-Dunn film.
15. March played a dual one as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
19. You won't find one when SRO sign is out.
20. Any one of Mae West's jewels.
22. His last name is Hamilton.
24. The "angel" of "42nd Street" who later loved a "Gold Digger."
25. Foreign actress who vamped "The Great Jasper."
27. Measures of type.
29. The blonde Blanche, better known in "silents."
31. Herd of cattle such as hero saves from rustlers.
33. Malt liquors of the "Best of Enemies."
34. Another name for "Schnozzle."
36. River in Poland, Miss Negri's birthplace.
40. First name of Mr. Skelly, stage and screen actor.
42. Popular beverage in land of "Madame Butterfly."
44. Asther's military title as the oriental "Yen" (abbr.).
46. Ex-movie actress formally married to Dick Barthelmess.
47. Tony's master, a star of westerns.



68 Across

48. Natives of country where late Ernest Torrence was born.
49. Weight by which Peggy Joyce's jewels are weighed.
50. Marks of battle worn by many in "The Big Drive."
53. One does this at talkies.
54. Descriptive of "Supernatural."
55. Menjou is called this sort of dresser (Slang).
58. Hollywood is in this state (abbr.).
60. Definite article.
67. To long for; desire.
68. State where Dick Powell was born (abbr.).
69. Frosting for Una Merkel's December 10th birthday cake.
70. Relation of Phillips to Taylor Holmes.
71. Men of fortitude such as Christians in "The Sign of the Cross."
72. "The Little Giant" himself.
73. Raw metal before it became a "Silver Dollar."
74. Those in arms are generally barred from theatres.
75. Three-year-old Bobby of "Hold Your Man" is one.
76. The glamorous Swede.
78. Ending used for any feminine film or stage star.
82. Lupe was born below the —— Grande.
84. Lola's last name.
86. River in Germany, Miss Dietrich's fatherland.
88. Tiny, such as Helen Hayes.
89. Gary Cooper starred in "A Farewell to ——."
90. Part of Marlene's masculine attire that caused so much discussion.
92. Goddess of the dawn.
94. What Weissmuller does so well.
96. The handsome Mr. Lebedeff.
97. Coin used in Toshia Mori's native Japan.
99. Oakie starred in "Sailor Be ——."
102. What actors do when director calls "Cut!"
105. Late Mr. Chaney.
106. Nickname of Miss Harvey.
107. First name of Miss Munson.
109. Leo Carrillo starred in "Men —— Such Fools."
112. Pronoun used when speaking of the Wesley Ruggles' baby.
113. What Mary Carr is generally called in films.
115. Termination of numerals.
117. Theatre poster.

Hair-Raising Ideas

(*Continued from page 65*)

opposite to Helen Twelvetrees' opinion! When Loretta feels grown-up and worldly she fluffs her hair out and changes the part from the center to the side. Isn't that an amusing philosophy?

CLAIRE DODD, another screen siren, finds it easier to be wicked and dangerous when her hair is over her ears and sleekly moulded to her head. She says she simply *can't vamp* with her ears showing.

ALICE WHITE proves that a modern girl can be a victim of old-fashioned practices when it comes to beauty secrets! She scorns the popular permanent wave. Why? Because she achieves far better results by using good old kid curlers. Our grandmothers found this method pretty practical, and they were plenty feminine in those days. Alice started doing her hair up on these curlers long ago in school and never has changed to more modern means of ringlet-ing. She rolls her own! If you try it, be sure you bend the curlers *under* because that is the secret of sleeping in spite of them . . . and when you remove them just curl them over your finger as she does. You'll be surprised at the result.

Another useful little tip from Alice White is to comb the eyebrows and lashes instead of brushing them as most of us do. She has a miniature comb which keeps her brows in perfect line, and after she applies mascara she touches her lashes lightly with the tiny comb, removing any surplus bits of the make-up. Try it—it works as beautifully as the kid curlers!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT says if your hats need bangs to add to their becomingness you should, by all means, cut bangs. So many women are lamenting about the new hats being unflattering to their particular type of beauty that it possibly hasn't occurred to them to change their hairdress to suit the hats. Claudette thinks a woman should watch her step before following this advice, but for a proud brow such as Claudette's own—why hesitate? Her dark, straight bangs are equally becoming with or without a hat, and she says it is simple to do away with them entirely if you're the type that tires of things easily.

DOROTHY TREE, the new Columbia Pictures star whom you will see for the first time in "East of Fifth Avenue," has one very freak make-up trick which you might try the next time you have photographs taken. She rouges the tip of her nose! You know, the small space from the tip of the nose to the beginning of the upper lip. She even does this in a very mild way as part of her daytime make-up, because it emphasizes her nose and gives her a very pert expression. She says she has been doing this for such a long time that she feels simply undressed unless her nose has that touch of rouge.

LOLA LANE is wearing her hair combed straight back from her face and curled about the ears. It's most Victorian and becoming.

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A wave of *common-sense* buying is sweeping the country! In beauty-aids, for example, thousands and thousands of America's smartest women are turning to Faoen. They have learned this startling fact, revealed by the scientific report of a famous Research Laboratory:—"every Faoen Beauty Aid tested, is as *pure* and *fine* as products of like nature sold for $1 or more." Yet Faoen Lip Stick, Rouge or Face Powder do not cost $1 or more—*they cost but 10¢ each.* That is why it's sensible . . . it's smart . . . to use Faoen!

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PARK & TILFORD'S
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Beauty Aids

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the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

The Camera Does Lie

(*Continued from page* 48)

allowing it to listen to the ticking of a watch. But music does alleviate nervousness. Most of the stars like it. Not Greta. The radio is silent as the tomb when she's around.

Joan Crawford, on the other hand, loves it. She'll stay all day if there's a good collection of Bing Crosby records.

"Once," continued Hurrell, "when I was photographing her on the set of her picture we had to stop so she could listen to a Bing Crosby broadcast. There was no radio on the set, so her limousine was wheeled in. Joan tuned in on the program by the radio in her car, and sat and listened until it was over."

He has photographed Joan dozens of times, and she is one of his favorite subjects. She is always so vivid and so interesting.

Indirectly, it was through Joan that he recently photographed Mary Pickford. There have been a good many people who have whispered that Mary did not particularly care for Joan. This story does anything but bear out that rumor. Mary had admired the last Hurrell sitting with Joan.

"I wish I looked like that," Mary had said. And she went to Hurrell, not that she expected to look like Joan, naturally, but because she liked his work.

"SHE'S a good subject," Hurrell said, "and a most charming and gracious woman. Her eyes and mouth are the features to be played up. Perhaps a three-quarter-front view is her best pose. The only angle that seemed wiser to avoid was when she looked downward. Somehow that made her face seem too narrow. The natural fullness of the face was lost."

Norma Shearer is another favorite subject. Norma brings the same intelligence to the matter of portraits that she has given to her screen career, and she is beautiful from almost any angle of the camera. A low light on Norma's face is about the only thing to be avoided. Strangely enough it will appear that Norma's chin is too full, and that her cheeks are chubby, of all things. And Norma has a beautiful modeled face and head.

It was Hurrell that made the sitting that changed Norma's destiny from the portrayer of sweet ingenues to the sophisticated women of the world rôles. Ramon Novarro, the first star that he had photographed, recommended him to Norma. She had wanted a young photographer, free from the academic confines of his profession, to work with her in this all-important sitting.

Norma arrived at the little studio he then had in downtown Los Angeles, accompanied by a vanload of boudoir furniture, and a Rolls Royce-full of striking gowns and negligees.

"A great deal depended on the result of that sitting," he explained, "but if Norma was nervous there was nothing to indicate it. She spent the better part of a day being photographed, and I remember that I used more than sixty plates. That impressed me considerably, and seemed the height of lavishness."

Those pictures, as you know, changed Norma's career. One glance at them and the studio powers that be decided that she should no longer be confined to mere honeysuckle and moonlight romances.

It was a picnic the day Mae West came to the studio. Mae was amused by Hurrell's antics. He always puts on a show for his subjects, shouting at the top of his voice, and banging lights about. So much is going on that no one has a chance to be nervous. However there WAS the time that William Haines complained that he wasn't nervous about his pictures but he *was* nervous about Hurrell. It didn't trouble La West a bit. While Mae is a beautiful woman you probably don't have to be told that it is the expression that counts most. Hurrell considers the most striking West portraits to be full-face, with Mae turning on "the works" one hundred percent.

Marie Dressler is always pleased with her photographs, and Ramon Novarro almost never is. Ramon sends back proofs covered with pencil notations for retouching. And Ramon, having an almost perfect camera face, shouldn't worry about retouching. However, he is at his best in profiles, and three-quarter-front views. Clark Gable is as natural before the still camera as on the motion picture set. A top light is not particularly flattering to Gable. He has heavy eyebrows, and with a top light, deep shadows are cast about his eyes.

With both Ethel and John Barrymore the right side looks more like the royal family of the stage. The eyebrows are slightly different, and the right jawbone is longer and more decided than the left. Naturally the Barrymore profile is *something*.

Hurrell had exactly seven minutes to photograph Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The pictures were taken in the home of a Los Angeles society woman, and lights and camera were set up before the first lady of the land entered the room. She wore an evening gown, and was not at all nervous about facing another camera.

"For a woman who said two years ago that I wouldn't have any more photographs taken," she smiled at him, "I seem to be doing fairly well, lately."

Naturally in a career of photographing the famous people of the world there are almost innumerable amusing incidents to be told.

There was the time that Grace Moore, soon to make a screen comeback, was having a sitting made when the Louis B. Mayer office at M-G-M called. Calls from that office are seldom ignored.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Miss Moore, into the telephone. "I could not possibly come over. I'm being photographed now, and Mr. Hurrell wouldn't permit me to leave."

After a little conversation back and forth from the front office and the portrait studio, and after a word of advice from Hurrell, Miss Moore decided to go.

"But," she said, firmly, "I can stay but for a few moments. I've got to get back to my pictures."

And another time Norma Shearer requested a certain set as a background for a sitting. Norma's requests aren't ignored, either, and the set was promised to be in readiness.

When Norma and he walked on the set a dozen carpenters were busily pounding in nails.

"Why, what's this?" asked Norma.

"This set was 'struck' last night," one of them explained. "We're rebuilding it for you."

"Oh," Norma was conscious-stricken, "don't do that. I won't use it, after all."

Hammers were dropped, and the men walked off. In another ten minutes the set would have been ready for them again.

Although the average star is more exacting in his or her portrait demands, they are almost invariably more adaptable than the person from the social or business realms. For one thing, they are good camera subjects without particularly glaring facial defects. That's why they are stars. If the star is self-conscious she can cover it pretty successfully.

"Speaking generally," Hurrell told me, "the flat light is the most becoming to the average face. Low lights and overhead lights do strange things to some faces.

"When photographing a woman I advise very little makeup. A little panchromatic lip rouge, and perhaps some slight makeup for the eyes. An excess of rouge and powder makes it impossible to get a natural looking skin in the photograph. It's like a mask.

"Personally, I like a blue and white, or a black and white contrast in gowns. It's interesting. Printed materials, or gowns with large figured designs, usually detract from the person. Sometimes it makes for an interesting photographic subject, but, usually, you are interested in the personality and not the material of her gown.

"The toughest job is getting the subject to relax and be natural. If this can't be done the finished portrait will be just one of the stereotyped poses that have been in photograph albums since tin-type days."

It's not an easy life, photographing the stars. After an eight-hour session with a subject Hurrell is usually ready for a straight-jacket. But then, of course, so is the subject. Makes it even all the way around.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE WORLD'S MOST BELOVED WOMAN

Whose? Why Marie Dressler's of course! It's on November 9th, and she'll be sixty-two years old. We are hereby giving you this notice because Marie is one star who loves to hear from her fans. And if you want to make her happy, write her a little note on that date. MOVIE MIRROR is going to! Just address it to Marie Dressler, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California.

The Inside Story of Sally and Jimmy

(*Continued from page 37*)

discover anew that our life together was more and more impossible.

"About three weeks after I definitely left Hoot, Jimmy and I started work on 'Sailor's Luck.' I was terribly blue and unhappy at the time and Jimmy used to try to cheer me up. 'The trouble with you, hoodlum,' he said, 'is that you're sticking home too much. Why not go stepping with one of Hollywood's foremost men about town?'

"And so we started going out. At first I liked Jimmy because he was sweet, and amusing and thoughtful of me. And then I began to realize I liked him in an entirely different way. I was too bogged down to really know what the emotion was. But I wanted to be sure. I didn't want to drift into something on a rebound!

"When Bebe and Ben asked me to go along with them on their trip to Europe I was tickled to death. I thought I was in love with Jimmy, but if it was the real thing I knew it would stand the test of a separation. *It didn't!*

"The day we sailed from New York Bebe told me that one of Ben's best friends Harry Joe Brown, was along. It was natural we drifted together.

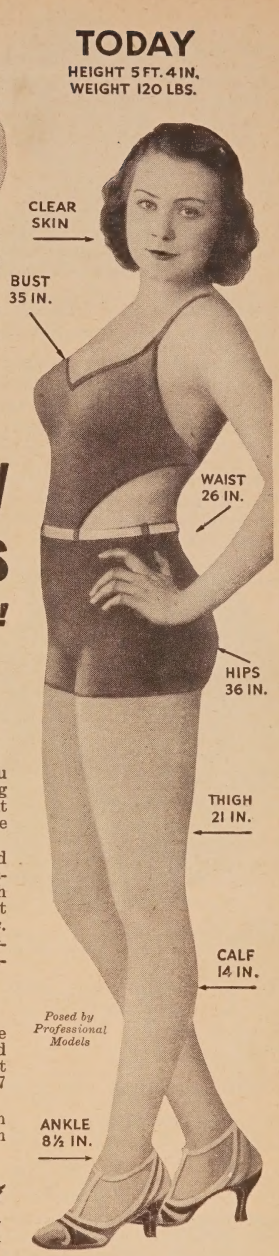
"No, it was not a case of real love at first sight. I knew immediately that I liked Harry. I don't think there is anyone in the world who doesn't like him. Ben told me he had more friends than any other man in Hollywood. I think that he got a better impression of me during the crossing than when I was that 'spoiled brat' married to Hoot.

"Harry and Ben and Bebe and I were together constantly. Harry was so sweet, so considerate and understanding of everything! But even so I don't think I realized just exactly what he was beginning to mean to me until he left for Paris on a short vacation. When he returned we both knew we were deeply and sincerely in love. We knew we would be married as soon as I could return home and get a Mexican divorce from Hoot. There were no doubts . . . no questions this time. I don't think there ever is with real love . . . not based on infatuation.

"Of course I saw Jimmy when I returned to New York. It isn't true that he was there to meet me. He just happened to be in New York and he took me out once or twice. I think Jimmy realized as well as I that it wasn't the real thing between us. We are swell friends . . . and I hope we always will be.

"As for that Yosemite trip just before I was married . . . yes it is true that Jimmy came up there to talk to me. You see, Harry and I had secretly set the date for our wedding and only our closest friends knew about it. But I wanted Jim to know, too. Just as I don't want anything to threaten my happiness with Harry, I wouldn't want anything to come between the friendship of Jim and me.

"The rest of the story you must know pretty well. I have married the man I really love . . . and if it seemed sudden it is only because so few people knew the true facts about Sally and Jimmy and the grandest man in the world, my husband!"



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NRA WE DO OUR PART

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.

Confessions of a Casting Director

in trade, on stage and screen, is our figure."

I signed the girl for the chorus work. She'd proved her fitness. Yet, she never got anywhere in pictures. Was it because she depended *too* much on sex to get her *by?* Anyway, today she's back in New York.

Of course, the girls who flatly offer "anything you want" to a casting director, in exchange for a picture job, are numberless. Believe it or not, there are even "agents" in Hollywood who peddle girls to casting directors on those terms. No big-studio casting director goes for that sort of thing. Yet, again and again, I see these girls in screen bits. And I wonder who collected.

But it isn't only girls who offer anything. There was, for instance, the card brought in to me, which bore the name of a young scion of wealth, whose name had figured in plenty of news columns. "Send him in," I said. He entered, dressed in the height of fashion.

"Well?" I asked.

(*Continued from page* 53)

It was "mud stuff"—and the director saw to it that the youth flung himself down, again and again, in a pool of mud. The scene was something about a gang shooting, where bystanders had to dive into gutters, anywhere, to escape bullets, you see. After that one afternoon's work, the rich boy had his fill of pictures.

And next day, the director of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which takes care of the indigent actors of Hollywood, got $500 in $100 bills, with a note from me, telling the entire story, in strictest confidence!

Worst "crash-the-casting-gate" nuisance we have to contend with are the "pull girls." These are beauties, rarely good actresses, who "have something" on one of the executives. They're not frequent, thank heaven. But they do happen. More than once in my career, I've received a call from Big-Shot in a front office. "Give Miss Y a job on some pictures," is the direct order. "Pay her so much a week," Big-Shot further orders.

Then in sweeps Miss Y. She's as cocky as can be. Knows she's going to be hired. Then she gets onto the set, and heaven knows how much she and her sisters have cost in production delays. Sasses the director. Lords it over the leads. Makes all sorts of mess on the production. And grins because she knows she won't be fired.

What can we casting directors do about it?—nothing, unless we want to lose our own jobs. I don't mind Mr. Big-Shot having all the "fun" and all the women he wants, but I wish he wouldn't mix it with business—MY business!

And you'll be surprised even more when I'll tell you how they mix it with my business. And how they mix MY business with something else. Supplying girls for stag parties, for example! Yes, I've even had to do that.

I'd get a memo, from one of the important men, that Mr. Blank, of New York, will be in today to see me.

Eventually, Mr. Blank arrives. He's in Hollywood for a fling at what they imagine Hollywood is. Mr. Blank talks around a minute or two, while I wait for I know what's coming. It comes—

"Say, Mr. Casting Director," with an oily smirk, "you've got a lot of girls who need work, haven't you?

"Well, I'm giving a party tonight at the hotel for some of my friends—just a stag party, you know. And—uh—I'm a stranger here and I don't know any girls. So I wonder . . ."

Well, it's an old story. And I do know a list of girls who need the money. And who, more than that, know how to handle these big business men. So I call them up.

"How much do they get?" he asks.

"We pay them five a day for extra work, these days," I tell him. Then, cutting his smile short, I add: "But for being stag-party 'hostesses,' they get $25 apiece." I find that usually stops them.

I remember the excitement that happened when I hired fifty real taxi-dance girls, from Los Angeles dance-halls and every one of the fifty went on the make for the leading man in the picture!

It wasn't entirely because of his sex-appeal, although he's one of the sexiest "he's" on the screen. It seems that inadvertently, once, he smiled at one of the taxi-girls. He'd never have done it if he hadn't mistaken her, momentarily, for an important actress who was playing the rôle of a taxi-dance girl herself. Now, he was—and is ——a snob of the worst kind.

THAT smile infuriated the other girls. They decided they'd show the girl who'd been smiled at that she wasn't the only one who could break Handsome down. So each of them went on gunning for him—for a smile or anything they could make him for.

Handsome quickly realized it. But instead of distributing smiles around, he merely stuck his nose high in the air, ritzed every one of the girls.

That night, screams came from the private parking place on the lot where the stars keep their cars. Male screams. A group of us rushed over, because *male* screams were a novelty. We found Handsome, staring wild-eyed at the $27,000 imported roadster he'd only bought ten days before, and which was his exhibitionistic pride and joy. He pointed at it, and could only gibber in frenzy.

I've never seen such a mess of what was once $27,000 worth of automobile. The paint had been scratched into every kind of weird design. The glass of windshield and doors had been broken. The rich upholstery was in shreds. Every tire was flat.

But somehow, we never seemed to be able to find the girls who had done the job!

On this note of humor let me end this story of the kaleidoscope of a casting director's office and give you one word of advice. Don't you try to come to Hollywood and break into pictures. It's a hard cruel game, and not worth the effort. And besides, I don't want to see you. My life is hard enough as it is.

Marie Dressler moody? No indeed! She's just giving us a glimpse of how she'll look as the servant girl in "Christopher Bean," her latest picture

He said nothing. Merely reached into his pocket, brought out a billfold, laid a bill before me. The number on it was $100.

"So what?" I asked.

"I want to do some work in pictures. You can give it to me. I don't give a damn about the money; all I want is the thrill."

I smiled. Shook my head no.

He smiled, too. Reached into his billfold again, laid four more $100 bills before me. In my mind, something went click. I told him I'd do it; told him where to report, at once. Into my pocket I swept the $500.

I called a boy, told him to take Mr. Rich-boy over to Director X on the back lot, where an exterior crowd scene was being shot. Then, as they were on the way, I called the Director on the telephone.

"I'm sending over a punk who thinks he can buy his way into movies," I told him. "Work him like hell, but don't get him into a single scene. You know how. I'll tell you the rest later."

Director X took my tip, made the rich boy work as he'd never worked before.

The Man Who Will Never Go Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

know . . .?

"Besides, there are so many men here in Hollywood, younger, gayer than I. I am not a very gay person, you know. I am really rather a dull fellow. I think I even *look* dull. I know myself pretty well. Others can do that sort of thing so much better than I. I have little to offer."

I said, "Oh, come, *come*—" or words to that effect. I said, "But wouldn't you get a thrill, going places and having all the pretty gals and lovely ladies making much of you, flattering you, making a great to-do—that sort of thing?"

Nils smiled. I thought of the Melancholy Dane. He said, simply, "I have been out now and then, you know. I have not noticed anyone paying any attention to me. Why should they?"

Which is, of course, preposterous. The man is incredibly modest. In a town where modesty is a word known only in the dictionary, Nils lives it. *Is* it. He is also incredibly—but I have mentioned this before. All any one of our sex has to do is take one look at Nils to know how we would all—er—behave, given the chance. Excepting only that the man has a grave and lovely dignity, an aloofness from such things as—as going Hollywood.

I said, "But isn't there anything you enjoy about the life out here? Something about it must interest you?"

Nils said, "Yes. There is something. *My work.* When I am working I am happy. Especially, and really only, when I am making a picture that interests me. 'General Yen' interested me. This picture I am making now—'Beautiful,' with Ann Harding—it interests me, too. Ann plays the part of a woman doctor. I play a doctor, too. There is something intensely dramatic about the medical profession. I always enjoy the actual work on the set, the reading of the script, too, the building up of the character. Once I leave the set I step out—of Hollywood.

"People have said to me before, 'Aren't you human? Don't you even have your love affairs, as other men?' Of *course* I do. Of course I have my romances—a better word than 'affairs,' I think. But I would not take any lady in whom I happened to be interested to any public place in Hollywood—to any place where we might be seen and so, talked about. I would not allow the lady to be discussed, our relationship to be the target for conjecture and tabloid comment.

"I am interested in a lady right now. She is not of the professional world. We do not frequent places where we might be seen. Marry again? I cannot say that—as yet—"

For Nils Asther a letter of honest praise about his work, a woman's carefully guarded friendship and admiration, the stars, the sound of the sea, music, the treasure house of literature, a black stallion, a majestic brute of a dog, the simple earthy talk of simple people are sufficient reasons why Nils Asther will never go Hollywood. These are the things he has chosen, *instead*—

He said to me, *"My ultimate desire is for peace—not passion—"*

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Mae West's Life Story

(*Continued from page* 15)

isn't it—and show you the house where he was born. But me—Mae West—I couldn't do that. That brownstone house in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, New York, where I first learned to cry and sigh and laugh and dance and sing—and get my own way—isn't there any more. Not so long ago, some very nice people bought it, and they tore it down. And what do you think they built there? *They built a CHURCH!*

"You know about my father, of course—he was Jack West. He was a champ, he was. 'Battling Jack' West, they called him, and he wasn't afraid of anybody.

"He's alive yet, on Long Island. He went into real estate after quitting the ring. Today he's—retired." (She doesn't tell you so, does Mae, but you know darned well that out of the sudden flow of gold that's come to her with screen fame, a worth-while stream has been diverted to making the autumn of life a bit easier and happier for this dad of hers.)

"But my mother—God bless her soul!—she's dead. Died three years ago. . . ."

"I LOVED my mother and she loved me. To that love, I can never—*never*—give enough credit for helping me achieve whatever I have of success.

"Mother always thought I was all right. Everything I did from my very babyhood on until she died was all right. Mother could never see anything wrong in anything I did. In anything I said or wrote.

"My mother was born in Paris. And if from my father I inherited such practical qualities as health and fearlessness and spirit, then it is from my mother that I inherited the qualities that made her what she was—gay, vivacious, ambitious, brilliant, yet withal a gentlewoman.

"She loved the theater, did my mother. And it was to that that I owe being here today. Being of the theater, that is. For my father was vehemently opposed to my going on the stage, when as a tot, I began to show a flair for it. Mother, who humored me in everything until every relative we had assured her I'd be the world's worst spoiled brat—mother overcame my dad's objections and led me, at the age of five, to the professional stage—"

"But that's getting ahead of the story," interposed Your Interviewer. "What about your childhood—was it like so many others of the stars—filled with privation and poverty?"

"No, nothing like that," she said. "I rather wish it had been, because it'd be more picturesque in the telling, that way. But it wasn't.

"We were well off. Even better than moderately well fixed. After all, you must realize that I have family behind me—my grandmother on my father's side was one of THE Copleys. And on my mother's side, my grandfather was one of THE Doelgers, the family that includes Peter Doelger, the brewer.

"And it wasn't in any little, cramped flat that we lived. No, we had a whole big brownstone house—three stories and attic. I lived in that house until I was 12, I should say. Then we moved out to Kew Gardens, Long Island. I've still got the house we lived in then, on Long Island.

"About my childhood, I don't remember an awful lot. I was a stubborn kid. I always had to have my own way. And mother humored me, always.

"My brother and sister—they were different. If somebody'd tell them 'no,' they'd believe it. But I wouldn't.

"Why, I'm still that way to this very day. I want what I want—and I get it. Or else. There's only one way to reason with me and that is to be nice. You can't get anywhere with me by opposing me. If I can't have my own way, if I'm crossed, something happens inside me. Why, I simply get sick. Sick to my stomach, that's all. It's just something inside me, and I can't control it, and when I can't have my own way, it happens. And that's how it always was.

"I recall once, finding a picture of myself as a kid with a big white dog. I remember having dogs when I was little, but I didn't remember this big white one. So I asked my mother about it.

"It seemed I was to be taken to the photographer's on my fourth birthday to have a family record picture made. The whole family was going along as things were done in those days.

"Suddenly I balked.

"'I want a dog!' I announced, in a firm childish ultimatum.

"They told me I shouldn't have a dog; that I was to pose alone. That just made me furious. I insisted on a dog. And as they argued, I added a point—I wanted a *white dog,* or I wouldn't go.

"Minutes passed. I grew more adamant. Finally, my uncle went out, and after a long time, returned with a dog. It was a black dog.

"'I do'wanna black dog,' I screamed; 'I wanna white dog!'

'So the black dog was let go, and my uncle (and my father, too, this time) set out for a dog.

"WELL, eventually somewhere they found a big white dog, and at last, with me perfectly happy with the dog, we all climbed into one of those one-horse carriages— and started for the photographer's. And on the way, the dog jumped out!

"I screamed. My father and uncle jumped out, chased the dog. Mother and I went on to the photographer's. But cajole as she would, and rant as the photographer did (we were already two hours late), I wouldn't pose until at long last, my father and uncle returned—bedraggled, exhausted, dragging that white dog, panting furiously. They'd chased him Gawd knows where!

"And then, forthwith, the dog was dragged into the picture, and I posed—with the dog panting beside me.

"And no sooner had the picture been taken than I was quite satisfied, and didn't want the dog any more . . . !

"I remember another incident. My mother had taken me to visit some friends ——two sisters of widely different ages—one about 35, the other 60. The elder one was one of those tight-lipped old women who disapproved of spoiled children. She (*Continued on page* 93)

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

find sympathy) gets away to his life of crimelessness.

Marshall is "The Solitaire Man." And naturally, as soon as you saw Lionel Atwill's name in the cast, you knew he was the real villain of the piece, didn't you?

Your Reviewer Says: For a "different" film of mental conflict, here's a honey.

For Children: Only the older ones could enjoy it.

✓Midshipman Jack (Radio)

You'll See: *Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Arthur Lake, Frank Albertson, Florence Lake, Johnny Darrow, Purnell Pratt.*

It's About: *Young love, misbehavior, self-sacrifice, against the background of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.*

Bruce Cabot has the lead in this story of midshipman life. He is the rule-dodging boy who gets in a jam taking the blame for another's offense, only to win honor back (plus the commandant's daughter) when the other lad confesses.

There's aplenty of Annapolis color in the picture—the sort of stuff that sets nerves tingling, makes you want to stand up and cheer. Yeah, call it hokum if you want to. But hokum still makes good entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: An entertaining picture.

For Children: Most certainly.

✓Stage Mother (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Alice Brady, Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes, Russell Hardie, C. Henry Gordon and Ted Healy.*

It's About: *A stage mother who succeeds in making her daughter famous, but breaks her heart.*

Remember a few years back when we thrilled at Louise Dresser and Madge Bellamy in "Mother Knows Best"? A similar picture is "Stage Mother," aided and abetted by the advanced technique of talking moving pictures.

Credit all 'round should be given for this one. First to director Charles Brabin.

That grand trouper, Alice Brady, proves she can tear at your heart strings as well as make you laugh. Franchot Tone is worthy of a much better and bigger part.

Maureen O'Sullivan is the real surprise of the picture. For the first time in her career, this little colleen, acts like her heart and soul are really in her work. Ted Healy is swell and a brief flash of Russell Hardie stimulates the rumor that he is the next big screen bet.

Personal to M-G-M: Please give Phillips Holmes a chance to show what he really can do. And a couple of orchids to Albertina Rasch for her sensational stage numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this if you want good entertainment.

For Children: It's sophisticated but it won't hurt them.

✓Charlie Chan's Greatest Case (Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Oland, Heather Angel, John Warburton, Virginia Cherrill, Gloria Roy, Roger Imhoff and Ivan Simpson.*

It's About: *How Charlie Chan, the famous Chinese detective, again solves a mysterious murder case.*

Earl Derr Biggers created one of the most popular characters in mystery-fiction —Detective Charlie Chan, corpulent Chinese sleuth of the Honolulu police.

Here is the latest. Perhaps not the best of them, but certainly a thrilling, suspense-filled mystery picture. There are two murders. And, as usual in the Chan stories and films, plenty of real clues on which you, like Charlie, may solve the mystery for yourself without waiting for the end of the picture. Tip: it's safe to point the finger of guilt at the one you'd be least likely to suspect, as the story unfolds.

Your Reviewer Says: If you liked the other Chan films, you'll like this one, too. You'll like it anyway, probably.

For Children: Murders, yes—but good clean murders. And all in fun . . . !

✓Brief Moment (Columbia)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Arthur Hohl.*

It's About: *Rich boy marries cabaret gal. Cabaret gal goes to work to make rich boy worth-while man instead of what he is.*

There's nothing at all new about the central plot of this. But there are a few new bits of handling that make most of the picture seem delightfully new. And that, dear friends of fanland, is good movie-making.

This, incidentally, is the picture Carole Lombard finished over at Columbia's studios just before she packed her things, went to Reno to divorce Hubby Bill Powell. Not by any inkling would you guess, seeing her in this, that she was on the verge of marital tragedy while the cameras were grinding. It's a swell job she does. And too, from her song, you'd never guess that she was just about in hysterics because it was the first time she's ever sung for the talkies.

As for the rest of the cast—there's handsome Gene Raymond, who plays the hubby nicely. They say offscreen, Gene has a way with women. Some of that quality shows definitely herein.

Then there's baddy Monroe Owsley, being mean as usual, splendidly. And Arthur Hohl, a character-player who's climbing, mounts another rung with his job in this.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a good, up-to-date story, and packs plenty of entertainment for Mr. and Mrs. Moviefan, but—

For Children: —not so nice.

Saturday's Millions (Universal)

You'll See: *Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Grant Mitchell, Richard Tucker, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle, Lucille Lund.*

It's About: *A gridiron star who tries to make a racket out of football, but loses the big game and almost loses his sweetheart.*

Universal picked out a man-sized job for Robert Young when they selected him to carry the stellar honors in this one. Much credit must be given to Bob, who did it admirably.

This picture is exciting and there are

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some grand comedy moments furnished by Andy Devine. But there is nothing new in the same, old football story. They did allow our hero to lose a game for once, but there the originality ends.

The real surprise of the picture was Lucille Lund, the All American Girl. In her first appearance before a camera she displayed a surprising amount of poise and self-assurance. Other honors go to Grant Mitchell, Richard Tucker, Mary Doran, and Mary Carlisle.

Your Reviewer Says: See it, especially if you like football.

For Children: They'll love it.

Ladies Must Love (Universal)

You'll See: *June Knight, Neil Hamilton, Sally O'Neil, Dorothy Burgess, Mary Carlisle, Georgie Stone, Virginia Cherrill.*
It's About: *What happens when one of a quartette of golddiggers falls in love.*

Well, now—here's a snappy idea, some capable players, some notsobad lines, marvellous photography, gorgeous settings, even some mighty good music. And yet, somehow, it all doesn't jell.

The story is about four of those gals who sign a contract to share alike the spoils of their adventures of the evening. And then—uh huh—one of them falls really and truly in love, and there's that nassy ol' contract threatening the happy ending. Yes, it all comes out all right.

June Knight, of whom you've read and heard much, is THE girl of the quartette. This picture isn't fair, because it just doesn't give her the chance to make good on the ballyhoo. You won't overlook Sally O'Neil gotten thinner and hotter.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another of those pictures that comes out "fair."

For Children: No.

LAST MINUTE REVIEWS

✓✓Broadway Through A Keyhole (20th Cent.-U. A.)

You'll See: *Paul Kelly, Constance Cummings, Russ Colombo, Blossom Seeley, Gregory Ratoff, Texas Guinan, C. Henry Gordon, Helen Jerome Eddy, Frances Williams, Eddie Foy, Jr., Hugh O'Connel and others.*
It's About: *A Broadway racketeer who falls for a girl, who falls for a crooner.*

Perhaps the greatest thing about this picture is the publicity connected with the characters and the making of the story. But close behind comes the performance of one Paul Kelly, whose great trouping hits the audience like a jolt of T.N.T. Not since the advent of Clark Gable, has any actor created quite such a distinctive and welcome entrance into the talkies. If you can judge by feminine sighs in a preview audience, Mr. Kelly is due for the biggest rush of the ages.

The picture opens up with a bang, but gradually slows down. Toward the last it picks up again and finishes with a wallop.

There's a scene where Kelly puts Russ Colombo on the spot. Lowell Sherman's direction of this picture should go down in the Halls of Fame for this one scene alone. And Russ proved that as a successful crooner, he's also a good actor.

Constance Cummings was always convincing and expresses a gentility many of our actresses lack. Texas Guinan managed to register, but Blossom Seeley had all *the* lines that got *the* laughs. Frances Williams put over all her numbers vividly.

Your Reviewer Says: It's swell entertainment. Don't miss it.

For Children: Leave them home.

For further details on this very cute clip watch which Lilyan Tashman is wearing, read the fashion article on Page 40 this issue

✓✓The World Changes (Warner-First Nat'l.)

You'll See: *PAUL MUNI, Aline MacMahon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Patricia Ellis, Donald Cook, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay, Theodore Newton, and others.*
It's About: *An early-day pioneer family, whose life begins with a covered wagon and ends with the financial crash of the Chicago Stock Exchange in 1929.*

When a picture of this type comes along, there is only one thing to do. Stack up a huge pile of blue ribbons, gold medals, or whatever it is one gives for fine work. Then ask every person connected with this fine production to take his choice.

Paul Muni gives another one of his flawless performances. He is convincing at all times, sincere and intelligent in his acting. And in the later sequences, not only does he achieve convincing old age in his physical appearance, but he seems to grow old inside.

This picture will also appeal scenically and historically. The colorful figure of Buffalo Bill enters into the dramatic background of this story. It shows the growth of the Chicago stockyards, from the time the cattle roamed the plains, up to Muni's invention of the first refrigeration car.

Individual performances were so good, it's impossible to give credit to each one. Aline MacMahon however, in her rôle of the pioneer mother, makes one a little heartsick when he thinks back on her wasted talents in lighter rôles. Mary Astor as Muni's wife, was superb. Personal to Mervyn LeRoy: "You deserve a dozen of Mr. Winchell's favorite flowers for this one."

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for the whole family. Well worth spending an evening in the local movie.

For Children: Much too melodramatic for their childish imagination.

✓✓Bombshell (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Ivan Lebedeff, Isobel Jewell and others.*
It's About: *The private life of a movie star.*

If you've ever been a movie fan, or ever expect to be a movie fan, this picture is the answer to who's who and what's what in Hollywood. Jean Harlow succeeds beautifully in kidding the very rompers off the film city. As the over-publicized movie star who dramatizes her life, on and off the screen, she gives a flawless performance. It's one of those rôles where she knows all the answers and coming from the sensuous lips of Harlow, the meaning is not lost.

Lee Tracy plays the rapid talking press agent, who gets his star on the front page with his usual dynamic quality. The situations he gets his star in, for the sake of good old publicity, bring one continuous roar of laughter.

Franchot Tone comes in late in the picture, but makes up for lost time but the real treat of the picture is Harlow, Tracy and the inside workings of a studio.

Your Reviewer Says: If you want to laugh long and loud, don't miss it.

For Children: No.

The Woman Spy

(*Continued from page* 59)

"I've been madly in love with her for years. Introduce us, will you, Colonel Lieber?"

"Fraulein Schontag . . . Captain Rudi Ritter."

Carla went about her hospital duties for the next few days in a whirl of emotions. She managed to evade Rudi, she was afraid to see him alone. Finally, she could evade him no longer and they dined together at the little inn where they both lived.

For a while she almost persuaded herself that she might accept this happiness. There they were, like any pair of lovers, having supper together in the candle-light of the romantic old inn . . . he holding her hands at intervals . . . neither of them eating very much . . . both of them keyed up in the joy of finding each other, and around them swirling the poignant sweetness of gypsy music played as only a gypsy band can play it.

The swarthy violinist came to their table: "Buy a charm, a real love token, buy it for the lady, sir. If you give it to her, it will keep all other lovers away."

CARLA was about to order him off. He dangled the charm in front of her, a silver luck piece, and on it, a double circle, the token by which she recognized her associates. Resentfully, she recognized it. It meant she was in danger and that the gypsy had given her a message of instructions for the future. Why could she not have had this one evening unmarred?

"If it will do that, gypsy," Rudi was saying, "you've made a sale." And he bought it for her and hung it around her neck. She felt it there like a halter, dragging her back to her sworn duty. His voice came to her as from a distance, that charming voice, making delightful badinage, playing at love-making, and yet with the undercurrent of heartfelt meaning.

After dinner, a stroll in the evening air, and Rudi taking her in his arms again, always in the distance the sound of the guns, never letting them forget.

"My sweet, my dearest one! None of it matters tonight. There is no war, there is no enemy, there's just you and me and I love you." His kisses were on her hair, her throat, on her lips. "Will you marry me now? I can get a furlough."

And always the gypsy love-charm (ironic touch, a love charm!) burned against her flesh. Yet surely this one night was hers—she could steal this, at least, from Fate.

* * * * *

It was late when they returned to the inn.

"Good night, my sweet," he said. "More than ever we belong to each other, as long as we live."

"Good night," she answered him, and when he had gone, she stood by her window a long time, and watched the clouds passing over the moon.

Then her hand strayed to the gypsy coin. She straightened. There was work to be done. She locked the door. She unscrewed the cleverly constructed coin and took out the bit of paper that bore the message. It said simply: "Love Conquers All," and Carla laughed with a sob in her throat. But slowly she quieted as she went about bringing out the real message; developed the invisible ink by holding it over the lamp; and then, with the aid of a tiny code book, deciphered what the strange string of words really meant. K 14 was on the job again.

Rudi left her door as perfectly happy as a man can be. Carla, Carla, Carla. The name sang through his brain and echoed in his heart. It was his lucky night, no doubt of that. He was sure of it when he reached his room and heard the report Lieber had for him:

"We've found the enemy post-office. And no wonder we've been so long doing it—cleverest thing you ever saw! There's a tunnel leads from a farm-yard up under the stairway to a building in the Oberstrasse. I've been waiting for you to come."

"Good man!" Rudi whistled in admiration when he was led down through the tunnel to the concealed chamber under the stairs. The sliding panel that opened through the riser of the fourth step had been split. Rudi surveyed it and made his plans rapidly.

"Have this panel fixed, then you stay here with one man. We'll post guards all around the building and across the street. Don't scare away anybody who wants to put through a message, but arrest him as soon as he delivers it. And I want anybody and everybody who enters this hallway brought to my office for questioning."

He turned toward the man they had caught there. "And bring him along to my office now, we'll see whether he'll talk."

Rudi had reason to be pleased. It looked as if he were about to mop up the entire allied spy service in his district. That would mean a promotion. A married man would be the better for a promotion. He smiled happily to himself.

The arrangements were made, and the next morning Rudi awaited developments in his office. They were not long in coming.

FRAU STENGEL, the hair-dresser, was dragged in, protesting. "This is an outrage! All I was doing was washing a customer's hair. Since when is a good citizen to be snatched from her work?"

"Who is this woman?" Rudi asked.

"She has a hair-dressing establishment at the top of those stairs. It was there that the woman who came up the stairs went."

"Well, take her out and have her searched, and bring in the other woman."

It was Carla they brought in. She and Rudi stared at each other.

"Why was this young lady arrested?" Rudi asked dazedly.

"Your orders, sir. You told me to bring in anyone who went up those stairs."

"Was there anything suspicious about her going up?"

"Well, she stopped on the fourth step."

Rudi asked her gravely: "Is this true?"

Carla was innocence itself: "Why . . . no . . . why, yes. As a matter of fact . . . I don't remember which step, but I did

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stop . . . to tie my shoe-lace, and then went right on up to have my hair done. You see my hours at the hospital are so irregular, I have to get it done when I can. You seem suspicious, Captain. It would be better if I were searched."

One of the officers appeared at the door: "We searched the nurse's room and found nothing, sir," he reported.

Rudi showed his relief and he began to explain: "I'm awfully sorry this happened. You see, we found enemy spies were using those stairs to pass information through. I just want to ask you a question, Fraulein Schontag. Darling, do you still love me?"

Carla had been through a good deal that morning. She had indeed stopped at that fourth step, but the split panel had warned her. Her quick eyes detected that in a second and she had gone on up the stairs. At the first opportunity when Frau Stengel was out of sight, she had ripped the incriminating page from her book and hidden it, well-folded, in the gypsy charm that was around her neck.

WHEN the arrest came, she blessed her foresight, and felt she had nothing to fear when she faced official questioning, but to find Rudi the official! It was too much. Could she go on? She heard herself talking:

"Oh, yes, I love you. Last night I forgot about the war, almost. It seemed so far away, but this morning! It's more real than ever, it's got us trapped. Oh! What's that?"

Rudi pressed her to him. He would have given much if she had not heard what was going on in the courtyard outside.

"Don't watch it. It's an execution. That spy we caught under the stairs when we raided last night. They get short shrift in wartime you know."

There was a quick order and the sound of rifles fired. Carla shrank against his shoulder.

"I'm sorry you had to hear it, but such things must happen although you've probably never thought about them before."

She was glad he could not see her face: "Oh, yes, I've thought about them. I've never been so close to one before. May I go now?"

"Of course, and tonight we dine together, and tomorrow night and the next night and every night until. . . ." He was laughing. "You go on to the hospital. I'll see you tonight."

He was still smiling when he went back to his desk. He hoped she had not been too much upset, but it had been sweet to comfort her.

Lieber came in. "Did you let Fraulein Schontag go?" he asked.

"Yes, why not? We have no evidence against her."

"You'd better look at this. It's a book she was carrying. There's been a page freshly torn out."

Rudi stared at him, at the book. Finally he said wretchedly: "I don't know what to do, I'm going crazy. First, I intercept a book that proves that one of their best agents is working in this district. I find *her.* She always carries books. She had some the first time we met at the inn and she's the first one up those stairs this morning—with more books, and one of them with a page missing. I know she's innocent. I couldn't believe anything else—and yet. What am I to do?"

"Try her out, Rudi. It's the only way. It's got to be done. We'll plant a man at the hospital, and have him slip her that message we caught. If she falls for it, she'll go to meet the other spy we got, and we'll pick her up where she thinks she'll find him—at that hut outside town. If she's not our game, she'll think it's a delirious patient, and give the message to the head nurse."

Rudi stared blankly ahead of him.

Lieber patted him on the shoulder. "Perhaps you'd prefer to be relieved of this assignment?"

Rudi snapped out: "Are you questioning my loyalty?"

"No, never your loyalty, Rudi, but you are very fond of that girl, aren't you? It may be—hard."

Rudi stood up, decision clear in his face: "You're right. It's the only thing to do."

Carla never knew when a fellow-spy was going to declare himself, or herself, by showing her the double circle. Once a man in a café had made the familiar signal with the wet bottom of his beer glass, on the table in front of her. It came in casual, unexpected ways. She betrayed no surprise when a new patient in her ward bared his arm for a moment and showed her the signal drawn in chalk on his flesh. They were in full sight of the other nurses and he rubbed it off in a natural gesture, while her expression remained unchanged. But she was prepared to receive the tiny wad of paper that he slipped to her. As soon as she was relieved of duty, she opened it. It was in the code she knew:

"Verify recent aircraft concentration at Stry."

Well, she knew all about those airplanes. Now that the link between her and her headquarters was broken by that morning's raid, she must go away. But she knew where K 5 could be reached and would give him the information on the way out.

THE means of her going were prepared—had been in readiness since she began to work in Tarnoff. Old Mitika, the peddler, would have a gypsy disguise ready. She would travel with him in his donkey cart. She should really have gone that morning—but she was a bit afraid not to go directly to the hospital from Rudi's office. Lucky now, she had gone, or she would have missed this last message.

She found Mitika in the square and stopped, presumably to buy chocolates from him. She meant to tell him she would join him outside the village in half an hour, but she made the appointment for nine that night. Once more to see Rudi—once more to have supper with him in the smoky little dining room. A few hours could make no real difference.

At supper, she tried to regain the happy mood of their past good times. She tried to pretend to herself that this was really Nurse Schontag, dining with her fiance, and that they were going on together to Colonel Lieber's afterwards for some music. It was no use. The conversation would drift to war—and spies.

She tried to tell him goodbye, not so he would hear her say it, but so he would look back, and realize she had said it:

"Darling, with every heart beat I love you more—and no matter what happens, if we're ever separated, as we are bound to be some time, please don't stop loving me, please. Can you remember all that?"

Rudi was amused, and touched. In spite of word he had had from the hospital, he could not believe she was involved in all this. She was a girl—in love!

"Every word, shall I say it over for you?" he asked.

She was not looking at him. "No, not now. Only when I'm not with you. What time is it?"

"Oh, around nine."

Under the table she clenched her hands. It was over. This was the end. Casually she said: "I'll go to my room and freshen up and we'll go on to the Colonel's."

He asked lightly: "Is it all right for me to leave you? I went away from you for five minutes once and it took me two years to find you again."

He saw her to her door. This was all right. More and more he could hear himself telling Lieber: "We can call off the guards, she's not going to Stry. That message meant nothing to her." Presently she would tap at his door and they would go to the Colonel's for the evening. He sat on his bed quietly waiting. But it was Lieber himself who came in.

"She has left the inn by the back stairs," he said grimly.

RUDI sprang to his feet. For a second he was speechless. "I'll meet you downstairs in a moment," he said. He managed to keep his voice steady. Lieber looked sharply at him. Then he turned on his heel and left. He knew when a man wanted to be alone.

The full implication of what he had heard struck him like a physical blow. Not only was Carla an enemy of his country, but she was an enemy to him, to his love. She had tricked him from beginning to end. None of it had been real, none of it. There was nothing left to him but the stark and ugly reality of carrying on as a soldier who was running down a spy.

It all went according to plan. He and Lieber put a man in the hut outside the town where K 5 was supposed to be. And Carla came. Oh, she came all right. Up to that moment he had hoped desperately against hope. But she walked into the hut and asked how far it was to Tarnoff, just as they knew she was supposed to do. And when the man answered properly, she said: "You're K 5. I'm K 14 and I have a message for you to get through." He grabbed her wrist, and Rudi entered the hut. "You can wait outside," he told the man.

He was holding his revolver in readiness as he searched Carla for a possible weapon. She stood motionless. Then she said: "I'm sorry it had to end like this."

His voice was as expressionless as her face: "I don't suppose you want to give me the names of your associates."

"I have no associates."

"You don't need them. You probably used plenty of other poor fools like me."

"You don't think I used you, Rudi?"

"I think I was an eager victim." His voice was hard again.

She would tell him the truth, whether he recognized it or not. "I love you," she said.

His voice grew harsher. "Don't waste your talents, my dear. I'm not such a fool as that. Come on, we have a nice little moonlight ride ahead of us. And a five-minute court-martial after we get there."

HE had not believed her. What were firing squads now? He had not believed her.

She turned to go. She was through. K 14 would be dead in a little while, and she felt that Carla was already dead. She had forgotten Mitika, but the men who worked with her, those others of the "double circle," they were well-chosen.

She saw Rudi whirl and shoot at the open window. Mitika! There was a second report and Rudi dropped at her feet. She caught him as he fell and Mitika appeared at the door crying in an urgent whisper: "Come, hurry!"

Carla was oblivious to him. She was searching for the wound, trying to staunch the blood. "Rudi, darling, oh, my sweet. I'd rather have died a thousand times than have this happen!"

Rudi's eyes were open now. He was staring up at her.

"I can't leave him," Carla cried.

"Take her. Take her—away," Rudi gasped. Mitika tore her from him, into the little donkey cart, away to safety.

Once again, Rudi Ritter was buying a ticket, but how different the circumstances. The depot was quiet and orderly. The war was over. Things had returned to normal. To normal? They would never be the same for Rudi.

"Rome, please," he told the ticket-seller, giving him a bill.

"Have you nothing smaller, no change?" asked the man.

THEN a little gloved hand appeared, with some coins in it, and a voice said: "Can I be of assistance?"

"Carla!" Rudi cried. "I've been trying to find you all over Europe."

"And I, you. I went to your house, just now, and your man said you were taking this train. You're not arresting me, are you?" For Rudi had caught her arm in a grasp that hurt.

"I'm making good and sure that I don't lose you again, Fraulein K 14."

Neither of them knew it was raining, as they stopped outside the door.

"Rudi, Rudi. I'm no longer K 14. I haven't any number now."

For sheer joy he laughed. "Then maybe you'll tell me what your name is," as he drew her to him. "Never mind, you can talk later." He laughed again, for that love and laughter had come back to him, as he kissed her.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This issue had already gone to press when we were notified that the title of this story had been changed from "The Woman Spy" to "After Tonight."

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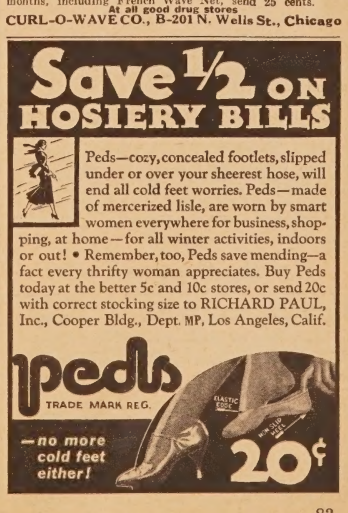
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What Motherhood Has Done for Karen Morley

(*Continued from page 25*)

that hurt her so that she recoiled completely within herself. Karen had to borrow a dress from the wardrobe for use in a picture. Before she could return it the dress mysteriously disappeared from her room. Karen, to her horror, found that she was suspected of stealing the dress! The real thief was found afterwards and Karen's innocence was proved, but the fact that she had been suspected left a permanent mark upon Karen. Sensitive, she brooded over the cruel, suspicious attitude over those on the studio lot. The cynicism of Hollywood cut her like a knife. She was cool and self-possessed about everything she did, but she lacked warmth and enthusiasm.

Her work, too, lacked enthusiasm. She started out with such promise in her brief bit as the suicide in "Inspiration" that everyone predicted stardom for her. Then suddenly, her work seemed to slump.

Yet she had everything—beauty, intelligence and flawless acting ability. One thing and one thing only she lacked—warmth. Over and over again the studio accused her of being cold. What could Karen say to that but shrug her shoulders? If she was cold, it was because life had made her so. She was playing a lone wolf's game.

SHE valued her freedom and her career more than the love of any man. When interviewers asked her about marriage, she said, "I hardly think so. You see, I'm just getting to the place I want to be. I've left home and taken an apartment all my own. I'm just beginning to find the freedom I've always wanted and why should I spoil it by bringing some man into it?"

And then suddenly Charles Vidor came into the picture. He was a charming Austrian, intelligent, a little reserved. No one knew very much about him. The newspapers called him "a prominent young director," but reporters who tried to find out what he had directed could find out very little. Apparently he had worked at M-G-M for a short time, directing "Fu Manchu," but he left before the picture was completed. The record of the other work he had done was scant and vague.

M-G-M, anxious to build Karen into a glamorous sex-appeal star, looked with disfavor on the idea of Karen's marrying anyone, and especially someone as obscure as Charles Vidor. Karen went ahead, however, and eloped with Vidor.

For many months after that, Karen went on playing in one picture after another, like the trouper she is. Marriage and her personal happiness would not keep her from giving herself to her work.

Then stories began to leak out that Karen was sick. Very sick. There were even insinuations of an incurable malady. Yes, Karen was sick—underweight. But rest and quiet were the only medicines necessary for her complete recovery. She was working on three pictures at one time. They were shooting eighteen hours a day to complete "Gabriel Over The White House," in time for release before the presidential election.

In her delicate condition, was it any wonder that she was run down and tired out? Maybe now, those who accused her of being difficult and bad-tempered will realize the strain she was under. A healthy seven-pound baby boy proves how serious was her illness.

A new Karen has emerged from the Dark Valley that every woman faces when she goes through the long hours that lead to motherhood. Perhaps that sounds mushy and sentimental, but the same thing might happen to any woman, regardless of whether she faced motherhood or not, if she was given endless time in which to do nothing but think.

Mildred Linton, the shy, sensitive girl, died when Karen embarked on a screen career. In her place was a self-possessed young actress, too busy struggling for success in a new world, to have much perspective on life and herself.

Not until Karen lay in the maternity ward in the hospital did she get a chance to become really acquainted with herself. There, in the midst of realities in sharp contrast with the make-believe elements of the screen world, she had a chance to see her life in perspective, and things began to fall into their proper place.

The things that had caused her unbelievable anguish seemed futile here, where women were facing real pain and where they knew real ecstasy. Karen remembered how many foolish hours she had spent worrying because people didn't like her. She remembered the unhappiness she had felt when she had lost the friendship of Lubitsch because of a few careless words. She remembered what torture it had been to read a trumped-up article about herself by someone who accused her of things she had never dreamed about. She remembered how afraid she had been of saying or doing things, for fear that she would be misunderstood. Now she saw all the politics and the petty jealousies and misunderstandings in Hollywood in their proper perspective.

MAKE no mistake about it—I do not for a moment mean that Karen is going to give up her career on the screen because of her motherhood. Karen has no such intention.

"People always are surprised when you continue to work after bringing a baby into the world," she told me. "But I think it is very necessary, unless a woman feels that her career has given her everything it has to offer. Frankly, mine hasn't. Some day I want to be just Mrs. Charles Vidor. (What an admission from the girl who once said that she would rather eat worms than be an ordinary housewife!). But right now I want to feel I have given a few really worth-while performances.

"Then there is another angle. It isn't a wise thing to see too much of one's children. There is always the danger of fussing too much over them, and spoiling them in the end. That danger is avoided when the mother works during the day. And fortunately, working in pictures, there is time between engagements to keep a close but confining bond."

There is still another way in which

Karen has been changed by motherhood.

It seems to have made her more understanding, more human. She who always was accused of being so cold and selfish seems warmer, friendlier now. She took an absorbing interest in her neighbors at the hospital.

"I almost hate to leave this place," she told me. "You know it's been just like a 'Grand Hotel.' The nurses and internes congregate in here every night. I know about every case on the floor and most of them are really interesting.

"I really shouldn't tell you this (she was doubled up with laughter), but a baby arrived before the doctor got here the other night. Everything was perfectly all right but they were so afraid of frightening the poor father. So when the doctor arrived, they smuggled him through the back door and got him into his cap and apron. A few minutes later he walked out beaming to the father and said, 'Well, Mr. Jones, you have a bouncing baby girl.' If you saw an incident like that on the screen, you probably wouldn't believe that it could happen."

Karen will tell you story after story of incidents like that in the maternity ward. Stories that reveal that at last the girl's personality is awake, that she is responding to the little human incidents of everyday life.

FOR instance, she will tell you of the woman across the hall, an excitable Russian, of no mean proportions. At feeding time her baby had been brought to her and then taken back again. Suddenly, the door opened. A nurse, not realizing she was in the wrong room, placed another baby at her side. "Vat iss dis," cried the woman, "a cafey-teria?"

But Karen, of course, is most excited of all over her own baby. According to her, no baby that was ever born into the world was more wonderful than Michael Karoly Vidor. He arrived as a sort of preview present to his parents. They were on the way back from a pre-showing of a picture directed by Charles Vidor. There was just time to stop by the house, pick up some hastily packed suitcases, and leave for the blessed event.

Charles Vidor was the most excited father on record. Even John Gilbert, who broke all pacing records, was a mere snail in comparison.

In the first place, Vidor was worried because he knew Karen had not been well. Suddenly outside the delivery room, he heard a resounding whack—and then a baby cry.

Unlike most movie heroes, he didn't pass out cold. He waited until a week later. Suddenly realizing that everything was over, his wife and baby out of danger, Vidor partially collapsed in his wife's room. The worry over his dear ones and the long, grinding hours of getting a picture out on time were too much for him.

After the doctor pronounced it no more than a case of shattered nerves, Karen proceeded to enjoy her husband's presence in the hospital. He was on the first floor. She was on the sixth. They'd telephone back and forth all day long. The nurse would carry notes and bring back reports. They'd tell each other 'good night' a dozen times before they finally went to sleep.

And something very beautiful had happened to Charles Vidor in the meanwhile. The picture that was previewed just before Karen's baby was born turned out to be a splendid bit of direction. As a result of that picture, Paramount has given Charles Vidor a grand new contract as a director. The man most people thought too obscure for Karen is forging ahead.

To add to Karen's happiness, there were letters and telegrams from all the friends she valued most in Hollywood.

Karen's suite in the hospital might easily have been turned into a floral shop. There was one huge basket of autumn flowers, that almost filled the room itself. A card on the handle bore a loving message from Ann Dvorak. It was Karen's suggestion to test Ann for her rôle in "Scarface" that had started her on the road to fame. And Ann Dvorak has never forgotten.

There was another beautiful basket of flowers from Joan Crawford. Joan's favorite gardenia was fastened to a card that carried this message, so ironical in view of what has happened to Joan herself, "What a lucky girl you are." I cannot help wondering what Joan's feelings were as she penned those lines.

There were other baskets from the studio executives. A telegram from Mr. Mayer, executive head of Karen's studio, asking for the first option on the new son.

Just before I said good-by, a telegram arrived from Sid Grauman, inviting Karen to the première of "Dinner At Eight." Charles Vidor, who has only deserted her long enough to eat, brought up a radio, so she could listen to the broadcast.

A telegram in reply from Karen now hangs in Grauman's office. "I'm sorry I cannot accept your kind invitation to 'Dinner At Eight'," she wired, "but you see, I have a previous dinner engagement with my new son."

"There's a cameraman downstairs who wants to photograph you with the baby," announced a nurse.

"THAT must be the same one who came when Michael was only five minutes old," laughed Karen. 'Well, you might as well let him come up and let Michael make his first personal appearance."

No sooner was I tiptoeing down the corridors of 'no man's land,' than Karen's nurse caught up with me. Returning with her, I found Karen sitting upright in bed.

"I almost forgot the most important thing of all," she cried excitedly. "I've started saving autographed photographs."

What she showed me was the impression of a tiny hand and foot on a glossy piece of paper. Underneath was written, "Michael Karoly Vidor."

All I can say is that Karen's baby has given her a new viewpoint, new courage. The girl who was hostile to Hollywood and afraid of it is coming back to pictures, happier, more adjusted, with a new perspective. Like her friend, Ann Dvorak, she had the courage to take life first, career second.

Because she did, I believe that she will do finer work in the future than she has ever done in the past. She always had everything except warmth and enthusiasm. Now she has what she lacked. Because she was gallant and courageous and took life as she found it, Karen has also found herself, both as an actress and as a woman.

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Crashing Hollywood Society

(*Continued from page 39*)

see the change in temperature when a man brings an uninvited girl. You'd think the poor girl had never set eyes on those "she wondered why she wasn't asked back" advertisements.

So the girls might just as well make up their minds to it. They must put up an honest-to-gosh campaign to get into the holy of holies. It can be done, but there's a long row to hoe. A young man, if he's smart, and doesn't eat peas with a knife, is very likely to get places and see things.

A great deal of Joel McCrea's present screen success is due to his shrewdness during the years he was trying to get a screen break. To begin with Joel had good looks, a fine physique, and a pleasing manner. He came from a good Los Angeles family, but while that certainly isn't a hindrance it is just as assuredly not a great, big help. But, during the summer vacations, Joel swam every day at the Santa Monica Beach Club. A good many picture people belonged to that club, and to the Swimming Club next door. Somehow it's easy to be friendly with people on the beach. The grand lady who would give you Greenland's icy stare on the street will inquire if her back is freckling when she sees you on the beach. Anyway, Joel met a great many film people during those summers. They liked him, invited him to their homes, and were willing to give him a hand-up when his chance came.

BY all means, if you want to mingle with the cinemaland elite, beg, borrow or steal a guest card to one of the exclusive beach clubs. The chances are pretty slim, if you're a stranger in town, of dunking your torso in Malibu's aristocratic waters. The beach clubs are easier to crash, and you'll meet the same people anyway.

If you are a man, the Hollywood Athletic Club is a good place to drop in. If you can play squash your fortune is made. Almost all the motion picture men belong to the H. A. C. Best of all, it isn't a particularly expensive club. View it in the light of a good investment.

Strange as it may seem, one of the best places to meet the famous screen heroes is in a certain institution for growing hair. You're liable to see almost anyone there, and no one feels like putting on the ritz while an attendant is rubbing sheep-dip into the scalp. All bars are down so to speak—no reason on earth why a golf invitation shouldn't follow a shampoo.

The girls will have about the same luck by going to one of the favored beauty parlors. Many a friendship has been started while a renowned movie queen has had her tresses in one of those permanent wave gadgets—you know, the kind that always makes you think of the Spanish Inquisition. Anyway, the attendants will regale you with all the Hollywood gossip. You can get a luscious earful, even if you don't meet Carole Lombard.

It isn't difficult to start a conversation with your favorite movie star if you buy ringside seats at the prizefights. That's almost your only hope of meeting Mae West. Mae is a minus quantity at the big social functions. If your line is good you might even be able to catch the attention of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. If your line isn't good they'll just go back to holding hands. And if you keep talking MAYBE Gary Cooper will listen to you. Don't expect him to talk. Gary is a quiet boy. If you are really socially ambitious Gary is a good person to know. He gives grand parties, and the very best people clamor for invitations.

While you're taking in the social functions, it might not be a bad idea to drop over to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, particularly if a tournament is in progress. You'll see the screen aristocrats there, and also the creme de la creme of Los Angeles society. But then you're not interested in crashing Los Angeles society. Compared to landing in the Hollywood social scheme, the Los Angeles smart set is just a Lonesome Club. Buy a box at the tennis tournaments. Maybe Constance Bennett will ask to borrow your field glasses.

And if you can manage to play tennis a few times on the courts of the Beverly Hills Hotel you'll find that it isn't so difficult to get close-up views of your favorites. You might even be asked to help make up a set of doubles—that is, if your tennis is what it should be.

You will have a swell time going to the Cocoanut Grove, to the various Derby cafés, and to the Colony Club (if you can get in). It won't do your social aspirations much good, however. The stars who are so friendly in the open air close up like the proverbial Scotchman's pocketbook when the electrics are turned on. It does, on the other hand, help to familiarize your face. It's a well known fact if you stare long enough and hard enough at even the most hoity-toity star she will bow eventually. She meets so many people that she never knows for sure whether or not you've been introduced. And she doesn't want to appear TOO ritzy. You might be important.

LIKE all social aspirants the world over you just can't be too sensitive. If your feelings bruise easily you'd better just join a correspondence club and forget all about it. But if you can get one well known person to befriend you you're sitting pretty, as Sophocles always used to say. After the first high fence has been surmounted, and you are inside the sacred inclosure, Hollywood society is the most informal in the world. One invitation leads to another.

Maybe you didn't know, but many well known screen players find the colony's upper circle just as difficult to invade as does the casual visitor from Kennebunkport. You'd be surprised to know who belongs and who doesn't belong. There was the famous stage actress who never did seem to be invited to the right places. She was colorful and amusing, but verged a trifle too much on the eccentric. By golly, you can't go diving into swimming pools with all your clothes on and be asked to meet the family. Then again there was the famous star who was not urged to attend a dinner party where

every other star on that particular lot had received invitations.

"Why?" she wailed. "I'm only having ONE love affair now." But it seemed that Hollywood regarded her love life a bit too active.

Lilyan Tashman set out to scale the cinema social heights—and did. I can remember when Lil was considered a trifle too spectacular by the old guard. Now she is invited everywhere, and is one of the really important hostesses of the colony. She entertains not only the Hollywood socially elect, but New York registrites and European titles.

If you've had an ear to the ground you've realized for some time that titles are a drug on the market right now. Titles were fun for awhile. Most of the stars came from modest walks of life, and it seemed pretty impressive to introduce the Duke of something or other to your friends. But the Duke usually stayed too long. The welcome sign on the doormat was worn to a shred. Then, too, the Duke was inclined to run up bills on his hostess, and was just a bit condescending in addition. It isn't fun to be ritzed while you're paying the bills until it hurts.

Only one titled lady has been a Hollywood social success in recent months. She is the Countess Dorothy Frasso, and Dorothy is an American woman with an assured place in New York society as well as in the Italian nobility. She has her own fortune, and is not interested in Hollywood merely as a good hotel and meal ticket while traveling.

IT was through the countess that Gary Cooper ascended the heights of society. Gary, long before, had been popular with all who knew him, but he wasn't society. Perhaps Lupe Velez had something to do with it. Lupe is liked, too, but some hostesses feel that she is a bit too exciting for the drawing room. There is always the feeling that Lupe might chin herself on the chandelier at any moment. But the countess, and her friend, Mary Pickford, took Gary in hand. They helped him give several parties. They were very nice parties, too, and presto chango, Gary belonged to the best people.

Bruce Cabot is another young man who has become popular in the social circles. Even before his screen success he demonstrated an ability to make himself pleasant at parties. People liked him, and the invitations began to come in. Another case of hostess being willing to accept a good looking young man. Hollywood dinner parties are usually shy a man or two. I've seen hostesses go into apoplexy trying to distribute place cards so the table wouldn't look like a sorority luncheon.

As far as I know there has been no wild stampede to include Mae West on the snootier guest lists. The general opinion seems to be that Mae offscreen would be just like Mae on the screen, and maybe that would be a trifle too-too. It's a mistaken opinion, for Mae can handle the social amenities just as well as anybody else, but she is not hankering for a place in the 400. She's too busy writing scenarios, plays and books when she isn't doing her stuff for the camera. Anyway, she'll take her society at the ringside every Friday night, thank you.

If you really want to know the VERY best way to crawl under society's barbed wire fence, just be a champion of something or other. It doesn't matter a shucks what, Hollywood loves champions. Eleanor Holm, the Olympic swimming champion, got a contract and scads of invitations. Of course, the fact that she kept company at first with Carl Laemmle, Jr., didn't do a bit of harm. Johnny Weissmuller was popular until he settled down with Lupe Velez. Now they have their own social set a-deux. Buster Crabbe was another lad to receive more invitations than he could accept. Now he's married to a non-professional and has no wish to mingle with the screen nabobs. There are almost innumerable cases of the sort. It was comparatively easy for a sporting celebrity to get a Pickfair invitation when Douglas Fairbanks was in town. Doug loved athletics, and he was invariably interested in all people from the world of sport. I'm not forgetting, either, the movie girl who asked a whole football squad out to her house for the evening.

How do you know when you are in Hollywood society? The criterion still seems to be invitations to Pickfair and the Marion Davies beach house. It's far from impossible to crash either place. Both Mary and Marion entertain often, and are not violently opposed, in case of big parties, to having guests bring a friend. The catch comes in finding the person who will give you that necessary entree. If you want to see the interior of Pickfair, the people to cultivate are the Charlie Farrells, the Johnny Mack Browns, the Countess Frasso, Frances Marion, and Mary's cousin, Verna Chalif. If you hanker to see the shining Davies castle built upon the sand, try winning the friendship of Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Crocker, or Frances Marion.

YOU can also feel that you are in the social swim if you attend a party at the homes of Bebe Daniels, Constance Talmadge, or Lilyan Tashman. Ruth Chatterton is very intellectual, and unless you're up on all the isms and ologies you probably will feel like a fish out of water, and wouldn't have much fun, anyway. Joan Crawford gives only very small parties, and for some reason I've never been able to fathom, has never been an important social figure in the colony. Maybe it's because she has been too busy with her career. Norma Shearer's dinner parties are usually confined to executives, people with whom she and Irving Thalberg work. Garbo has been a guest in that house, however, and that's no sneezing matter. A new hostess, promising to be an important one in time to come, is also rising on the horizon. It's little Dorothy Jordan, now the wife of Merian Cooper, the RKO-Radio chieftain. Janet Gaynor is almost a recluse, and Marie Dressler is not well enough to entertain extensively.

It's possible to meet anyone in Hollywood, but weak heart never won fair invitation to whoopee party.

Of course, if it's Garbo you want to know (and who doesn't?) you'd better just disguise yourself as a sage brush on some isolated mountain trail. Or, better still, wait until the next time she goes to her favorite Mexican café down in the native quarter, and upset a tamale in her lap. That SHOULD get you some place.

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Jean Gets Her Camera Man

(*Continued from page* 35)

What, then, did he hold for her? I put my demand again, more simply.

"Was your only reason for picking on Harold," I asked, "the fact that he is able to take you out of mob-scenes?"

"Not entirely!" she retorted, making a little face. "You see, he looks after me. He makes me behave and like it. When I'm frightened—and I have frightened moments—he understands and sees me through. As a matter of fact," she added, laughing, "I happen to be rather in love with him!"

Behind her joking manner, I now perceived a new tenderness, a softness which was not in the steel-like glamor of the old Jean. There was a calmness, a poise, and a straightforward look which told eloquently enough how well she had herself in hand; not only the outer shell of her, but the inner, spiritual woman—Jean Harlow was now quiet and unafraid. There must be something well worth while about this "unexpected husband," thought I. She had, seemingly, done well. So I switched our talk to some amusing incidents about the runaway match, which had knocked all Hollywood speechless with astonishment.

"I DIDN'T dare to tell Mother we were going to fly to Yuma," Jean said. "She's deathly afraid of my flying. But if I'd have mentioned it, I'd have been a lot more comfortable, because Mother picked out the dress I was to wear—a black velvet suit trimmed with silver fox. For the nights are cool now and it would have been all right, motoring. But both of us forgot that Yuma is on the desert. The cabin of the plane was hot enough, but when we arrived at our destination, the thermometer stood at ninety, even at three in the morning. My dress! It looked as if someone had crumpled it up in a ball and let the dog sleep on it!

Another bit of comedy was furnished by the young daughter of Judge Freeman, the "Marrying Judge" of Yuma, who has tied the knot for hundreds and hundreds of motion picture celebrities. It was almost four in the morning when the bridal-pair climbed the steep steps to the little bungalow on the Mesa-top which is the Judge's home, and rang the door-bell long and lustily. The sleeping town was bathed in moonlight, silvery and magical as the bride's uncovered head. Below the Mesa, the Colorado River cut the surrounding desert with its gold-green waters, wending its mysterious way amid the whispering cotton-woods, which line its banks. Far as the eye could see, the desert, still shimmering in the heat of the departed sun, spread endlessly, dotted with strange mountains of fantastic shape, and distantly, a coyote howled. Then, after what seemed an endless wait, the door of the Judge's house opened and a little girl appeared. The visitors' wishes were explained, and she invited them in, yawning, and holding her dressing-gown around her, switched on a light, found them seats in the living-room with great casualness, and said she would go and tell her father. Jean could hear her knocking on his door and his sleepy voice asking what it was?

"Oh, nothing much!" replied the little girl. "It's just Jean Harlow, and she wants to get married!"

The Judge is a lovely soul. He performed the same ceremony for me, once, so I know all about him and all about Yuma elopements. He not only ties the knot, he makes you coffee, and good coffee, and his handsome face beams a genuine good-will which ought to prove a benediction on all his clients. And Jean felt it, too.

"It's almost like having an ideal father perform the ceremony, isn't it?" she asked me. "I feel it's going to bring me luck, his having married us!"

That, then, was that! All but the hop back in the purring plane, over the desert, painted now by the first rays of the rising sun, and so to Hollywood and the day's work, for both bride and groom, who kept at the picture until two o'clock the following morning in order not to hold up production; just a couple of good troupers, starting their new partnership off in the ancient tradition of true sportsmanship.

"Just what is this marriage going to mean to you, Jean?" I asked over my second cup of tea. "What do you plan for the future?"

For a moment she was silent, and then she looked me directly in the eyes—and when she does that, Jean's mind seems wide open to you—there is obviously no effort at concealment of her real thought.

"I haven't any plans," she said simply. "Life has taught me not to make them. We have already picked up our lives just where they were twenty-four hours ago. The only difference is, that we are together. But plans? Who but a dreamer, an optimist or a fool, makes plans? My feeling about life is that, if we do today's job today, as well and as honestly as we know how, tomorrow will take care of itself. One day's problems are enough for anybody to take care of at a time. Nobody knows what tomorrow will bring. But if, when it comes, you can say to yourself that yesterday was met with courage, you have lived, I think, as bravely and wisely as it is given one to do."

I AM quoting Jean's exact words. Knowing her as I do, and remembering what she has lived through, I feel those words are of profound importance as an indication of her character. But Jean was not through talking. She shifted in her seat and, picking the head off one of the big white Shasta daisies from a bouquet which stood at her elbow, she began to pluck the petals.

"Do you know," she began, "I sometimes think that Life is like a big department store. Full of everything one could want, and all these things available to those who wish for them, or need them. And everything is marked with a price! Nothing is free, everything is for sale, if you can afford it . . . The careful shopper looks at the price-tag before buying. I believe too many of us just snatch up an article without considering the cost. One learns, if one's credit is ever cut off, to think carefully before choosing, and deciding if the article is worth the price or not? There's a lot of cheap trash on sale in this Store of Life, and some people

are fooled by it. They are greedy, perhaps, and grab at shoddy articles which won't wear. But the wise woman wants her purchase to be all wool and a yard wide, and tests its warmth in her hands before she buys!"

Again I am quoting verbatim!

"And so," said I, a trifle flippantly, "what price Harold Rosson?"

"A good investment," said Jean firmly, "I'm sure of it!"

And now for a few comments of my own on this extraordinary young woman whose career in motion pictures has been marked by more divided opinion and misunderstanding than that of almost any other successful feminine star. And I want to begin by saying that never in my life have I been as completely surprised than when I met Jean Harlow.

I was utterly unprepared for the extent of her culture. Somehow or other, with all her obvious attraction and her rapidly developing talent as an actress, I had never expected her to have aristocratic qualities. Yet Jean is what can only be described in that hackneyed and much abused term, "A Lady." She not only has the instincts but the manners of the upper crust; a combination of good taste and simplicity, guided by her directness of speech and thought. Away from the screen and the sort of part which we associate her with, Jean Harlow would grace, with natural, inconspicuous ease, the drawing rooms of Long Island or Mayfair. There's more to that head of hers than a thatch of platinum hair. Her speech is cultured, well modulated, but more than all that, when she speaks, she says something. There is a clean, direct curiosity about life behind all her conversation, even when it concerns her struggles to learn golf and her enthusiasm about fishing. These things are not a pose with her. Indeed the first thing which strikes you about this girl, is that she is wholly without pretense of any kind.

Here, in short, is a darned nice American girl, who's lived through tragedy, and come out cleanly and bravely. She's making a new try at happiness with a simple, strong he-man who intends looking after his woman and protecting her. Both from herself and the world at large. Jean deserves this break. And you, I'm sure, will say with me:

"Good luck to you, Jean."

Marlene the Magnificent

(*Continued from page* 13)

a sort of spiritual peace and good living.

"And Vienna—the out of door cafés. And the little restaurants in the country!" She half closed her eyes, remembering.

"There are green branches above the doors to show that there is new wine. And at night you sit at little tables under the stars. And drink wine. And listen to music. Gypsy music. Everyone is gay with the music. And sad, too. That is the best of life."

Have I been able to tell you, now, why I like Marlene Dietrich?

Clothes, curiously enough, mean little to her. Oh, she buys them, lovely things, in Hollywood and in Paris. But they do not touch her very closely.

She feels, now, that far too much was made over the trouser wearing episode. In Hollywood a girl can wear what she wants to—there are so many oddly-clad people there—and no one notices. She had no idea that in New York her trousers would be taken so seriously.

"In Hollywood, when I'm not working," she said, "some times for three or four days I don't dress at all. Pyjamas are so comfortable! And when I go to the studio in the morning I put a coat over my pyjamas and don't dress until I put on the costume for my picture. And I hate clothes that slip on over my head!"

She pantomimed a tight dress being pulled on. "I feel imprisoned. I like things that go on like coats—and button. What can I do? Gowns do slip on over the head, you know."

It never occurs to her that Marlene Dietrich, the movie star, could have her things made the way she wanted them.

As a matter of fact she doesn't half realize nor take advantage of the things a star can do. She has assumed none of the affectations of stardom.

Indeed I believe she has been bad copy for the simplest reason in the world—she isn't conceited enough—doesn't give a hang about publicity. She hates to be interviewed—doesn't know what to say. She hasn't a fund of pat, pretty stories. She likes nice things said about her work—wants her pictures to be popular. Her idea is that she does the best she can while she works and that if her pictures are good enough people will like her as an artist. Which ought to be enough.

We talked about eating. I always talk about food.

She said: "Perhaps I ought to diet. I may be a little heavy." She didn't look heavy. And she didn't look worried. "When I am happiest I never think about eating. There are too many other things to think about then. I always eat too much when I am miserable."

I asked her if she missed her stage audiences.

"I never had them," she said. "On the stage I had only small parts. The audiences were not there to see me. Some day I do hope to play on the stage."

She has no definite plans. About a permanent home. How many pictures she will make. Nor what she will do, afterwards. She wants her family with her. A comfortable, *gemütlich* household. Music. She is still young enough not to bother too much about the future.

You see, she hadn't planned on success. And she isn't any happier than she was, years ago, when she played bits in the theatre in Germany. Excepting in her work. It's good to feel you are successful, while you are working.

I can't pretend to predict the future for Marlene Dietrich. With Mr. von Sternberg and good stories there's no telling how long she'll be popular—how far she'll go. If she keeps on giving the public glamour and romance and beauty . . . With another director she may sink back into being just another foreign actress—or disappear from the screen altogether.

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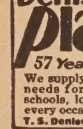

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 67*)

is reached. What with the Burbank heat, the torrid nature of the dance and the lights on the set, the sprinkling system took matters in its own hand and went into action.

The girls were dancing madly when the deluge descended. In a few seconds the girls, costumes, set and onlookers resembled Father Noah at the peak of the deluge.

And then came the pleasant surprise, sort of like the sun after a shower. The submerged chorines were given a week's vacation with pay while new costumes were made and experts called in to prevent the sprinkling system from using its own judgment again in matters of temperature.

Irving Thalberg has been knighted. What is his title? "The Tsar of all the Rushes."

Which brings to mind another Russian tale. When Lionel Barrymore was working in "Rasputin and the Empress" two wags came to him and said "The front office has decided to change the title of this picture. They feel that the name Rasputin doesn't mean enough to the public."

As Barrymore was playing the title rôle in the production, he worried over it for about five minutes then solemnly asked just what they did intend to call it. One stooge looked wise and said "The new title is 'Say it with Moujik'."

A gold star on Constance Bennett's report card. She was within a few days of turning French for the Moulin Rouge picture when sinus trouble hit her between the eyes. Rather than hold up the company she asked the fitters and designer to come to her house and she stood for three hours while they fitted her. All during the pulling and pinning she was charming. Anyone who can be gracious and have the very painful sinus at the same time should be awarded the title of head girl scout.

Collecting first editions is a business in Hollywood, this being the largest market next to New York. So far so good. But the books are to be neither touched nor read. They are sealed in cellophane and hidden away. If anyone is rash enough to ask to read one of them, the far-sighted collector is ready for even that unheard-of emergency. A reader's copy is sent along with the first edition on its purchase and the undiplomatic scholar is given the roustabout to use. The collector's idea probably being that the same set of words is in each book, a similar idea as the time that the producer was told that one of his companies was going to Yosemite to shoot some outdoor scenes. He said sagely, "A rock is a rock and a tree is a tree, go to Griffith Park."

Dorothy Lee when she married Marshal Duffield was asked if she was in love. Her answer was "I don't know whether it is love or just habit but this is the way to find out." It must have been love. When a girl carries a mink muff all through the summer just because a guy gave it to her, that isn't just routine.

Yes, Eadie was—and is a lady. That's why she has held her job as hairdresser with M-G-M, ever since she came from Germany fourteen years ago. Among the thousands she has taken care of, was one actress whose dancing eyes and lovable personality won for her the role of Melissande in "The Big Parade." This was Renee Adoree. Every morning Eadie would dress her hair and get her to the set on time. Recently she was called in again. Renee Adoree was answering her last call. Eadie made her look as beautiful as possible. Once more the beloved "Melissande" started on the "Big Parade."

The christening of the Arlen and Crosby heirs was quite an event out Toluca Lake way. The invitations invited friends and relatives to the dunking of "Elmer" and "Gunder." The young gentlemen didn't take to the occasion at all—especially when it came to practically complete submersion. All of which goes to prove just how actors are born!

When Marlene Dietrich returned from Europe, Joseph Von Sternberg motored to Pasadena and met the train. After the first greetings were over, there followed a long conversation in excited German. To most of the onlookers, it sounded like the finishing touches to what might be a big business deal. But a cameraman standing close by, who "speaks the language," translated Marlene's words. According to the star, the new Hitler law for actors does not affect those on foreign shores. Only those actors who are now in Germany are forced to remain at home. And maybe you think the teutonic tornado isn't happy!

Texas Guinan, plastered with paste jewelry was making a news-reel shot for Fox Movietone. Her dress, a gown that she wears in "Broadway through a Keyhole" was of black sequins with a fan-shaped Prisoner of Zenda collar of shiny, greased black feathers so high and spreading that she looked as though she were backed up against an ebony aurora borealis. As a savory she wore black cellophane finger-nails, so long that they looked like the black keys on a piano. In this coal-miner's nightmare, she gave an impassioned speech. She told them that she was about to stop making suckers out of the heels on Broadway and begin making angels out of the souls in Los Angeles. At the sound of the words "couvert charge" Eddie Cantor popped up from nowhere, also a symphony in black. He was doing black-face a la Roman in a short-sleeved, short-skirted slave costume, with black grease-paint on all the exposed sections of his stringy frame. Texas must have thought that her finger-nails were throwing a shadow over Cantor for she stopped her speech with a gasp as he floated past in the background. Her loudest Hallelujah frittered away in mid-air. The Movietone man asked Cantor if he would say a few words with the midnight Guinan. Eddie asked, "Do I get paid for this?" The answer was no. Mr. Cantor vanished as quickly as a wisp of cinder-laden smoke.

At a party in a café in Hollywood, Bing Crosby and his wife Dixie were among the guests. Bing was overcome with a desire for song. Dixie was so busy dissecting a steak that she didn't notice his absence. She looked up just as Bing opened his mouth to emit his first "croon." Dixie, in a voice that carried all too clearly to Bing said "Come back and sit down, Crooner, do you think you are still working at the Cocoanut Grove?" Bing came back and sat down.

Mr. W. R. Hearst is an epicure. At his ranch in San Simeon, he serves dishes foreign to both local tastes and local pocket-books. One night, seated at the dinner-table which accommodates sixty people, he served marrow as the piece de resistance. Each guest glanced down and found a bone, regal in its exclusiveness, slumbering in a nest of parsley. One hungry diner turned a baffled glance to his neighbor and asked "Say, do they think I'm Gandhi?"

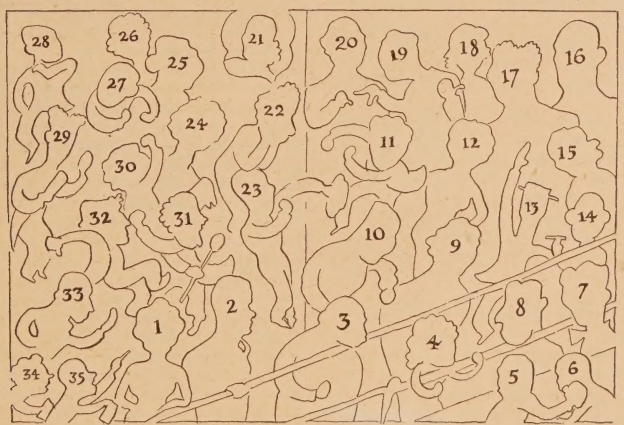
Jack Oakie holds the record for the only man whose wallet is harder to open than his heart. Peggy Hopkins Joyce asked him to get her a radio. It was such a modest request that Joyce didn't even feel the need of using her number one lure look. So Oakie changed his red and yellow sweater for a green sweat-shirt and went forth on his errand of love, a freckled mid-summer Santa Claus. He bought her a charming and dulcet-toned radio, so sweet sounding that Peggy was entranced and thanked him in the voice she uses only for diamonds. But her bliss was short-lived. With the other hand, Oakie dealt out the bill. The beautiful tones of the radio turned sour and Peggy's disposition even more rancid. But Oakie, his Hollywood training coming to the fore, answered "I got you a better radio than you could ever find, and cheaper too." We had better end this little sonata in that key. It turned sordid.

Constance Cummings was standing on the stage, holding a hoop and feeling very silly in a little girl's white ruffled dress when a man walked over to her. He said "You don't remember me, do you Miss Cummings." Constance gave the bow on her bobbed wig a pat and said "No, I don't believe I do." The man said "I met you at a dinner party a few nights ago." Connie rolled the hoop a turn or two to give her time to place the man's face but before either she or the hoop arrived at their goals, the man said "I am Joseph Schenk." Connie and the hoop both wilted. Mr. Schenk is Miss Cummings' boss.

The Goldwyn chorus girls were all atwitter over the new number for the Roman Bath. The great morning arrived, the girls were made-up and their hair was dressed, then they rushed to the wardrobe to be glorified. The first girl stood at the fitting room door, eager for the first sight of her costume. An eclipse of gloom travelled across her shining orbs as she was given a bath-towel. It was a glorified towel to be sure, with velvet covering the outer side, stencilled with a Roman design; but no matter how you turned it, it remained a bath towel. The girl wouldn't have felt so frustrated if she had been given a safety pin or even a sponge along with it. Little groups formed in corners, the modern Romans trying to figure out just how to use the towel as an adornment, it being such a mundane and uncertain article of apparel. But the problem was too deep for the show-girls. They wound themselves into the necessary but unromantic offenders and walked slowly toward the bath.

Tallulah Bankhead swims in the most amazing costumes. Her favorite bathing suit is a pair of black pajamas. One morning she was splashing around in the pool in a white evening dress, giving her diamonds a bath at the same time, when a friend of hers appeared. Tallulah raised a heavily braceleted arm out of the water and with an elegant gesture said "Won't you join me in a plate of soup?"

KEY TO THE FIGHTER'S EYE VIEW ON PAGES 38, 39



1. Mae West
2. Robert Montgomery
3. Wallace Beery
4. Lupe Velez
5. & 6. Two pugs
7. Bert Wheeler
8. Joe E. Brown
9. "Tarzan" Weissmuller
10. Jack Oakie
11. James Cagney
12. Sylvia Sidney
13. Buster Keaton
14. Robt. Woolsey
15. Carole Lombard
16. Primo Carnera
17. Max Baer
18. Adrianne Ames
19. Lee Tracy
20. Edward G. Robinson
21. Greta Garbo
22. Jimmy Durante
23. Maurice Chevalier
24. Joan Blondell
25. Clark Gable
26. Ruby Keeler
27. Al Jolson
28. Walter Winchell
29. Groucho
30. Zeppo
31. Harpo
32. Chico
33. George Raft

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30x4.50-21		2.40	.85	31x4	2.95	.85
28x4.75-19		2.45	.95	32x4	2.95	.85
29x4.75-20		2.50	.95	33x4	2.95	.85
29x5.00-19		2.85	1.05	34x4	3.25	.85
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18		2.95	1.15	33x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.65
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15	All Other Sizes		
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15	WE WANT DEALERS		
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15			
32x6.00-20		3.45	1.25			
33x6.00-21		3.65	1.25			
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Corrective Eating Guild, MM-11
1926 Broadway New York City

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 69*)

No Stir

Why all the stir over Katharine Hepburn? She's a fairly good actress, but no better than the majority of stars. They like to call her "different" and glamorous but outside of an unusually homely face, I can see nothing extraordinary in her appearance.

As a matter of fact, I believe Hepburn's type is getting to be a drug on the market. Why can't we have a few honest-to-goodness, natural acting characters for a change? Sincerity and imagination are all the public demands.

Susan Pettengill,
South Bend, Indiana.

Incentive

This is not Greta Garbo writing to tell you how the movies taught her more about learning to speak English than a language course but another Swede trying to get on in the world.

When I came to America a few years ago I was scared to death because I didn't know enough English. I took a language course but it was too much for my square head, I guess, until I became a movie fan. You'd be surprised how quickly I learned to speak. The pictures were so interesting that I had to concentrate in order to follow the story.

Ay tank ay go to the movies!

Greta Lindstrom,
Delmar, New York.

Chinaman's Champion

Whenever we see a Chinese motion picture, it's always about the secret passage, the poison dagger or the silken cord about some lily-white throat. Isn't it about time these false traditions were obliterated?

After reading Pearl Buck's prize-winning novel which so truthfully portrays the Chinese characteristics, and talking with Americans who have lived in China, I have found that these sinister characters are only wild figments of some scenarist's imagination.

Besides my Chinese laundryman is the meekest man I know and the only dirty work he does is when he gets my weekly bundle.

The movies have corrected so many wrong impressions that I hope the next Who Flung Dung picture will depict the Chinaman in his true colors so that we can get a peaceful night's rest after the show, instead of imagining shuffling feet and a cold dagger at our throats.

James Mitchell,
Bedford, Virginia.

Turn About Is Fair Play

Doesn't anyone ever grow bored with this continual dearth of motion pictures taken from successful stage plays? Are writers and producers in Hollywood so lacking in creative ability that year after year they have to turn to Broadway for inspiration?

A good stage play is enjoyable theatrical fare, but it is seldom possible to transfer an opus intended for the footlights to the scope demanded by the screen. The piece merely becomes too much "talkie" and puts the little collection of paid customers to sleep in the air-cooled cinema cathedral.

The picture industry is too great to be obliged to merely reflect last season's successful plays. Why not make this year's triumphant motion picture next year's Broadway success?

Robert Downing,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Legitimate Adaptations

Thank Heavens, Hollywood has finally gone in for stage play adaptations in a large way. Capable stars need no longer be cast in mediocre films, now that there are so many perfectly splendid stage plays to select from. In the old "silent" days, diction could be good, bad or indifferent. Reversely, stage plays require perfect diction and clever dialogue. Thus stage plays with these attributes are sought, and the result—better talking pictures.

Dorothy Marion Ringer,
Tacoma, Washington.

More Variety

There is nothing any producer could do to make me attend movies oftener, except make more and better pictures as I love the theatre and go to the movies even when they are poor. However, I would like a little more variety on the menu. Hollywood seems to have a one-track mind. For instance, a jungle or circus picture brings in a big box-office return and immediately every producer stops in his tracks and makes animal pictures. The same thing happens with westerns, mysteries, and musicals. Why not vary them more? And how about some *good* comedies for a change?

Kathryn Bradford,
Dayton, Ohio.

Wants to Believe

I haven't "got religion" but I do go to the movies with the same mental attitude of those who go to revivals; i. e. *I want to believe.* I need more than mild exhortations to make me accept some things. For instance, there was Carole Lombard as a library assistant, rebuffing Clark Gable among the stacks with all the finesse of a dance hall hostess—and practically with the same rhetoric. And Joan Crawford singing a German song with a pronunciation that showed the German language had been picked up for a scene in "Possessed" . . . miscasting, says someone. Yes, because the movies, thanks to press-agentry have become such a terrifically personal art, that it's easy to miscast. But on the other hand, we always find Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Alison Skipworth or Robert Montgomery credible, however they're cast. Can they be better actors? Or is it heresy, a sort of atheism of the movie fan, to speak of acting when the shape of an eyebrow, a marital experiment, a lip make-up is of such exceeding importance? I'm confused; I suppose I'm not a true convert, but I repeat: I do want to believe.

Spencer Weeks,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gilbert - Garbo — Greatest of All Combines

Having definitely received the news that John Gilbert is to be co-starred once again with the magnetic Greta Garbo in her forthcoming M-G-M production of "Queen Christina" I decided to voice my opinion to the countless thousands of Gilbert fans.

The greatest box-office combination in the history of the cinema to be revived! Happy days are here again! Memories of "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs" flash before my mind once more. Handsome flashing Gilbert, a perfect foil for the beautiful, alluring Garbo. No matter what his present standing is, John Gilbert is really a great actor, and given a rôle worthy of his talent, he makes these so-called "shieks" of today, such as Gable and Brent and a dozen others, seem ridiculous.

Jim Monohan,
So. Lawrence, Mass.

Warm and Westerly

When Horace Greely said "Go West, young man," he had never seen a movie. He may have had some ideas about the future of our great country, but Mae West has some great ideas about our glorious past. How that girl can cause the convolutions of memory to unreel, and revive the smouldering embers of love's young dream, is simply a caution. Mae can simply carry the entire audience, young and old; the youngsters regret that they did not know our day, and we "old uns" are grateful for the glorious past.

Please tell Mae she has warmed the cockles of my heart.

Matthew Carney,
Newfields, N. H.

Incensed Against Censors

How much longer are we to be under the blue nosed censor rule? To have a film cut, snipped and hacked to pieces so that what might have been a true to life, logical story becomes something that resembles a jig-saw puzzle, with several pieces missing!

It seems to me that the average adult is capable of selecting his own movie fare. We resent anyone's deciding for us what we may or may not see.

The woman's clubs, too, it seems, spend more time looking for evil than in a more worthy pursuit.

Just let a star get into trouble, whether he be at fault or not, these clubwomen immediately pounce upon the unfortunate player, shrieking "Ban his pictures!"

If anyone has a right to ban anyone's pictures, it's the public that should decide, and not a narrow-minded circle of reformers who are far from perfect themselves.

A kick right where it will do the most good to these "holier than thou" hypocrites and a huge bouquet to the movies.

I. Hoffman,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Mae West's Life Story

(*Continued from page* 78)

didn't like me and I didn't like her.

"Now, I wasn't a hoodlum. I wasn't going to hurt her damn old house. But what did she do?—a few minutes after we arrived, I noticed one of those flower-bouquets under a glass bell that used to adorn what we called 'whatnots'. The shiny glass dome pleased me. I reached out a little hand—this was when I was about five——and stroked the pretty glass.

"Instantly, the old one began to scold. 'No, no, no, no—mustn't touch,' she snapped at me.

"I glared at her. Then, without a word, I stalked into the bedroom, got my own hat and coat and put them on, picked up my mother's hat and coat, strode back into the parlor and threw——yes THREW the hat and coat into my mother's lap. Then I walked out, stood by the front fence, and waited for her.

"Oh, what a commotion! My mother came running out. So did the two sisters. The younger one carried an orange and an apple. The older one *actually carried the flowers under glass and told me I could have it if I'd come back in!* But I wouldn't. Not even my mother's beggings changed my mind. And we had to leave. My mother came nearer to scolding me that day than ever in her life, I believe. Yet she didn't. But never again did she take me along when she went to visit that house.

"And so, there I was, emerging from babyhood into girlhood already well established as a hard-headed little miss who knew what she wanted—and got it. And then came a discovery.

"I discovered *sex . . . !*

"Oh, don't gasp. Don't imagine that this is going to be a Frank Harris type of confessional. What I mean is that I discovered boys were ever so much nicer playmates than girls, for quite a few reasons. For one thing, I found I could handle them easier and get my own way with them easier—by being nice to them sometimes, and sometimes not so nice.

"And I discovered, too, that boys in *long* pants were very, very much more interesting, for quite a few reasons, than boys in short pants. So I went for boys in long pants long before I was old enough to know what it was all about.

"And then came my first beau. You'll be surprised when I tell you who he was. At the time, he was just one of the boys in the neighborhood—one with long pants, though. Later, he became famous on the stage. I'll tell you about that.

"And I'll tell you, too, about that *nice* teacher I used to have—a man teacher—who used to keep me after school and let me sit on his knee—well, I used to think he was *such* a nice man, then. But if I'd known what I know now!" H'm-m-m. . . .

"And then, too, mixed in with this early day, quite non-understanding awareness of how interesting sex could be and how much a smart little girl could accomplish thereby, came also my step into the theatrical profession. Life became very, very interesting.

"C'm on, and let me tell you about it next month."

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The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He offers to send one for trial to the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today—also ask for full particulars on how you can get the Agency and without experience or capital make up to $90 a week. *Address:*
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"I WAS TRIED

Mrs. Jessie Costello's

Mrs. Jessie Costello, cuddling her three-year-old son, Bobbie, while in jail at Salem, Massachusetts, during her trial for the murder of her husband

"I HAVE spent five months of the last year in jail, in a desperate battle for my life. I had long days and nights to think; time to regret my folly; to see where I was wrong. And here, in the pages of TRUE STORY Magazine, I am tracing how my life was wrecked by a natural, human, impulsive indiscretion that perhaps some woman reading this may realize and be warned in time."

Whether it be the story of much publicized Jessie Costello or unknown Jessie Jones, a life story is a true story. Names are but labels that help identify the actors and actresses in the human drama being revealed. Many people unknown away from the family hearthside live through adventures so dramatic, so poignant, so utterly appealing that fiction is colorless by comparison. Such are the stories revealed in this magazine. Every story in TRUE STORY has an original in life.

DECEMBER TRUE

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FOR MURDER"

Own Story at Last!

MANY people may still persist in their private belief that Jessie Costello was guilty of the murder of her husband, despite the jury's verdict after a trial that lasted four weeks. The world is often unfair; perhaps more often than not. It is important to remember that a great bulk of the testimony was never published. Owing to its nature it was withheld from the newspapers and from the public. For that reason, if you followed the daily accounts of this woman's trial for her life, you read and knew but a minor portion of the full true story.

Now, in TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, in one of the most gripping life-true narratives that magazine has ever given its readers, Mrs. Costello reveals in her own words the whole story. It may confirm an opinion you already hold. It may cause you to alter your views. Either way, it will hold you absorbed to the last poignant word. Be sure to read, "I Was Tried for Murder," the greatest human document of the year, today. It's complete in December TRUE STORY, on sale wherever magazines are sold.

The jury visiting the modest home of Mrs. Costello in the little town of Peabody, Mass.

Edward McMahon, the policeman who claimed he had a secret love affair with Mrs. Costello, is here shown with his wife. This picture of McMahon, dubbed by the tabloids "the kiss-and-tell cop," is but one of the score of illustrations for this story

"My Common Law Marriage"

When Twenty Years Comes Back to Accuse a Man

If TRUE STORY did not hold in its files affidavits attesting the truth of this prize-winning story, it would be hard to believe that in daily life a prosperous business man could discover that the new maid in his home was his own daughter! Yet this is the case, and Roger Brown's revelation of this dramatic situation is another story to prove that truth is stranger than fiction.

"Why did you come here?" he asked the girl.

"I don't know exactly why, sir," she answered. "My grandmother said something about a debt owing us here that she was going to collect."

The figure of his first wife's mother rose before Roger Brown. Again he saw the burning hatred in her eyes. What terrible revenge was she preparing for him now? Read "My Common Law Marriage," in December TRUE STORY for the gripping revelation of the events that followed.

STORY DECEMBER

THE NEAREST NEWS STAND—15c

Shall I Divorce Him?

If You Are One of the Millions of Men and Women Who Are Considering Divorce - the Experience of Margaret Boutelier May Help You to Decide.

IF you are considering divorce, let Margaret Boutelier tell you her experiences as a divorcée. It will interest you tremendously and it may have a profound influence on your eventual decision.

When she married Eric Boutelier Margaret was very much in love. At first, in the glory of her love, his imperfections failed to register upon her consciousness. Later, as the novelty of marriage wore off, she realized that he was far from perfect. And still later she regretted bitterly that she had ever sacrificed her freedom for a man she felt was not worthy of the sacrifice.

The result was that, just as in the case of seventeen out of every hundred marriages, the Bouteliers secured a divorce and went their separate ways in search of happiness.

And now, years later, Margaret tells her experiences as a divorcée for the benefit of the millions of other men and women who, openly or secretly, look upon divorce as the solution of their gravest problem. Fearlessly, frankly, she bares her life, step by step from the night of her big "Liberty party" held immediately after her divorce was granted till today when, in the fullness of her years, she gazes at the world through disillusioned eyes.

Was the "freedom" she regained worth the price she paid to get it? And was it freedom after all? Did she find the happiness she sought? What of the two sweet children whose family life was torn apart? What of a hundred other things she failed to consider beforehand but which demanded consideration later? It's all a tremendous question worthy of long and careful thought.

Whether or not divorce is in your mind, read her story by all means. Not an argument for or against divorce but a powerfully impressive, deeply absorbing story by a normal woman who went through the divorce mill and who thinks that perhaps she personally made a mistake, it is perhaps the clearest, most convincing discussion of the problems attendant upon divorce that has yet been put in print. You will find it on page 24, Physical Culture for December—now on sale.

What Physical Culture Stands For

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet.

"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself.—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

Contents of the December Issue

Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden—Building Honesty Patterns in Our Children *by Mary A. Boncquet*—My Adventures with a Bad Heart *by Russell Coryell*—And Now the Sun Shines Every Night *by David Arnold Balch*—Divorce, My Big Mistake, *Anonymous*—Care of the Eyes *by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane*—My Fifty Years of Physical Culture *by Bernarr Macfadden*—I Married a Younger Man, *Anonymous*—Arthritis, the Devil's Torment *by Charles A. Clinton, M.D.*—What Our Young People Think About Petting *by One of Them*—My Starved Womanhood, *Anonymous*—The Body Beautiful—Young Sandow's Own Story *by Adolph E. Nordquest*—Baby Pictorial—My Child Has Such a Temper—Have You A Truth Mirror *by Carol Cameron*—Body Building at the P. C. Convention *by Wainwright Evans*—How To Choose Your Exercises *by Samuel Edwin Olmstead*—The New Law Will Enforce Food Standards *Says T. Swann Harding*—Here's a Better Holiday Dinner *by Jane Randolph*—How Much Bran *by Milo Hastings*—Foods that Lengthen Life and many other helpful features and departments.

Physical Culture

The Personal Problem Magazine

DECEMBER ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS, 15¢

CLEAN OUT YOUR KIDNEYS

Win Back Your Pep

Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.

A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor Kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

Dr. N. T. Abdou
New York Physician

New York Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. N. T. Abdou, New York, Licensed Physician and author of Medicine and Commerce, recently wrote the following letter:

"It has been my pleasure to make a study of the Cystex formula. This prescription impresses me as a sound combination of ingredients which should be of benefit to men and women troubled with night rising, putrefaction of the urine, aching back in the kidney region, painful joints or stiffness—due to insufficient activity of the kidneys or bladder. Such functional conditions often lead to indigestion, headaches, high blood pressure, rheumatic pains, lumbago and general exhaustion—and the use of Cystex in such cases should exert a very favorable influence. Within 15 minutes after taking Cystex the color of the urine is changed and the irritating excretions expelled."—Signed, N. T. Abdou, M. D.

Faded Home Decorations Made Just Like New

. . . JOHN HELD, Jr., *the Famous Artist, tells you how to save money on Curtains, Drapes, Table-Linens, etc., etc.*

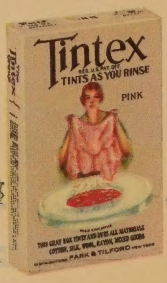
"WHAT makes a movie-actress a star? Personality! Writers describe it as 'color'.

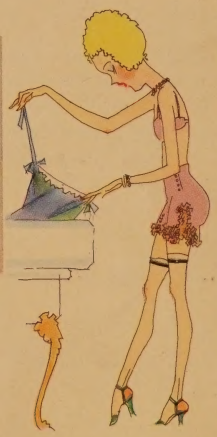
Rooms, too, can have personality. And here it is *actually* a question of color! Curtains and Drapes furnish the chief color-note for any room. If they are faded or drab, the entire room lacks charm and freshness.

Now, it isn't necessary to get extravagant and replace your faded home decorations. No indeed! Tintex will solve many of your color-problems for just a few cents—and a few minutes of your time. These famous Tints and Dyes quickly and easily restore original colors—or give different colors, if you wish—to all faded fabrics.

Start today—let Tintex make your faded curtains, drapes, table-linens, etc., as color-gay, as color-bright as the day you bought them!"

Don't hesitate to trust the flimsiest material to Tintex. It positively will not injure any fabric that water alone will not harm.





NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Everything in your wardrobe r sponds to the color-magic of Tinte Use it for faded dresses, negligee underthings, stockings, sweate coats, scarfs, etc. etc. Simple A-B-C. No muss, no fuss—a Tintex never streaks or spots.

Paris Color-Fashions . . . You can keep up-to-the-minute in color with the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors. Many of the season's newest colors will be found on the Tintex Color Card at your dealers. Others can be quickly and easily matched by combining two or more Tintex Colors. Buy Tintex — today — at drug and notion counters everywhere.

movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

10¢

JANUARY

JEAN HARLOW

1934

RUBY KEELER'S RULES for LOVE

★

CLARA BOW Discusses Those Divorce Rumors

12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

★MARIE DRESSLER
★JOHN BARRYMORE
★WALLACE BEERY
★JEAN HARLOW
★LIONEL BARRYMORE
★LEE TRACY
★EDMUND LOWE
★BILLIE BURKE
★MADGE EVANS ★KAREN MORLEY
★JEAN HERSHOLT ★PHILLIPS HOLMES

DINNER at 8

"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama . . . the fallen matinee idol . . . the millionaire's frivolous wife . . . the amorous doctor of the idle rich . . . stolen hours of romance . . . each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!

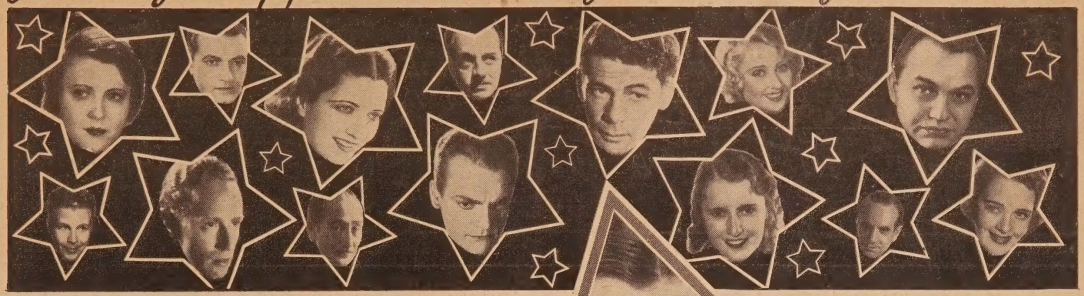
Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. From the Sam H. Harris stage play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & EDNA FERBER

Produced by David O. Selznick

Directed by George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER

Naturally...Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first laugh hit!...



Hilarity whoops across the seven seas as millions cheer the home-wrecking, girl-necking knave of the navy, Barnacle Brown the Sailor! Thrills by the dozen . . . beauties by the score . . . laughs by the hundred . . . and the one, only and original Joe E. Brown — another great favorite you see only in pictures made by Warner Bros.—"The *Star* Company"!

● *A First National Picture with Frank McHugh • Jean Muir • Thelma Todd • Johnny Mack Brown • Sheila Terry • Directed by Lloyd Bacon*

Joe. E. Brown in "SON OF A SAILOR"

movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

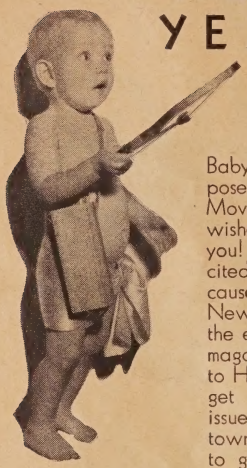
VOL. 5, NO. 2

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

JANUARY, 1934

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ JERRY ASHER ★ WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

HAPPY NEW YEAR !



Baby Le Roy posed for it but Movie Mirror wishes it to you! We're excited about it because just after New Year's day the editor of this magazine is going to Hollywood to get out each issue from Movietown itself. This to give you the newest news, the newest pictures even quicker and faster than we have been giving them to you so far, to try to make Movie Mirror the biggest and best magazine in its field, a magazine edited honestly and fairly and for your entertainment.

We'd like to take this opportunity to thank you readers who have more than doubled the circulation of Movie Mirror in the six months that it has been a proud member of the famous Macfadden Publications, and if you have any suggestions for improving Movie Mirror, just write them in. The editor will be delighted to receive them.

Watch for the newer, bigger Movie Mirror starting with our first-issue-from-Hollywood in February.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Clara Bow Discusses Those Divorce Rumors.....Harriet Parsons 12
The Best Story on Clara Ever Written

Ruby Keeler's Rules for Love.....Adele Whitely Fletcher 14

The True Love Story of Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot..Sonia Lee 16
It is Really Very Romantic

The Secret of Irene Dunne's Charm.....Nina Wilcox Putnam 32

There Are Happy Hollywood Marriages.....Sonia Lee 34
Mildred Lloyd Says You Must Be In Love. Neil Hamilton Says You've Got to Face Reality

The Ten Best—and the Ten Worst—Actors of 1933..Richard Watts, Jr. 36

The Best Luck is Hard Luck.....Wm. H. McKegg 38
That's What Richard Cromwell Proves

The Marriage Code of Lupe and Johnny.....Ellen Holmes 39

Hollywood's "Best Friends" at Arrowhead..... 40

Why Gloria Stuart is Living Alone.....Marion Mason 42

The Newest Threat to Garbo.....Charles Brock 43
She is the Very Temperamental Anna Sten

Flying Down to Rio..... 44

The Fraternity of Death.....Mary Sharon 50
It's Hollywood's Most Amazing Brotherhood

Mae West's Life Story—Part II.....Harry Lang 52

As Husbands Go.....Dorothy Emerson 54
The Exciting Story of Warner Baxter's Next Picture

I Won't Pretend About Anything.....Ben Maddox 64
Says Madge Evans—and Tells a Lot of Truths

Movie Mirror's Departments

Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle.....4
Tips on Talkies..... 6
Hot News..... 8
Cartoons.....11
Inside Stuff..... 26
Movies of the Month..... 46
Hollywood Fashions..... 58
Speak for Yourself..... 68

Exclusive Portraits

Florine McKinney..... 18
Dorothy Lee..... 19
Joan Crawford and Joel McCrea 20
Joan Crawford and Max Baer... 21
Lona Andre and Judith Allen.... 22
Peggy Shannon and Bruce Cabot.. 23
Joan Blondell and Marguerite Churchill 24
Ginger Rogers and Johnny Weissmuller 25

★

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

Lewis Carroll's

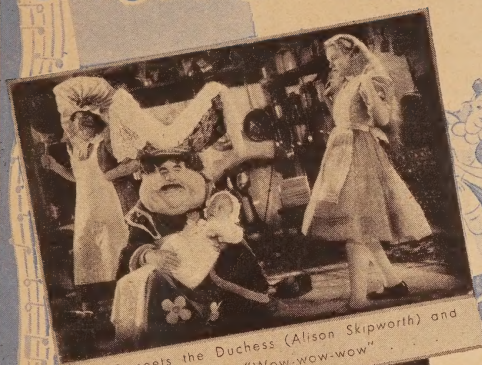
Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

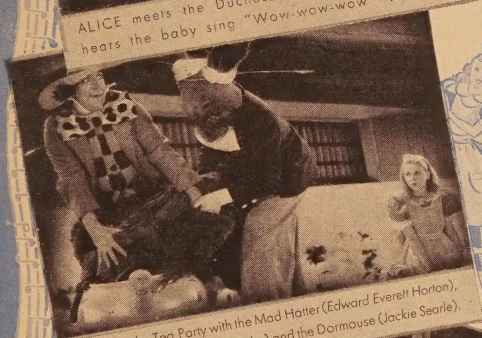
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod



ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow".



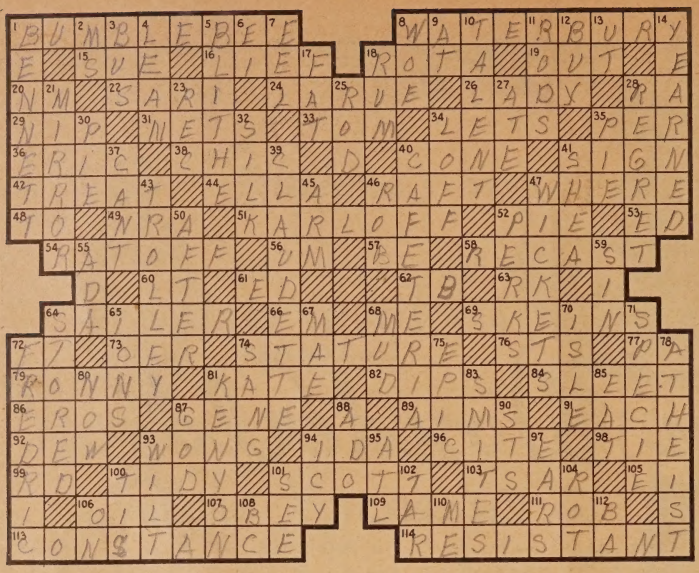
ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).

ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

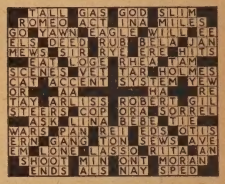
ALICE — Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle



Answer to Last Month's Puzzle


TALL GIAS GOD SLIM
ROMEO ACT INA MILES
GO YAWN EAGLE WILLIE
ELS DED RUB BELA JAN
MEWS STIR RYE ERE HITS
EAT LODE REALTAX
SENES VET TAR HOLMES
CAT ACCENT SYSTEM YEW
OR AA HAIRE
TAY ARLISS ROBERT GIL
SITEERS COP ORA SORREL
ASK LINA BEBE TIE
MARS PAN REL EDS OTIS
ERN GANG TON SEWS AVIE
EM LONE LASSO RITA AN
SHOOT MIN ONT MORAN
ENDS AILS NAY SPED

This month's puzzle contest is won by Eileen O'Neill, 9 Ericsson St., Belmont, Mass. Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best puzzle submitted during the month of October. Why not try your luck? Movie Mirror will pay $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before January first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Work this puzzle and see if you can create a better one. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ACROSS

1. A humming insect
8. Editor of our favorite movie magazine
15. She and Nick no longer care
16. Willingly
18. A roll or list
19. Three strikes and you're .....
20. A state (abbrev.)
22. You saw her in "A Lady's Profession"
24. Paramount's newest menace
26. Bette was an "Ex ....."
28. Sun god
29. To pinch
31. Used for catching fish
33. Tony's master
34. Allows
35. Through
36. Played in "The Silver Cord"
38. Stylish
40. Geometrical figure
41. To affix a signature to
42. What Harlow is to the eyes
44. Girl's name
46. Star of "Pick Up"
47. Adverb meaning from what place
48. Preposition
49. It will lick the depression
51. Star of "The Old Dark Horse"
52. Small boys love it
53. Lil's husband
54. He was splendid in "Sweepings"
56. That cute little Southerner (Initials)
57. To exist
58. To cast again
60. Army officer (abbrev.)
61. Editor (abbreviated)
62. Preposition
63. Comedian in "Today We Live" (Initials)
64. A vessel propelled by sails
66. Printer's measure
68. Personal pronoun
69. What yarn is done up in
72. A measure of length (abbrev.)
73. Over (poetic)
74. Height
76. Abbreviation of Saints
77. Ma's husband
79. The character Marie loved in "Emma"
81. Star of "Hello Everybody"
82. Inclines downwards
84. Hail or snow mingled with rain
86. God of Love
87. Boy with the platinum hair
89. Points at
91. Every
92. Small drops of moisture
93. That exotic Chinese star
94. Girl's name
96. To quote
98. To fasten
99. Road (abbrev.)
100. Neat
101. Star who resembles Gary
103. Title of former ruler of Russia
105. East Indies (abbrev.)
106. A smooth greasy liquid
107. To submit to authority
109. Crippled
111. To steal by force
113. Star of "Bed of Roses"
114. One that resists

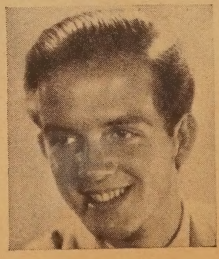
DOWN

1. Amy in "Little Women"
2. Master of Science
3. A public vehicle
4. Not fat
5. Joyous
6. Same as 105 Across
7. Snakelike fish
8. Sorrow
9. Preposition
10. What a star must have
11. Straight slender bars
12. To purchase
13. Note in Guido's scale
14. Longed for
17. Fleshy
18. An alcoholic liquor
21. Looking-glass
23. Receipt (abbrev.)
25. Vilma's husband
27. Consumed
28. Remorse
30. Pastry
32. Kind of material
34. Remember her in "King of Jazz"
35. See 30 down
37. Never say it
39. Her new bangs are cute
40. Where we sometimes eat
41. Her first name is Gloria
43. An electric car
45. To furnish with weapons
46. Man's nickname
47. Small gates or doors
50. Behind
52. Makes trim or smart
55. Boy's name
59. Iniquity
64. Put away
65. Electric molecules
67. Apple Annie
68. Slimy earth
70. A small island
71. Coin
72. Hero of "Tonight Is Ours"
74. Bing did this well in "College Humor"
75. Cavalcade was this
78. One who holds to atheism
80. At this moment
81. Pompadour in "Voltaire"
83. Strikes heavily
85. To devour
87. An idol
88. Fuss
90. Thoroughfares (abbrev.)
93. To fade
94. Frosty
95. Atlantic (abbrev.)
97. Organs of hearing
100. Contraction for "it is"
101. To perceive
102. A sailor
104. Decay
106. Upon
108. King of the Jungle (Initials)
110. Personal pronoun
112. Bachelor of Arts

1 DOWN

24 ACROSS

36 ACROSS



87 ACROSS

COME TAKE A JOY RIDE THROUGH THE SKY!

DOLORES DEL RIO

See this grand, breath-catching climax of all screen musical entertainments! . . . A picture that gaily spurns the earth and chases Folly among the stars!

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"

Heart-racing romance . . . so daring, so different . . . that your wildest dreams of a "music show" will come to enchanting fulfillment! . . . Thrilling stars, teasing tunes, delirious fun and gorgeous girls in scenes of ravishing beauty . . . The year's most exciting revel in the theatre bids you "Happy landing"!

with

DOLORES DEL RIO

GENE RAYMOND • RAUL ROULIEN

GINGER ROGERS • FRED ASTAIRE

Music by VINCENT YOUMANS

An RKO Radio Picture directed by Thornton Freeland

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

Louis Brock, Associate Producer

Hear these tantalizing songs: . . . "Music Makes Me" . . . "Orchids in the Moonlight" . . . and the new dance sensation that will soon be sweeping America . . . the hypnotising, compromising "Carioka"!

GENE RAYMOND

RAUL ROULIEN

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

It promises to be very swell, this "College Coach" with Dick Powell, in his first role away from musical comedy, Ann Dvorak and Lyle Talbot

tips on talkies

by DORA ALBERT

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

✓**Ann Vickers** (Radio)
Irene Dunne's performance overshadows everything else about this picture. She makes Ann intelligent, understandable, feminine. If you read Sinclair Lewis' book on which this is based, you may feel that the character has been sentimentalized too much, but still you'll thrill to Irene Dunne's performance. Beside it, the capable performances of Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot and even Edna May Oliver seem slightly pale.

☆

✓**Another Language** (M-G-M)
There's something real about this picture. You'll feel that the people in it are the kind of people you might conceivably know. It's the story of the conflict between a young woman and her interfering, domineering in-laws, who resent anyone who is not as dull and conventional as they are. Helen Hayes is grand in this rôle, though it doesn't give her very much emoting to do. Robert Montgomery is the rather weak young husband, and he plays his part well.

☆

✓**Beauty For Sale** (M-G-M)
A typical Faith Baldwin story, told against the background of a beauty parlor. The setting is gorgeous, the story obvious. It's about three girls, and what they do about the men in their lives. Florine McKinney is reckless; Una Merkel is practical and Madge Evans is romantic. Madge falls in love with a married man, and doesn't know what to do about it. The niftiest performance in the picture is given by Alice Brady as a tongue-wagging, poodle-petting, rather dizzy wife. Pretty smooth, too, is Otto Kruger's characterization of the husband.

☆

✓✓**Berkeley Square** (Lasky-Fox)
Here is one of the finest and most unusual screen pictures you ever saw. It's not an easy story to understand, because it deals with a lover whose great love transcends time. Born in the twentieth century, he goes back to the eighteenth century to pledge eternal devotion to the girl he loves. The magnificent acting of Leslie Howard makes this picture tremendously effective. There is fine work also by the supporting cast, including Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, and Betty Lawford.

Big Executive (Paramount)
A rather boring, rambling picture about a Wall Street man (Ricardo Cortez) who falls in love with his rival's daughter. The only redeeming thing about the picture is a vigorous performance by Richard Bennett.

☆

✓**Blind Adventure** (Radio)
Mystery and comedy well mixed, in the story of the adventures of an American girl caught in a London fog. A burglar comes to her assistance, and since the burglar is played by Roland Young, you can imagine where the comedy comes in. Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack are the love interest, and very nice, too.

☆

✓✓**Bowery, The** (20th Century)
You owe it to yourself to see this. It's a rich and lusty picture of the good old days of the Bowery. And what a cast! Wallace Beery as Chuck Connors, George Raft as Steve Brodie, Jackie Cooper, and Pert Kelton, that tough little egg who stole "Bed of Roses" from Connie Bennett. "The Bowery" has swell local color, atmosphere, and melodrama. It's as rowdy as a sailor on vacation.

☆

✓✓**Bombshell** (M-G-M)
An inside story of the workings of Hollywood, done to the tune of plenty of laughs that'll bring shekels to the box-office. It's a story of the private life of a movie star, with Jean Harlow playing a gal who dramatizes her life off and on the screen. If you follow the gossip in Movie Mirror, you'll know that plenty of the incidents in the picture are based on real happenings that still have Hollywood gasping. Lee Tracy is a roaring dynamo as a press agent who knows how to hit the front pages.

☆

✓**Brief Moment** (Columbia)
The story of what happens when a rich boy marries a cabaret girl. The plot isn't new, but still the picture's pretty entertaining, thanks to nice direction and to some sincere acting by Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond.

☆

✓✓**Broadway Thru A Keyhole** (20th Century)
This is the picture plotted by Walter Winchell, for which he received a punch in the nose from Al Jolson. Winchell has sworn that the picture isn't meant as an expose of Ruby Keeler's private life, but just the same the picture'll profit by all that advance publicity. Constance Cummings plays the rôle of the chorus girl who's loved by a racketeer. As the racketeer Paul

Personally Recommended

✓✓**Footlight Parade**
For those who like musicals.

✓✓**The Bowery**
An exciting and rowdy picture, with three marvelous performances by Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper.

✓✓**Berkeley Square**
For those who appreciate the finest, subtlest type of movie. This is exquisitely done.

The courtroom scene ✓✓**I'm No Angel**

Also

✓✓**Dinner At Eight**
✓✓**Lady For a Day**
✓✓**Morning Glory**
✓✓**Paddy, The Next Best Thing**
✓✓**Three-Cornered Moon**
✓✓**Tugboat Annie**

Why not send me your own list of double-check pictures that you would especially recommend if you were in my place? Send your list to me care of Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, and next month I'll let you know which pictures got the most votes from readers.

Kelley hits the audience like a load of dynamite. Altogether this picture packs a wallop like Jack Dempsey before he met Gene Tunney.

☆

✓✓Broadway To Hollywood (M-G-M)
For chuckles and laughs and sobs, this is pretty nearly A-1 entertainment. What makes it so is some grand direction and a series of beautiful performances by Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jackie Cooper and Madge Evans. The story is the heart-history of three generations of a theatrical family. It's told with a great deal of gusto and color and poignant emotion.

☆

✓Bureau of Missing Persons (Warners)
An inside story of the dramas that go on in the missing persons department of the police force. And you can bet that while it's fiction, the background is pretty authentic, for the story was written by Captain Ayers, of the Missing Persons Bureau of New York City. The drama revolves around Pat O'Brien, who plays a hard-boiled detective, Lewis Stone, the head of the bureau, and Bette Davis, a gal hunted for murder. The story has romance, comedy and drama. Could you ask for more?

☆

✓Charlie Chan's Greatest Case (Fox)
If you liked the other Charlie Chan films, you'll positively like this one. Charlie Chan, you remember, is the Chinese detective who scatters wise proverbs about while he goes about tracking down criminals. In this film, there are two murders for Charlie Chan (played by Warner Oland, of course) to solve. It's a thrilling, suspenseful mystery picture.

☆

✓Deluge (KBS)
Here indeed is a thrilling idea, to picture what would happen if the world came to an end. The picturization of that idea is magnificently done, starting with a mysterious eclipse and a world-wide earthquake. Then suddenly the whole thing goes flat with a trite story about the adventures of the survivors of the earthquake and the tidal waves that follow it. See the picture anyway for the thrilling stuff at the beginning.

☆

Devil's In Love, The (Fox)
A deadly bore. A young doctor, Victor Jory, is unjustly accused of murder and escapes to a distant corner of the world. Here he's shown doing his stuff against a Foreign Legion background. The rest of the story is concerned with his falling in love with Loretta Young, who turns out to be his best friend's gal. The story is so inane it's a waste of time to see this picture.

☆

✓✓Dinner At Eight (M-G-M)
Imagine Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Phillips Holmes and Lee Tracy all in one picture. Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow and Billie Burke give the best performances. Jean Harlow is a riot in a rôle which gives her some hot lines to put over—and does she put them over! The story's about a group of people gathered together by hostess Billie Burke for her dinner and about the hidden dramas in the lives of these people.

☆

✓✓Footlight Parade (Warners)
Another glamorous musical from Warners', which gave you "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933." This has all the elements which made the other two such smashes. It's full of song, laughter, dances, backstage intrigue, eye-filling chorus girls in whatnots and everything else you'd ask for in a musical comedy. The story's about a dance director, James Cagney, who almost goes mad thinking out new ideas for prologues, only to have them stolen by a spy in his own organization. The way that baby hoofs will give you new ideas about Jimmy. Also a treat are Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. Ruby particularly surpasses anything she has ever done before.

☆

✓Headline Shooter (Radio)
Here, at last, is a picture which glorifies the hazardous work of the newsreel photographers. It's noteworthy for its thrilling shots of actual catastrophes. Apart from the thrill shots, it would be just another love story of two men in love with the same girl—Ralph Bellamy and Bill Gargan both courting Frances Dee. But the work of newsreel cameramen has been exploited so little that this picture is worth seeing.

☆

✓Her First Mate (Universal)
What that team of Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts can do with a laugh-idea you already know or should know. Here they're grand, against a sort of nautical background. Slim is the last of a line of sea-captains; Zasu plays his wife. Slim gets tangled up with some rum-runners, and Zasu extricates him from the mess. With the help of Una Merkel, a swell comedienne herself, this great pair gets plenty of laughs.

☆

✓✓I'm No Angel (Paramount)
Another hot and sexy picture from the come-up-and-see-me-sometime girl, Mae West. It's full of double lines and innuendoes, which Mae West puts across through lips that are pashy and sensuous. This time Mae plays a girl who acts as lion tamer in a circus and who's a man tamer in her spare time. She sins with gusto and gets away with everything, finally winning her man, Cary Grant. The highlight of the picture is a courtroom scene where Mae West acts as her own attorney and cross-examines the men in her life.

☆

Ladies Must Love (Universal)
Call this "fair" if you want to and let it go at that. It's about a quartette of gold-diggers, and what happens when one of them falls in love. June Knight is the gal who falls, but this picture doesn't give her a chance to live up to the hat-cha ballyhoo she's been getting. She's just another screen girl in this. And this is just another pitcha.

☆

✓Midshipman Jack (Radio)
Bruce Cabot as a boy who gets into a jam at Annapolis taking the blame for another's misbehavior. Bruce has been coming right along at Radio since he stood out like a million dollars in "King Kong," but he isn't quite ready for stardom yet. Still, you'll get plenty of enjoyment out of this, and you'll love the local color of the Annapolis background. Oh, yes, there's love interest on the side. Betty Furness and Florence Lake are the feminine interest in this.

☆

✓Myrt and Marge (Universal)
A backstage musical comedy, with Myrt and Marge, the radio favorites, doing their stuff. If

(*Continued on page 96*)

HAPPENINGS IN HOLLYWOOD

The Passing Première—"I'm No Angel"

The Mae West Opening was the most spectacular event of the season! Shop windows on Hollywood Boulevard heralded it for days in advance by placing life-sized figures of Mae West in their windows, surrounded by gorgeous gowns obviously inspired by her. The whole town buzzed in anticipation of the event and fashion leaned toward her influence even more than usual.

Virginia Cherrill

Vive La West

Mae West—herself—was sheathed in a shimmering costume of beaded lace lavishly trimmed in white fox fur which also formed her large muff. Her necklace and earrings were of diamonds and a huge corsage of purple orchids dripped from one shoulder. It was HER night and she was worthy of it. (Picture on Page 53.)

Ida Lupino

There Was Romance, Too

Cary Grant brought Virginia Cherrill who is Hollywood's example of how very simply a pretty girl may dress and still be chic. Soft blue crêpe for her long gown and deeper blue velvet for a hip-length evening jacket. The sleeves were elbow-length and very full, but there was no fur or furbelows; no jewelry, no gadgets. She emphasizes her beauty by framing it in ultra-simplicity.

From Star to Star

Even Marlene Dietrich paid honor to Mae West that evening! She wore one of her famous Parisian creations and something very new in gloves. Soft black antelope to the wrist then close cuffs of mesh which serve as an ideal background for her many bracelets.

The Prodigal Daughter

Sylvia Sidney wore the most outstanding evening coat! Powder blue broadcloth made like a coachman's coat. Very long, with self-covered buttons way down the front but left unbuttoned half-way down where a white satin gown peeped out. A high neck with a little standing collar and noticeably dropped fullness in the sleeves which ended by nearly covering her hands. Her paleness was most appealing, set off by a brilliant lipstick and a corsage of orchids. Charming, indeed!

Sylvia Sidney

New But Noteworthy

Little Ida Lupino, Paramount's new English import, wore white. A long coat of crêpe with huge fox cuffs around the shoulders and more of the inevitable orchids . . . she is very cute!

By
MARQUIS
BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD: Last Minute News as MOVIE MIRROR goes to press: Has Cupid finally got Greta (Madam X) Garbo's name down in his book . . . the town would certainly like to know . . . 'twas Greta that put the final stamp of approval on Rouben (director) Mamoulian's new house . . . "Queen Christina" has been completed . . . but Garbo still sees her director veddy, veddy often . . . and, by the way, a Hollywood soothsayer predicts a brilliant marriage for the Swedish Bernhardt . . . and says that she will not leave these shores again for more than two years . . . wotta surprise it would be to everyone if Greta decided to middle-aisle it stop . . . this month's surprise marriage united Polly Moran with Martin (lawyer) Malone . . . it was a Las Vegas elopement . . . the blushing bridegroom is just 34 and handsome . . . "it'll be a hard blow to the sheep-herders in Australia" . . . "they're some of my best fans," sighed Polly . . . and Polly's old pal, William Haines wasn't let in on the secret of the elopement . . . Billy was that hurt about it stop . . . an old established firm is doing business again . . . Richard Dix has been out a-stepping with Lois (wholesome) Wilson . . . do you remember 'way back when everyone expected that romance to lead to the altar question mark . . . Ruthie Chatterton had a heckuva time learning to ride a bike at Palm Springs . . . George (hubby) Brent almost gave up hope . . . yup . . . the season is on at the flossy desert resort . . . from now until May there's where you'll find the stars over weekends stop.

In a lawsuit that came as a surprise to the colony Edwina Booth asks $1,000,000 from M-G-M . . . she asserts she was permanently injured while making "Trader Horn" in 1929 . . . she has been an invalid for two years . . . another case where fame has hardly been worth the price stop . . . glory continues to shower on Mae (wild flower) West . . . now she's been made a Kentucky Colonel . . . "I'll do right by the governor," drawls Mae. "He just wanted me to keep his troops under control" . . . Mae's next fillum will be a costume picture . . . locale is a Mississippi show boat of the ante-bellum period . . . many of the background scenes will be shot in New Orleans while Mae is personal appearing there . . . dandy break for Noo O'leans exclamation mark . . . there will be no more pictures for Dorothy Jordan until after that blessed event . . . she was withdrawn from the cast of "Wild Birds" stop . . . there's music in the air . . . and in your hair and teeth . . . all the studios are tuning up their piannys and song writers are eating three squares every day . . . now it's Lily (Metropolitan diva) Pons who will try the flicker art . . . Warners want Lily for "Maytime" . . . and M-G-M is offering "The Merry Widow" . . . Lily just CAN'T make up her mind . . . and do you wonder question mark . . . Max (big, bad) Baer is the man of the hour . . . his performance in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" is a zow-wowie . . . three studios have in bids for his services . . . Max, soul of modesty that he is, doesn't know whether to go on and be heavyweight champ or give Clark Gable a run for the money stop.

Good news for Norma Shearer fans . . . the Shearer returns to the screen in "Rip Tide" . . . and Robert (personality) Montgomery will play opposite . . . a good omen for both Norma and Bob have scored some of their greatest successes when cast in the same picture . . . Irving Thalberg will supervise . . . and you can bet it'll be good stop . . . Jimmy (Greek profile) Durante has been PUL-ENTY burned and has threatened a walkout . . . seems he was promised feature billing . . . and in the forthcoming Jack (radio) Pearl feature he plays just a bit stop . . . Russ (crooner) Columbo has a lot more feeling in his songs since he met Carole Lombard stop . . . the Clover Club is Hollywood's new favorite stay-out-all-night spot . . . and is it the last word in whoopee parlors exclamation mark . . . they do say that Laura La Plante and William (director) Seiter will tell the judge about it . . Laura's been in Europe for months and the only time Bill has heard from her was when she cabled for dough-re-mi stop . . . Marlene Dietrich is trying to start another new fad . . . she's wearing rings on the outside of her gloves . . . ho-hum exclamation mark . . . Mary Brian says she knows now what light-housekeeping is . . . she's moved into her new manse at Toluca Lake . . the furniture to date consists of one rug, one chair and one bed stop . . . interesting assignment for Bruce Cabot's first starring venture . . . he will portray Baron von Richtofen in "The Red Knight of Germany" . . . and it was an elopement to Carlsbad (New Mexico) for Bruce and Adrienne (new divorcee) Ames . . . Bruce wanted to be married in the little church he attended as a boy . . . and where his father was buried stop.

RKO is cashing in on the publicity on the Joel McCrea-Frances Dee marriage . . . both have been yanked from

all other pictures and will be co-starred in "Girl Meets Boy" . . . a hot Vina Delmar number . . . and there's a Hollywood tradition that co-starring married people is not only bad for the box office but bum for the marriage stop . . . quite a fire out at Joan Blondell's house . . . among other things her eyebrows got singed and the makeup man had to devise some fake ones until nature could take its course . . . and Joan has given up the fantastic idea of changing her professional name to Joan Barnes . . . it was good for lots of newspaper space while it lasted, though stop some more . . . Chico Marx called up the Hollywood Woman's Exchange and inquired what they'd give him for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite . . . aren't those Marx boys the mad ones question mark . . . 2000 people will go on location near Flagstaff, Arizona, for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" . . . that is the largest location crowd since "Beau Geste" stop.

When you see the bull-fighting scenes in "The Trumpet Blows" you needn't worry that they aren't authentic . . . none other than Jose Ortiz . . . immortalized by Ernest Hemingway in "Death in the Afternoon" . . . is teaching George (pash) Raft how to sling the bull . . . well, isn't that what it is question mark . . . Hollywood gets 'em all . . now Baby (damp) LeRoy has gone and got temperamental . . . he refused to join Dorothea Wieck in the bathtub . . . the scene called for a bath a-deux . . . but not for LeRoy . . . the durned fool exclamation mark . . . Marie Dressler is back at work after an elegant vacation in the east . . . she had a nice visit with President Roosevelt, too . . . this month Marie celebrates her sixty-second birthday . . . many happy returns, Marie, from all of us stop . . . there is a world of sentiment connected with Ramon Novarro's concert tour to Mexico . . his first appearance in the land below the Rio Grande will be in Durango . . . it will be Ramon's first visit to his birthplace in seventeen years stop . . . Wallace (cut-up) Ford steps forward with a swell simile . . . "as out of luck as a moth in a nudist colony" . . . or don't you care question mark.

By mutual consent the contract between Ronald Colman and Samuel Goldwyn has been abrogated . . . Colman will return to the screen with the new Twentieth Century company . . . it was Ronny's fondest dream to re-film "The Dark Angel" but Goldwyn has announced that it will be made with another man in the stellar spot . . . that wouldn't be by way of punishment, would it question mark . . . another near-historical character will be brought to the screen in "The World's Greatest Spender" . . . with George Bancroft portraying "Diamond Jim" Brady . . . they say "Diamond Jim" wore gem-studded galoshes . . . and if Hollywood hears about THAT you can look for a lavish rainy season out here stop . . . someone romps up on a bicycle and suggests Ed (fire chief) Wynn as Mae West's leading man . . . what with Ed's experience as a fire-fighter and everything, y'know stop . . . Norman Foster has been buying lunches for Heather Angel . . . and that should revive the annual Foster-Claudette Colbert divorce rumors stop . . . Little Maria Dietrich will step from the shadows of her bodyguards long enough to portray her own mother as a girl in "Scarlet Pageant" . . . Maria will appear as the child, Catharine, the Great stop . . . credit Marion (deluxe hostess) Davies with a swell sense of humor . . . someone asked her if they were trying to get Baby LeRoy for "Going Hollywood" . . . "Yes," answered Marion, "but he sent back the script: said there wasn't enough dialogue in it" stop . . . and they tell that Katharine Hepburn has 200 hats . . . each more fantastic than the other stop some more . . . Jean Harlow has decided she never WILL get to take that honeymoon . . . just as she was ready to sail for Honolulu the old appendix began cutting capers . . . she had to go to the hospital instead of the boat . . . too-oo ba-ad exclamation mark . . . two others on the sick list are Ann Harding and Fredric March . . they were attacked by ferocious "flu" bugs stop . . . well, they said it was a BEAUTY contest . . . four out of the fifteen beauty winners at Paramount answered, when asked what they liked to read, "books" . . . BRAINS had nothing to do with it, dearie, stop . . . Lee Tracy has asked for a leave of absence from M-G-M . . . he wants to go back to Noo Yawk and footlight it for a spell stop.

Stories have been going around town that the Hollywood Bowl is haunted . . . in the dead of night someone is reciting "Hamlet" up there . . . it's THAT spooky, too . . . now the secret is out . . . it's just John Barrymore testing out the acoustics . . . Jawn intends to give a mammoth production of "Hamlet" next summer . . . he still has all the props from his original stage production . . . he wants to give the scenery an airing before the moths chew it up stop . . . the next time Jack (sinister) La Rue wants to play a practical joke he won't pick on Lupe Velez . . . the other night, after the prizefights, Jack stepped up to Lupe's car . . . "stick

Did you think Dietrich had gone back to skirts. This is the way she first appeared in Hollywood, looking utterly clinging, but the next day on the Paramount lot, she wore a trouser suit, as shown

'em up," he growled, so-o cross-like . . . and before he could say Gustav von Seiffertitz Lupe had him covered with a gun . . . quick thinking was all that saved Jack from getting a bullet where it wouldn't do him much good stop . . . because Old Man River is acting up this time of year Universal has postponed its production of "Show Boat" until next summer . . . Norma Terris will probably play her original rôle of Magnolia stop . . . the Fifi D'Orsay-Maurice Hill romance has struck a snag . . . Hill expects to enter business in the orient . . . and Fifi likes Hollywood . . . what to do exclamation mark . . . Corinne Griffith is appearing on the stage in "Design For Living" . . . Washington, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago are the cities that will see the former screen star stop.

You needn't tell RKO that black cats are unlucky . . .

One of the loveliest romances in Hollywood culminates in marriage. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married October 20th just outside of New York City

the studio knows ALL about it . . . a black puss was needed for "Trigger" and just to be safe the company took three on location . . . the first night the cats listened to the call of the wild and all disappeared . . . half a day was spent in trying to find at least one of them . . . the delay cost $2000 but finally one feline was coaxed back stop . . . Robert Young plays opposite Janet Gaynor in "The House of Connelly" . . . and Janet who has had few close friends is now inseparable with Margaret ("Cavalcade") Lindsay stop . . . that was QUITE a shindig Clara Bow threw for the crew on her last picture . . . Clara danced with every man . . . and it was almost a-dawning before she made the rounds . . . the Brooklyn bon-fire will take a long rest on the Rex Bell ranch before she makes another picture . . . and did you know that Clara suffered from sinus all during the making of the film question mark . . . a near panic was narrowly avoided when the story got around town that Mae West was seriously ill . . . the billowy blonde was supposed to award the diamond-studded belt at the wrestling matches . . . Mae wasn't on hand and the story was that she was laid low . . . when the reporters finally got her on the phone Mae had an answer . . . "I've gone to bed for ten days . . . he gets the belt and I get the sleep . . . What's all the excitement" BIG question mark . . . not that it really matters but Ned Sparks says he knew "the lady known as Lou" when he was barnstorming up in Alaska . . . says she was a brunette with diamonds in her teeth . . . sounds like a swell, new screen type to us stop . . . are expecting Glenda Farrell and Robert Riskin to trip up the middle aisle at any time now stop again.

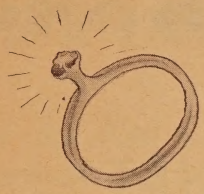
Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill have had an old-fashioned pfft . . . but then what's that old adage about the path of true love question mark . . . Fifi D'Orsay helped entertain at the M-G-M luncheon for Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson . . . and when Fifi entertains she ENTERTAINS . . . after her song she walked over and gave the Secretary a big kiss . . . he seemed to like the whole idea . . . and why not another question mark . . . interesting new romantic combine for "Night Bus" . . . Elissa (daughter of a Countess) Landi will be the recipient of Clark Gable's torrid love-making . . .

Three of the best pals on the Paramount lot are George Raft, Alison Skipworth and Carole Lombard

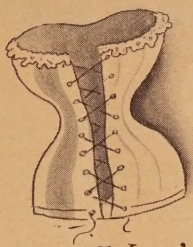
Elissa will also provide the love interest in "Man of Two Worlds," opposite Francis Lederer stop . . . Tullio Carminati seems to have become the official escort for Mary Pickford . . . with the Countess Frasso chaperoning . . . and when Katharine (the great) Hepburn completes "Trigger" she will see no more of Hollywood until June . . . Heppy will star in "The Lake" on the stage . . . her first picture upon her return will be "The Tudor Wench" and that's all for another month stop.

THINGS the WORLD'S FAIR OVERLOOKED

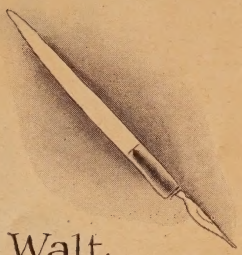
by Mac Miller



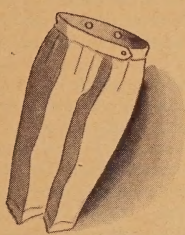
Peggy Hopkins Joyce's first engagement ring



Mae West's corset

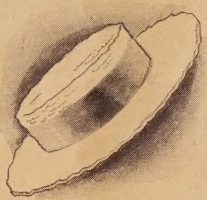


Walt Disney's Pen

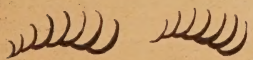


Marlene Dietrich's first long pants

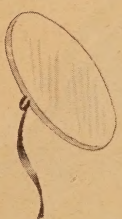
Will Rogers' chewing gum



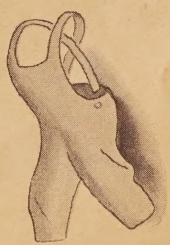
M. Chevalier's straw hat



Garbo's eye lashes



George Arliss' monocle



Hepburn's overalls

CLARA Discusses Those

by HARRIET PARSONS

"THE minute I see the first sign that my public doesn't want me any longer I'll retire. People tell me I'm crazy to talk about quitting when I'm only 27. Well, maybe I am. But I want to stop while they still want me. I want to quit at the top—not at the bottom of the scale.

"I've been criticized because I won't cut my salary. I get $75,000 a picture and $25,000 more if the picture grosses over a certain amount. Here's how I feel—the minute I can't get $75,000 it's because I'm not worth it. And when I'm not worth that much any more it's because the public is beginning to tire of me. Then it's time for me to quit.

"Whether that time is here or not I won't know till "Hoopla" is released and I see how the fans take it. Until then I'm not going to make any definite decision about the future. If they still want me after "Hoopla" I'll make another picture provided I can find a good enough story."

The one and only Clara Bow speaking. Clara in bright green dress, snappy brimmed felt hat and smart fur jacket, curled up in a chair in her dressing room on the Fox lot. They've been saying that Clara is at the crossroads both of her marriage and of her career. Rumors of retirement and rumors of divorce have both been rife. I had asked Clara to tell me the truth about those rumors and she was doing her best to be scrupulously honest with me—and with herself.

For almost an hour the words came tumbling out. In her eagerness to be completely truthful with me she was thinking out loud, examining each statement carefully to be sure she was expressing exactly how she felt.

"I want to make you see just how I feel, Harriet," she told me anxiously. "I haven't said these things to anyone else because I've been afraid I'd be accused of acting. You see I can't just say I'm going to do this or I'm going to do that because there are so many angles. My future plans depend on so many things. But I'll tell you the best I can what I want to do and why.

"What I really want most of all is

Clara has a flair for living, a genius of unconsciously making herself front page news

Bow Divorce Rumors

For the First Time and With Startling Frankness and Sincerity the IT Girl Answers the Questions Hollywood Has Been Asking About Her

to make one really great picture before I retire. I've had a lot of successes but I've never made a picture that was really great—really important. I want to do it for two reasons: to justify those who stick up for me and believe I can reach heights as an actress which I've never had a chance to reach; and to show those who say 'well, what's she ever really done?' I know I can do it if I can just find the proper story.

"People say to me 'why don't you go ahead and clean up all the money you can? What do you care if a picture isn't the best as long as you're getting your money?' Maybe I'm crazy but I can't do that. My public has been loyal to me and I owe them something in return.

"On the other hand maybe I ought to do it. I have so many dependents and they're all poor. Maybe I owe it to them to cash in while I can. It's not as if I'm so wealthy I feel I can tell pictures to go to the devil. I'm not. I'd like to travel all over the world—but I don't feel that I can afford it. Of course I have my trust fund, but I don't want to touch the principal and the income is just enough to keep me and my dependents in comfort. If I were willing to grab every big offer that comes along I could be rich. But somehow I can't do that if it means betraying my public. I'd rather wait indefinitely for the right story."

You can see why Clara has hesitated to say these things for publication. They sound like the conventional, old-fashioned hooey. All that stuff about "duty to my public." But if you'll think back over Clara's life and career you'll know she means them. She's proved that. Just stop and recall the two years that Clara was off the screen. Offers—some of them for fantastic sums—came pouring in. Hardly a day passed but what she was reported as considering some new project. Earl Carroll wanted her for the Vanities, Ziegfeld wanted to build a show around her, the Shuberts wanted her. Huge sums were guaranteed her for personal appearances. (*Continued on page* 80)

Rex Bell loved Clara Bow when she was friendless and alone. Today both he and Clara face a difficult situation

Ruby

In this, the Finest Story we've ever seen on Ruby Keeler, You'll find a Secret to Guide All Girls who want to live Happily Ever After

By **Adele Whitely Fletcher**

THEY'LL tell you Ruby Keeler is Sweet Young Innocence, that of all the girls on the screen she's the most unspoiled. They'll tell you how Ruby places far more importance upon Al Jolson's career than she does upon her own.

They're right. As far as they go. The trouble, in my opinion, is that they don't go nearly far enough. They never mention all the other things Ruby is. They never tell you how, whether it's New York or Hollywood, Ruby is the wisest girl in town.

Ruby knows what it's all about. Ruby's been places. She's seen things.

When Ruby began dancing from midnight until dawn in the gay night clubs she was little more than a child. Her mother used to wait for her upstairs in the dressing-room.

For three years or more Ruby saw very little of the sun. Except as it filtered into the long narrow streets down which she walked at five o'clock in the morning on her way home. Sundays it was with New York's pale-faced night workers . . . with scrubwomen, newspapermen and musicians, with telephone operators, watchmen and printers . . . that Ruby slipped into church to hear mass before going home to bed.

Ruby became accustomed to seeing a man sitting at a ring-side table with his wife one night and with somebody else's wife or a girl whose eyes turned hard when he looked away the night following. She listened to the stories of other girls who danced in those clubs when they would come running upstairs, thrilled to death, because this man or that had promised to get them in the movies. And she marked that while not one of these girls ever got into the movies that several of them got into other things. Difficult sordid things for the most part.

However Ruby was young enough not to be affected by all of this, to see it, to profit by it, but to accept it for exactly what it was, a phase of life which, fortunately, had nothing to do with the warm, safe little orbit in which she belonged. To Ruby dancing in that night club meant one thing—forty-five dollars a week which the Keeler family could use very nicely. Which alleviated worry. Which brought little luxuries. A new lamp. A new rug. And finally, supplemented by a salary from a chorus job a little house on Long Island. And a family car.

"You learn a lot working in night-clubs," Ruby says. "I know some people feel this sort of life is too great a temptation for a young girl." She smiled, with her eyes, the way she does. "That's true sometimes, of course," she granted, "but more often it steers a girl in the other direction, away from the so called gay life."

TELEPHONING Ruby a few days previously I had had an unusual experience. Ruby is, after all, a star in the ascendancy. From stars in the ascendancy I've come to expect a pretty definite pattern. They stop at whatever hotel is enjoying a smart vogue at that moment, these rising stars. And always it is a maid who answers the phone. A vague maid, who "really cawn't say when Moddom will return. Maybe at seven. And who is calling, please?"

Ruby was living with her family in a little Long Island suburb. It was her sister, minus one detectable affectation, who answered the 'phone. "Mama," I heard her call, "when's Ruby coming home?"

And it was several days later that I saw Ruby in this house of her family's, in a little brick house that stands in a row on a street very proud of its little square gardens, its young trees, its shining curtained windows and the polished

Keeler's RULES for LOVE

knockers on its doors. A homey, unpretentious place.

"When Al had to go back to California, I came here," Ruby told me. "It's fun being home again, gossiping in bed over a cup of cocoa with Gertrude or Helen or Anna May. Looking after Margie.

"My brother Bill's married. But evenings he and his wife drop in."

That night all the Keelers were going around the corner to a church bazaar. Their particular interest was the booth the choir boys were to have. Naturally enough, considering the number of young girls there are in the family.

In no hotel, however grand it might be, would Ruby know the warm little currents which lap around her at home. While we talked rain spattered against the living-room windows. Above us in the front bed-room we could hear "Mama and the girls." There was a glimpse through the kitchen door of a comfortable looking maid testing with a straw a cake just taken from the oven. Under the bright lights of the dining-room chandelier Anna May looked after Ruby's fan mail. The big table was strewn with letters, photographs, mailers and all the other paraphernalia.

ANNA MAY, obviously, is Ruby's special charge. Anna May isn't well. Winters she cannot remain North. Always she's under doctors' care. Lately, however, because of the specialists to whom Ruby has sent her, because of the weeks of observation in the hospital which Ruby arranged she is somewhat improved.

Ruby twisted the large rectangular diamond she wears over her wedding ring. To remind me of all the things both Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard said when she and Al Jolson married. Neither street, hard-boiled as both of them are, ever has had anything but praise and surprise for Ruby. (Which makes her unique!) But both streets showed surprise that Al married her, that he hadn't married a more sensational figure, a more spectacular person.

In view of all this and the happiness he and Ruby have known during the last five years I was decidedly curious to know what Ruby thought about love, if in this relationship too she managed to be simple and straightforward and completely honest.

Ruby met Al Jolson the summer she and Mary Crawford went to California to visit Mary's family at Long Beach. Ruby and Mary had worked (*Continued on page 76*)

Ruby has one great gift which protects her against the temptations of fame and makes her know what is the greatest thing in life

At Last It Can Be Told - - -

The TRUE LOVE STORY of Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot

AN airplane hurtled through a star-studded sky. Adrienne Ames—her Reno divorce from Stephen Ames only hours old—was flying to Carlsbad, New Mexico, to meet Bruce Cabot and to marry him in the church where his parents were married and from which they were buried.

And this marriage is a culmination of a love too deep for subterfuge; too forthright for camouflage and compromise.

Adrienne and Bruce had met while making a picture together on the Columbia lot, on loan from their own studios. Adrienne had been publicized as an indulged, as a happy wife. Bruce was a man whom few knew—who rarely participated in the gay activities of the film colony. Between this girl accustomed to luxury and to social position and this silent, this bitter boy, grew a love beyond understanding, beyond analysis. It was sudden and frightening. An electric something which made contact.

They knew that their love jeopardized their fledgling, their promising careers. There was the constant menace of public opinion. What would be the reaction of Adrienne's fans to a divorce from a husband who had been glorified? Would Bruce's career suffer from this marriage?

Neither one of them cared very much. They were willing to gamble with Fame for Love!

Adrienne might have followed the Hollywood fashion of announcing a termination of her marriage with expressions of friendship and devotion to her husband. She might have given the varying interests of herself and Stephen as an excuse for the divorce. She might have subscribed to the curious Hollywood code which prohibits a divorce for the normal, the natural reason that love has died. She did none of these things. She chose the path of courage—and announced that she was divorcing Stephen because she loved Bruce.

From the very first Hollywood was aware of the ardor existing between Bruce and Adrienne. They were seen everywhere together—engrossed in each other—oblivious to all others present. And the town for some singular cause, was not in sympathy with this love—and sat back and speculated.

When Stephen Ames came to the Coast on one of his periodic trips, Adrienne and Bruce told him of their love. Bruce offered to go away to permit the girl to search her own heart. But she was sure. She knew that her love for Stephen had long ago evaporated. That only a feeling of gratitude had made the marriage continue. And gratitude cannot sustain marriage indefinitely. Adrienne was certain that in Bruce she had found the man who could make her completely happy. She realized that they complemented each other perfectly.

She and Bruce had similar tastes, similar needs, similar desires and likes and dislikes. Their reactions and attitudes coincided. And Adrienne, who had always been repressed—who had been afraid of her own emotions, her own keen appetites for the joys of living—found herself anew in this companionship.

A divorce was arranged. Certain financial considerations were amicably settled. And Adrienne left for Reno.

During the six weeks of her residence there, never a night passed that Bruce didn't call her—long telephone conversations lasting an hour or more. Flowers. Telegrams. All the graceful gestures which a lover makes Bruce made. And they waited impatiently for the time when they could marry.

A hasty elopement was not for them. But rather the dignified, the solemn ceremony in surroundings with tender memories which sanctifies marriage. And so they chose Carlsbad, New Mexico, where Bruce's parents had lived, where they had died. Bruce's uncle and aunt and Adrienne's sister Linda, were the only ones present.

The night before Bruce left Hollywood to drive fifteen hundred miles to meet Adrienne, he discussed their marriage and their plans and their philosophies.

"Adrienne and I have proven our love for each other through a difficult, through a tempestuous six months," he declared. "We didn't want to care for each other. But it seemed inevitable. It was destined. And now I have only one purpose in life, and that is to make Adrienne happy.

"We might have done what others in Hollywood have done. We might have waited to marry to satisfy Hollywood. We might have hidden our love. But Hollywood, in reality, cares very little about any one. And we couldn't see why we should sacrifice one moment of our life together for the sake of a lot of people who wouldn't know us if tomorrow we were no longer successful.

"Neither Adrienne nor I am dependent on other people for our happiness. We aren't fond of mobs around us constantly. We like to do the simple things. To us, a day in the sun is the ultimate contentment. I have never gone in for the social racket. In the (*Continued on page 75*)

AS TOLD TO SONIA LEE

Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, the lovers who defied the world now Mr. and Mrs. Cabot

Sex Appeal

It comes to Hollywood in various ways. The girls have it. So have the boys. If they haven't, they're out. For it's the most valuable, most bothersome, most box-office quality any star can have. Look at the picture on this and the following seven pages and let it make a hit with you.

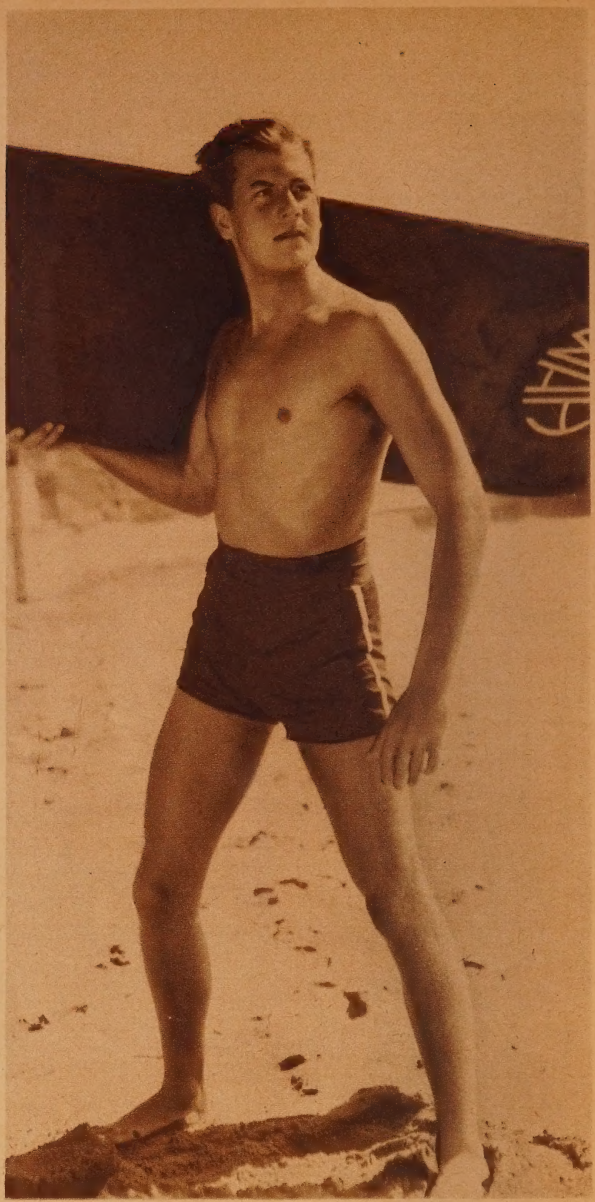
The cute number on this page is Florine McKinney out of Fort Worth, Texas by M-G-M and shortly to be seen in "The Hollywood Party"

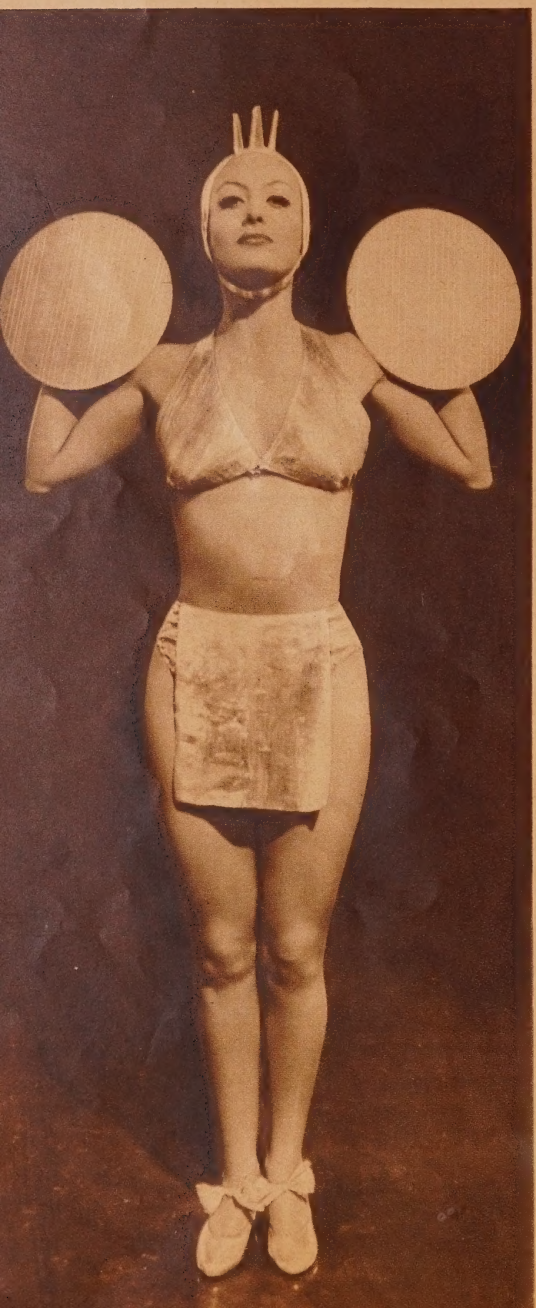
DOROTHY LEE

A pocket Venus. Born in Los Angeles but had to come to New York to make good enough to get signed to go back to Los Angeles and pictures. She started with RKO and is still there. Is five feet three, one hundred and six pounds, is somewhere around twenty-one and has been married three times

Joel McCrea

Biceps and brains! So handsome ladies swoon (and Joel never notices unless the lady is Frances Dee). Should have been ruined by flattery but laughs it off. Most certainly could have been one of the great romance boys. Preferred to get quietly married. Joel is an extra swell person





Joan

Is this sex appeal or is this sex appeal? This is the one and only Crawford photographed on the set of "Dancing Lady" (and just for Movie Mirror if you will forgive our boasting). Just imagine looking like this and being able to act, and to sing, and to be a great big success

Max Baer

What an addition to the Hollywood heavens!

Oh, Boy! Six feet two and a half of him, two hundred and ten pounds of what it takes! Runner-up for the title of world's champion, he's no runner-up on stardom. He's made it in one picture "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Go see it and thrill!

Crawford

Another side of Joan Crawford. (She is a many sided young thing and beautiful from every angle.) She maintains this beautiful chassis by careful eating, daily exercise and hard, hard work. Then she has the good fortune to have the right face to go with such a figure. Lucky gel!

Judith Allen

Cecil B. DeMille discovered her. He picked her because of the innocence of her eyes. It was rather a shock when she turned out to be a wrestler's ex-wife. But it did prove the girl was a good actress. Judith has true dramatic fire and very good looking legs

Lona Andre

Her real name is Luana Anderson. She is a good cook but hates egg plant. She is very Southern, from Nashville. She was a sub-Panther Woman in Paramount's contest. That's how she got her contract. She just spurned Jimmy Dunn and right at the altar, too

Peggy Shannon

A red-head and, as you might surmise, plenty Irish. Regular, de-luxe chorus girl legs. A bathing suit figure and a love song voice. Got off to a bad start by being called a second Clara Bow. Isn't second anything. Currently working for Columbia in "Fury of the Jungle"

Bruce Cabot

He is the only one of the "Gable imitators" who has amounted to anything, and packs the same sort of wallop. Comes from a grand family—not the Cabots—but had a hard time making his way. Is now set for stardom, married to lovely Adrienne Ames, and very happy

Joan Blondell

Acts hard-boiled and is a real moonlight-and-roses romantic. Literally adores her husband, George Barnes. Her figure is plenty cute and she thinks her "average" face, not too beautiful, is the secret of her success. Is very regular and climbing right along

Marguerite Churchill

Two years ago producers said Marguerite Churchill didn't have enough sex appeal. She returned East, scored a big hit in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight" and married George O'Brien. Look at the girl now. Looks like That Certain Something, all right

Johnny Weissmuller

You know him—he's Tarzan. The only athlete who isn't all covered with muscles. A professional swimmer he got his picture break because of his graceful way of jumping out of trees! Much more than six feet, around two hundred pounds, a kid at heart, very much okay

Ginger Rogers

Even cuter than her name. Can sing, can dance, can act, has red hair and goes places with Lew Ayres. Good in the drama but particularly adorns screen musical comedies. She used to be quite hefty, but reduced and has one of the prettiest mouths in all Hollywood

INSIDE

by PETER

with Photographs

On the Hollywood Merry - go - Round: Madge Evans and Russell Hardy cook their own luncheon at the Assistance League

First National gives a party (that's Warner Bros. really) and naturally Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Joe E. Brown attend

Mrs. George Hearst (it's she the sheik of the screen is beaming on) gives a party and the Gables are among the important guests

THIS could only happen in Hollywood. Clark Gable announced he was going hunting for cougars as soon as he finished work on "Dancing Lady." Several days after completion, the studio discovered they needed Clark for added scenes. Telegrams, messages and long-distance calls were sent to every available spot where a cougar might be hanging out. After thirty-six hours of frantic searching, Clark was finally located. He was right at home in Brentwood, the last place the studio thought to call.

Here's one in favor of Jack LaRue. Success to him didn't mean moving alone in some isolated spot or hiding away by the seashore. To the contrary, with each new option Jack has sent for additional members of his family. Up to date there are five sisters, a nephew and a mother in Hollywood. They all live with him and he takes turns bringing them to the studio and showing them the sights.

All was quiet on the Hollywood front until the four Marx Brothers suddenly were seen driving madly down the main boulevard. "What's all the excitement?" asked a cop, as he stopped them at a corner. "We just read that you can get hair cuts in Agua Caliente for 28 cents," answered Harpo. "We want to get there before they're all gone."

Paramount's "Search for Beauty" winners have descended on Filmdom, forty of them from all over the world, and the bickering that goes on in this flickering League of Nations makes one feel like searching for a brickbat. One lucky girl said that she didn't really want to come to Hollywood and that she doesn't want to stay but since she didn't like the girl who won second place, she wouldn't give her the satisfaction of winning the trip. The next contest should be a "Search for Good Dispositions."

Peggy Fear's colored maid Irene was guest of honor at a party in Hollywood's Harlem. It was a formal affair done in the best Pickfair manner. Irene appeared in black velvet swishing a huge white chiffon handkerchief trimmed with black ostrich. Peggy Hopkins Joyce's maid was highly censured for asking for a drink of hard liquor; ladies of quality should sip nothing but punch in mixed society. Joan Crawford's dusky handmaiden was the sensation of the ball; she swept into the assembly carrying a muff of live gardenias. These virginal blooms seem to be a sort of trademark in the Crawford menage.

The romance of Paul Kelly who

STUFF

ABBOTT

Taken by HYMAN FINK

"comes back" in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," and Dorothy Mackay continues to blossom forth as a shining example of true love and devotion. Dorothy, who willingly gave up her career for that of being Mrs. Kelly, recently left for New York to close up the apartment there. When she returned, Paul was waiting to meet the train in Pasadena. The way they greeted each other told more than all the words in the dictionary combined.

The Marquis de la Falaise goes East. Connie Bennett sees him off—and Hollywood does a lot of wondering

Jean Harlow and Irving Thalberg of M-G-M pay their respects at the First National party. Producer and star, they're great friends

The Arlens and the Crosbys — Dick and Bing to you — had what they called a "baby dunking." The two young mothers called it a baptism

Poor Ann Harding! It seems she is destined for a watery career. Recently, while on location, she and little Dickie Moore were taking a fishing scene on the edge of a rickety wharf. Suddenly, without warning, Dickie plunged headlong into the water below. Quick as a flash, Ann was in after him. Too bad it wasn't in the script. At least the wardrobe department wouldn't have had to rush a new dress to the location.

Maybe this is one of the reasons why Bebe Daniels has remained a star for over ten years. Most actresses refuse to sacrifice their personal vanity for a rôle in pictures. But not so with Bebe. The first thing she did when cast as the secretary in "Counsellor At Law," was to have all her finger nails cut short. "Thousands of stenographers will see this picture—I hope," says Bebe. "My hands will be the first thing they will look at and I want to be convincing."

It was lunch time in Hollywood. It was also one of those freakish torrid days that sometimes do show up in late summer. The R-K-O Commissary looked much the same as any other studio restaurant. That is, it did until two dozen perspiring Eskimos from the Francis Lederer picture walked in, completely attired in fur outfits. Said Wheeler, taking one look and turning to Woolsey, "I've heard an awful lot about hot pants, but this is the first time I have ever seen them."

Sylvia has lost out. Mae West has a new masseuse who has taken Hollywood by the tissues. She asks for no diet, just an hour a day for two weeks, insisting on one treatment for an hour each day, hot or cold. And the gal gets results. At the moment she is whittling on Anna Sten.

Constance Bennett's bungalow at the United Artists Studio is a gaudy nest, pink, orchid, purple and white. Bill Haines is decorating it with an eye to the next Elk's Convention. Constance Cummings was looking for a bottle opener in her bungalow a few doors down the line from Bennett's

and could find none. She tried using light fixtures, door latches and table edges but none of them would scalp the beer bottles. Finally she said to her maid, "Go get an opener from Miss Bennett but hurry before Bill Haines gets a chance to put ruffles on it."

A producer was told that his star was on a tantrum. The producer scowled for a moment then issued this edict. "If she is, she vill pay for the horses."

They were taking a gymnasium scene for "Dancing Lady." Joan Crawford was supposed to swing across the room on the flying rings and kick Clark Gable, who was stooping over tying his shoe. They made several takes, each time Joan swinging too high or too low to kick Clark on that certain spot. Finally, after the fifth time, Joan made her goal. "I never thought anyone could miss that," said Clark, as he straightened up!

We can print this one now, but at the time we gave our solemn word of honor to the little chorus girl who told us this story, that we would wait until the picture was finished.

It was during the making of "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Jack Haskell, the dance director, was training the girls as if he had been used to handling a seal act. Finally, they couldn't stand it any longer.

They complained to Constance Cummings, who may, or may not have given them this idea. Anyway, the next day when it came time to do a water scene, they ganged up on Haskell and gave him a good dunking in the good old *aqua pura!* After that peace reigned, and a better time was had by all.

"Broadway Through a Keyhole" is being closely watched by Paramount. They want to see if Russ Columbo is any threat to their Bing Crosby.

This is a story of lucky breaks. Franchot Tone received the first one when Joan Crawford allowed him to take her dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. Joan Crawford received the second one when she heard Arthur Jarrett sing. But Jarrett himself received the third and biggest break when, after singing in "Dancing Lady" (at Joan's request) the studio presented him with a swell long-term contract!

Now that "The Prizefighter and the Lady" is in the w. k. bag, they tell a humorous story about Primo Carnera, who was brought to Hollywood to stage a screen battle with Max Baer. The Primo was supposed to leave on a certain plane, but when his manager arrived at the airport, he was nowhere in sight. Thinking he might have been delayed, the manager waited for the next plane. Still no Carnera. Finally in desperation, a long-distance call was placed. Primo's voice came over the wire saying he could not leave, because he had mislaid his fighting shorts. And an entire company was sitting with folded hands on the sound stage, while the overhead trickled merrily on into the thousands.

Countess Dorothy Frasso is most obliging. She is really becoming one of the ruling social queens of Hollywood's world, particularly now that she has taken a beautiful new house in Beverly Hills. Her dinner parties are romantic thermometers with Frasso at the top. At the opening of the Beverly Wilshire Gold Room, Cary Grant charmed at the boiling point, seated at the side of our New York royalty. Gary Cooper was placed way below freezing at the other end of the table. But so goes life. These sudden drops in temperature bring chills.

Harold Lloyd's two young daughters were sent to a private school in Cannes, France. It was decided that they would learn French more quickly there as none

of the other children in the school spoke English. Harold and Mildred went to St. Moritz for a few months, leaving the girls at the mercy of the French verbs. When the Lloyds senior returned Mildred rushed to school prepared to be dazzled by her children's linguistic talents. She walked in and found all the other children talking mangy English. Gloria was waltzed into a corner and questioned. She answered, "But mommy, it was so much easier for them to learn English than for us to study French."

Joan Bennett and Dorothy Rodgers looked up at a recent opening and thought they were looking in a mirror. Both girls were wearing the same model of a dress. What with the NRA and newly discovered senses of humor in Hollywood, they both laughed and went on about their dancing. But there was a time when such an event was a major tragedy. At a Mayfair party a few years back Pola Negri strutted into the ball room with the air of a court presentation minus the fanfare of trumpets and found Bebe Daniels in the same expensive original though Pola had gone one better and wound a silver turban around her head. Pola was done for the evening. She had her table moved to a far corner by a screen and didn't move the remainder of the evening. Poor guy that spent twenty dollars to sit in a corner. Incidentally, Pola has just completed a French picture to be released in this country, and is in New York rehearsing a new play. Another time Dorothy Mackaill and Alice White wore the same model of a gold sequin coat to a Chinese Theatre opening. Mackaill saw Alice from her car window and being a quick thinking gal, she yanked off the coat, turned it inside-out and marched into the theatre in a black velvet coat lined with glittering gold sequins.

A sight only seen in Hollywood. Driving up to his house in Beverly Hills early one morning, a slightly boiled husband looked up and saw an elephant standing in his front door with "Happy Birthday" painted in white on his side. The drunk was prepared to give himself over to the Keeley Cure until he got in the house and found that his wife had rented the front lawn to a moving picture company. The wandering husband is glued to his own fireside till his confidence returns.

Yes, Constance Bennett hates football. In fact, she can't even stand to talk about it! She agreed to work a while on a Saturday evening so the rest of the company could go to the game. At the last minute Gilbert Roland persuaded her to go too. That night, Connie was so hoarse from shouting she couldn't say her lines over the microphone. But she still insists she doesn't like football!

By the time you read this, she may be well on her way to stardom. We mean the beautiful and talented young daughter of Mrs. Clark Gable. On a visit to the Gable home, L. B. Mayer, studio executive, saw the young lady's picture and insisted on giving her a test. Hollywood is such a paradoxical town. Wouldn't it be funny if Clark's next leading lady turned out to be his stepdaughter?

Five minutes after Katharine Hepburn gave the okay on Robert Young as her leading man—and is that young man stepping right up into the front ranks of talented players—the studio had him on the 'phone.

"Can you get a heavy suntan over the week-end, to play this part?" they asked him.

"And how!" rejoiced Bob. But he didn't figure on the weather man. Undaunted, he went up to a doctor's office and acquired the same results under the strong violet ray lamps. Monday morning found him all

The current excitement of movietown is the formation of the Film Actors' Guild, purpose being to have the actors, not the producers, work out their own NRA code. Here you catch the boys snd girls in conference —across the page, Bob Montgomery talking to Miriam Hopkins; Mary Astor using Paul Muni's back as a desk; at bottom, the executive committee with Ann Harding, Ralph Morgan, Lee Tracy, Eddie Cantor and others; above, Jeanette MacDonald and George Bancroft; and below, another committee with Raft, Oland, March, Menjou, a Marx brother, and a Cagney brother, Jimmy

tanned and smiling as he faced the Hepburn for his first scene.

If you want to know what they think of Irene Dunne over on the RKO lot, just ask the boys in the Publicity Office. While visiting in the east, Irene affixed her signature to a new long-term contract. She sent but one telegram to the studio—and that was to the Publicity Department. "Am happy to tell you I'm going to be with you boys for another year," it read. And for your own information, Irene, the boys are just as pleased as you are.

Maybe this really didn't happen—but it still goes to make for a good story! It seems that Katharine Hepburn shocked the studio by wearing a pair of riding trousers instead of the customary blue dungarees. Someone saw her walking into the executive building with a bundle under her arm. When they made inquiries, Katie informed them that she was having her overalls kept in the safe where she could find them when she wanted them. (Last time, Lowell Sherman stole them and had them framed under glass!)

There's been so much chatter that Myrna Loy isn't glamorous off screen that we publish this snap of her at home to prove how wrong that is!

Here's the Baron Munchausen of radio fame, otherwise Mr. Jack Pearl, and Mrs. Pearl attending the Hollywood opening of Ed Wynn's picture

Call this what you want, but the fact still remains that Director Rouben Mamoulian is capable of being pa-lenty thrilled by the performance of one, Greta Garbo. Sitting in the projection room seeing some of the rushes on "Queen Christina," Mamoulian suddenly jumped to his feet as one particularly beautiful closeup came on the screen. "Look at that face," he cried. "She looks like a young Napoleon!"

Will Rogers tells the story about the man who went to the police station and complained about a car that had been following him all over town. An officer investigated and found two drunks in back of the wheel. "Whazza big idea following this man all night long?" demanded the cop. "Following him?" repeated the first drunk in surprised tones. "We thought we wash bein' towed," answered the second.

They're testing Jackie Saunders out at M-G-M these days. Remember her in the good old days when Henry King directed her in Balboa Films, made in Long Beach? Wonder if Jackie has an eye on the Mae West-Blossom Seely spoils?

Neighbors of the Laemmles heard a strange wailing sound wafted over the exclusive Beverly Hills on Sunday. Curiosity got the better of good breeding and the Peeping Toms got down to business. The howling turned out to be a bagpipe player blowing his life away on the Laemmle front lawn. Just how the Laemmles and the Scotchman got together is the reigning mystery.

The day before Bobbe Arnst's birthday, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller stole all the available headlines by eloping to Las Vegas, where they purchased a marriage license. If Bobbe's heart is heavy, she's trying to hide her feelings and incidentally make a living for herself, by acting as hostess in a new Hollywood night club. Just before she cut her birthday cake, a wire came telling Bobbe her mother was in a New York hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown. Bobbe went through the party and afterwards

A new picture very hard to get—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stone aboard their yacht "Phantom"

did her numbers for the evening show. Then she rushed out and wired her mother the necessary money for expenses. Bravo, to you, Bobbe Arnst. Hollywood loves a real trouper.

Only a Barrymore could get away with this one. And brother John makes no bones about exploiting his aching puppies (feet to you) to the amusement world. On the set making "Counsellor At Law," the younger Barrymore is resplendent in a Tuxedo of the finest tailoring. But on his feet rest a pair of $1.59 fur moccasins, purchased from the Eskimos on a recent visit to Alaska.

Please, Mr. N.R.A., don't be too harsh on dainty Leila Hyams. Working in "Tin Pants" with Slim Summerville, it was necessary to kill two chickens to be dressed and stuffed for a kitchen scene in the picture. After the final shot was taken, Leila rushed to the 'phone and had her maid cancel the poultry order for the evening dinner. That night as she checked out the gate, Leila carried a very suspicious looking bundle under her arm!! Wonder what she will do in case of retakes?

And Andy Devine, the gravel-throated comedian, has this answer for all those who question him on the new girl friend: "I won't tell you her name," he moans, "She's just devine now—and later on she will be Mrs. Devine to you."

Alice Lake, a star of the old Metro days, is working extra. And the fine trouper that she is, no mention is ever made by her of the other times. She says that one of these days a director will see her on the set and say "That's Alice Lake, why don't we give her a chance in a small part?" Then watch the clever Lake rise!

They're rarely photographed together but here they are, just for you, Charlie Farrell and his missus watching some tennis matches

Is this cute? It's the newest picture of the Littlest Caesar and his devoted dad, Eddie G. Robinson, waiting for Mrs. Robinson to appear

They're all Raymonds except Mary Brian. That is, they are Gene Raymond, his brother and his mother at the opening of the Embassy

CUPID'S DIARY

OL' DOC STORK'S DEPARTMENT

. . . Seven is a lucky number for the Melvin Douglas' (Helen Gahagan). A new son weighing seven pounds and seven ounces was born to them on October 7th. Now they're in their seventh heaven of happiness.

. . . She's the daughter of a theatre executive and he's a powerful Hollywood supervisor. We mean, Mr. and Mrs. John Considine. Their new daughter should have a pretty good chance of being seen on the screen.

. . . It wasn't a "wild bird" that took Dorothy Jordan out of the cast of the picture by that same name. It was ol' man stork himself. Dorothy will stay at home and make things until the big event. Then she'll resume her career.

. . . And Robert Young wasn't taking any chances of not being there for the great day. While on location with Katharine Hepburn, Bob took along the "Missus," who was "expectin'" almost any time.

. . . Michael Karoly Vidor, whose middle name means Charles in Hungarian, is quite pleased with his new nursery in the home of his parents, Karen Morley and Charles Vidor.

IT'S-ALL-OVER DEPARTMENT

. . . "If I danced more than one dance with someone who danced well, he'd come over and pinch me," Mae (*Continued on page 66*)

THE SECRET OF Irene Dunne's CHARM

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

THE telephone at the bed-head was ringing with that muffled but disturbing persistence which is familiar in every household where a doctor's sleep is likely to be disturbed at any hour. Now it was well past midnight and the Doctor had left Hollywood for the East only a few hours earlier. But the beautiful woman in the luxuriously lace-trimmed bed, heard, and stirred from her slumbers. Switching on the exquisite little lamp of Dresden, she reached for the telephone and spoke sleepily into the receiver.

"Hello!" she murmured.

"Oh, I thought I'd never get you!" came a woman's voice—a voice in which anxiety and relief were plainly mingled. "I've been trying for hours and—and—I'm afraid she's dying!"

"Who, what?" said the woman in the bed, struggling in an effort to bring herself back to intelligent consciousness after a hard day's work at the studio and the business of seeing her husband to the train. "Tell me—who is it that's ill?"

"M——, of course!" said the voice. "M—— Le B——! Oh, do come right away! We haven't a penny left and she won't allow herself to be taken to the charity hospital. It doesn't seem fair to let her go *there* to die, anyway!"

The beautiful young woman sat up in bed as though electrified. The name of the dying woman had once been famous in Hollywood—famous on the screen, beloved by countless fans, not as a star but as a character actress of well-established talent. And now, after many years of obscurity, this woman was dying in poverty. It was terrible—almost incredible!

"I'm glad you sent for me!" said the Doctor's wife. "I'll come at once, of course! What is the address?"

"You know it as good as I do!" said the woman indignantly, repeating the street and number, however, in an impatient tone. "What's the matter, are you still asleep? Huh! Wake up! You'll be right over, won't you? And bring a coupla dollars if you can, she needs medicine—Hurry, please, she's slipping fast!"

The 'phone clicked in the beautiful young woman's astounded ear, and for a long moment she sat on the edge of the bed, wondering what to do—but not for long. The dying actress had once played with her, years ago. Help was badly needed, and the call had come out of the darkness not only of the night but of the years, a pitiful cry for help which could not be denied. She must go, she *had* to go! In another instant the room lights were on and the Doctor's wife began to dress.

Scarcely more than half an hour later, a sleek limousine drew up in front of a humble bungalow on an obscure side street and when the chauffeur opened the door, the Doctor's wife, accompanied by a maid carrying emergency comforts, approached the little house, where a dim light burned like a distress signal, and rang the bell. Presently an elderly woman in a cheap kimono opened the door, switched on the light and then backed away from the visitor in awe, as if unable to believe her eyes.

Irene Dunne is beautiful, yet utterly natural, charming, and completely real, a great person first, a star only when before the camera

Irene's newest picture for Radio is "If I Were Free" with Clive Brook and Nils Asther playing opposite her

If You Would Like to Be Popular and Sought After, You'll Find Irene Dunne's Way the Perfect One to Follow

"Why!" gasped the woman, "why . . . you . . . you're Irene Dunne!"

"Yes, of course," said the Doctor's wife quietly. "You sent for me, didn't you?"

"Sent for *you?*" cried the woman, with tears of wonder. "I telephoned my friend Mrs. Schultz!"

Incredible but true! By some accident the woman had dialed the star's private number: through an over-sight the bed-side telephone had not been disconnected for the night—and as a result, kind and generous Irene had been summoned to the bedside of a very fine lady, a very splendid actress whose pride would have forbidden her to ask the help of any of her old associates.

I cannot tell you the name of this old actress because, owing to the timely help brought by Miss Dunne, she has recovered and is living now in sheltered comfort. I managed to worm this story out of the secret archives of Irene's many charities only upon my solemn promise that I would not reveal the old lady's identity; "for fear her feelings might be hurt."

It is practically impossible to get Irene Dunne to talk about the infinite good she does in this world. And perhaps that is only natural in a woman so deeply charitable and kind. Also, it is natural that she wishes to use her own intelligent discretion as to what cases she will help—for Irene is no dupe, and is not easily deceived by fake applicants. But when the need is real she is always willing to help to the limit of her capacity, and she doesn't stop at the surface charity which money alone represents. Once while lunching with her in her dressing-room, we got to talking about her fan-mail and I learned that after "Back Street" she had been deluged by letters from women whose situation was similar to that of the unfortunate heroine of Fannie Hurst's famous story.

"You can't imagine how frank they are with me!" she said seriously, "nor how truly pitiful and often dignified their stories are. Such women are not all bad, by any means. Often they are the tragic victims of a great, self-sacrificing love, such as that of Fannie Hurst's heroine. And one of the most touching and consoling things in my entire picture career has been the fact that these unfortunates have said my portrayal of that part has helped them, spiritually. I don't want to sound like a prig," she added, "but if what they say is true, I am terribly glad. And I have never failed to answer such letters as fully and as intelligently as was in my power!"

Just think, gentle reader, what hard work, what a drain on the sympathy and spiritual graciousness of a busy woman, the personal answering of such problem-letters means! And if you can picture that correctly, you will have a pretty good conception of the woman herself. If she sees a thing as her duty, nothing in the world can stop Irene Dunne from doing it. On the other hand, she can be positively stubborn about refusing any act which she feels is against her conscience or against common justice as she perceives it. This last characteristic has given her the reputation among Motion Picture Producers of being hard to deal with in a business way. For Irene has an excellent business head on her graceful shoulders, and a clearly defined sense of her own commercial value, and she refuses to take less. So far, as the result of her uncompromising business firmness, she has won every financial battle which she has encountered in Hollywood, and is respected by the magnates of the "Front Office" as is, perhaps, no other feminine star with the exception of Mary Pickford, who has always been known for her business acumen. And yet both are noted for their charities—though in Irene's case, it is almost impossible to dig up the more important ones, so carefully does she conceal them.

BUT at times, small incidents occur which tip off Irene's associates as to the sort of character which lies behind her seemingly cool, undemonstrative exterior. For example, during the filming of "If I Were Free" the company were on location at a beautiful country estate. It was terribly hot in the gardens and the wife of one of the gardeners, an old, old lady, had never seen a picture made before and didn't want to miss a bit of it. To Irene, it was apparently as natural as breathing that she should give the gardener's wife her own seat and her own (*Continued on page 74*)

There ARE Holly-MARR

You Have to Be in Love to Stay Married, Says Mrs. Harold Lloyd

"THERE are no rules for successful marriage. If a man and a woman love each other, their marriage will continue. If love is lost, it is destined to fail as quickly in Podunk as in Hollywood. Geography has nothing whatever to do with it," declares Mildred Lloyd, the happiest wife in Hollywood.

Marriage in Hollywood—if divorce statistics are to be believed—is a precarious, a doubtful, a transitory thing. Yet Mildred and Harold Lloyd have made it last—not through inflexible rules—not with invincible formulas. Only through the application of common-sense philosophies, through the simple solution of common problems, through a vital and a fine understanding of each other.

"I don't know why marriage fails in Hollywood," says Mildred Lloyd, "unless"—and she offers the explanation a bit tentatively—"unless other considerations besides love enter into it. Marriage, like life, is what you make it. You can enter it sincerely, honestly, with the desire to fulfill and fill your days—or with a chip on your shoulder—looking for flaws in the other person's character; for the weaknesses in the personality of each which can become a motive for divorce.

"Every personality is different. Marriage is synonymous with adjustment—with the man and the woman giving in a little to each other's idiosyncrasies and peculiarities and desires. No two human beings can agree on everything. There must be small disagreements. The trick is not to magnify those minute misunderstandings into undeserved importance.

"Harold was my first grown-up beau. We knew each other three and a half years before we married. And we went into marriage with the attitude that it would last—with no mental reservations that if everything wasn't just so, we'd get a divorce. We knew each other's dispositions—we hadn't hidden our real personalities until the intimate contacts of marriage would reveal them.

"After all, honesty between two people is the basis of mutual understanding—of lasting and complete happiness.

"If love is the foundation of marriage, everything else falls easily into the pattern. It doesn't take work to make it last—it only takes an observance of the small amenities, of a certain reasonableness.

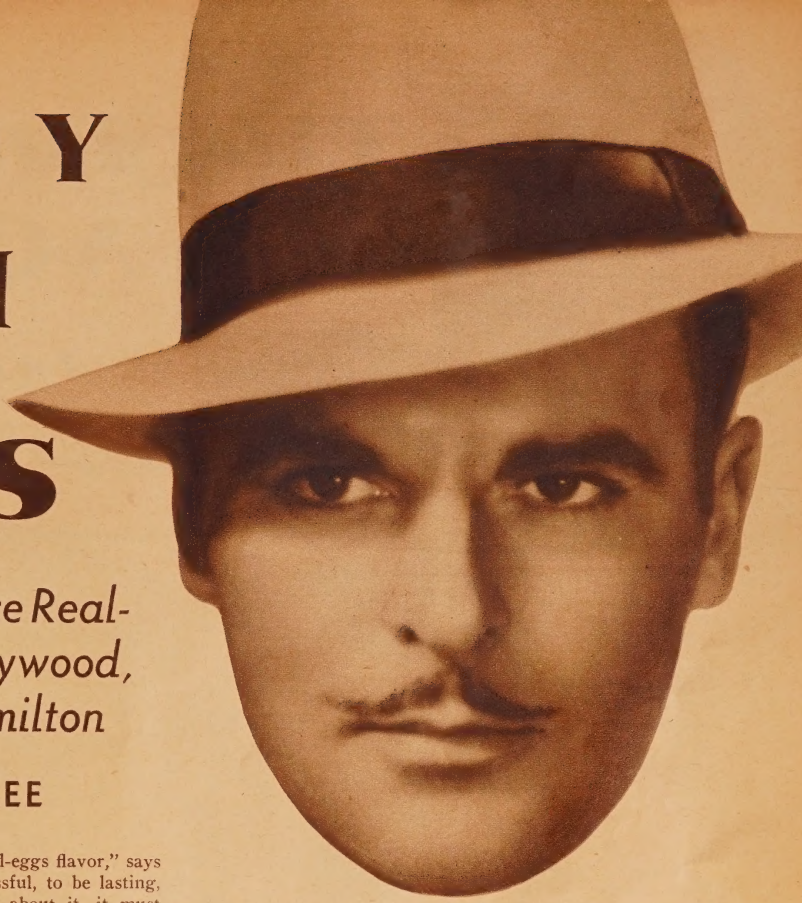
"I never think of Harold as an actor. He might be any Main Street husband going down to an office of a morning. He never brings his troubles home. He never discusses shop. Frequently I know that he's troubled, distressed over matters at the studio. Yet he is always the same. Calm and sweet. But Harold has a grand disposition. It's a great blessing. He excludes the world when he comes home. At home he is a husband and father.

"When I first married Harold"—and her delightful, her spontaneous, her cadenced laugh is a key to her contentment—"I started worrying about our marriage. One whole day I mulled over in my mind the fact that he was a star—a great star. And that night when he came home, I could hardly wait for his greeting before I spoke my piece. 'Now listen, Harold,' I blurted out, 'you may be a famous movie star to the world, but when you come across that doorstep, you're just my husband.' He didn't know what to make of it. But I felt better.

"Harold and I choose our friends carefully. We know half a dozen couples—the wives are in love with their own husbands and the husbands are in love with their own wives. We herd together. We golf and we play tennis, we go swimming, or we just sit and talk. Harold and I rarely go to parties, and an evening at a smart dancing place is an event for us.

"There are dead-spots in every (*Continued on Page* 90)

HAPPY wood IAGES



You've Got to Face Reality, Even in Hollywood, Says Neil Hamilton

By SONIA LEE

"MARRIAGE must have a ham-and-eggs flavor," says Neil Hamilton. "To be successful, to be lasting, to have the quality of reality about it, it must have a backdrop of hardships overcome, and of success achieved together. Hollywood marriage fails because it is built on unreality. Because glamour replaces logic. Because temperament crowds out understanding. And because love is complicated by material motives."

In a Hollywood inured to rapid matings, and as quick divorces, the Neil Hamiltons' marriage is among those listed to last. Neil and his wife, Elsa, have been married for eleven years. They have successfully withstood the onslaughts of gossips whose favorite activity is to destroy happiness. They were courageous enough to defy the insidious whisperings of contemplated divorce, by announcing, through a half-page ad in a widely-read Hollywood publication, that they have been happily married for eleven years, and propose to so continue for many times eleven—irrespective of gossip and of slander.

"The first rule for marriage is to make up your mind that it *will* be a happy marriage," declares Neil Hamilton—the man who has loved on the screen every famous star in Hollywood. The man who has been the subject of amatory onslaughts by dozens of exquisite women. And who yet remains faithful to his first love.

That first love he met on a blustery, shivery, wintry day in Toledo, Ohio. Elsa was in charge of the largest theatre in that city, and under her management, many famous productions were shown there. Neil was with a stock company, and some days before, a close friend told him that he knew a great girl he ought to meet. And there she was. A girl in goloshes and raincoat—hugging an umbrella to her side. And he was taking her hand, and speaking to her, and within five minutes he knew that here was the girl he was going to marry.

They talked the inconsequential chatter of newly-made acquaintance, said good-by, and Neil went back to the theatre. He looked at himself—searchingly, carefully. "You've met the girl you're going to marry," he told his image in the glass. And so it was but a matter of a few short weeks before Elsa became Mrs. Neil Hamilton. They had eleven dollars between them, and Neil had a two-weeks' notice of the closing of his show.

In New York, Neil landed a job with D. W. Griffith. Production was in Mamaroneck, New York, and Neil and Elsa rented a room from a private family. Each morning, Elsa prepared Neil's breakfast. Each evening, after the day's work was done, they sat on the porch and watched the cars go by—planning for the day when they too might have an automobile of their own. He was given an increase in salary, and they rented a small apartment. Elsa did her own work, began that frugal management of their finances, which has guided them since—even while Neil was making a salary comparable with that of the most ostentatious stars.

It wasn't long before they came to the coast, and here Neil's sure and steady rise began. In a city seething with marital unhappiness, the Hamiltons still were able to cherish and conserve their marriage. There are definite and understandable reasons why they have been able to do so.

"Elsa," declares Neil Hamilton, "understands the meaning of wifehood. She realizes that marriage is a very responsible position. And treats it as an important job which has to be brought off successfully.

"There is really no trick to happy marriage. It merely involves a spiritual comprehension, a charitable attitude on the part of both. Elsa knows my weaknesses, and is conscious of my deficiencies—but she never throws them up to me. When I think of all the (*Continued on Page* 91)

The Ten BEST ACTORS

You'll find Favorites on Both Lists

John Beal

Katharine Hepburn

What do you think of these five? Mr. Watts has an answer

Claire Dodd

Leslie Howard and Elizabeth Allan

Editor's note: Mr. Watts' amusing and provocative opinions in this article are not necessarily Movie Mirror's *reaction to the players listed. We particularly disagree with his criticism of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. But because Mr. Watts is New York's leading and most distinguished critic, because he has a most interesting point of view, and because* Movie Mirror *likes to tell the truth, without fear or favor, this article is highly recommended for your reading.*

AT the outset I will admit cheerfully that it requires more arrogance than judgment to attempt any selection of the ten best performances of 1933—and this may be the only statement in the forthcoming survey that you will agree with. Before plunging shamelessly into my choices, however, it is only fair to explain that the list herewith submitted doesn't pretend to be anything more than a prejudiced account of a subject that is in great part merely the arena for personal likes and dislikes. There may be a lot of talk in presumably knowing circles about the technique of acting, but in the end one's reaction to a performance is bound to be colored by the reaction to a personality, so that there is no such thing as the exact science of acting. No one, I will say dogmatically, knows or cares much about the cold technique of playing—save possibly Charles Laughton and one or two others—but we all know pretty violently what we like.

All of this, however, is merely an attempt to put off the plunge into controversy. Therefore, without any further delay, I shall set down my choice of the ten best performances I have encountered since the beginning of the new year. Here they are:

Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."
Peter Lorre in "M."
Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory."

and Ten WORST of 1933

by Richard Watts, Jr.

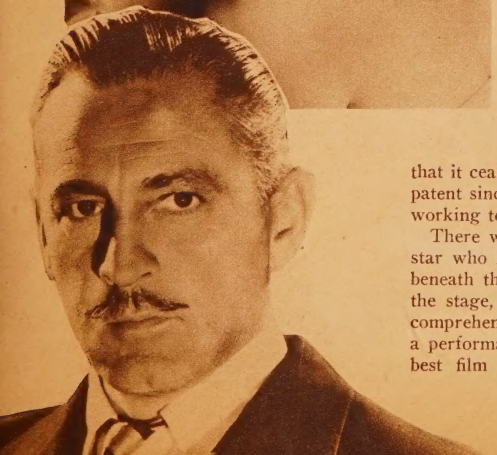
Myrna Loy

Charles Laughton

Mr. Watts has very decided opinions about these five players

Frances Dee

Jean Harlow and John Barrymore



Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square."
Jean Harlow in "Bombshell."
John Barrymore in "Topaze."
Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones."
Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade."
Miriam Hopkins in "The Story of Temple Drake."
Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong."

I am aware that this list omits such eminent and beloved players as Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery, but it seems to me that none of them belongs in the group. Miss Dressler is a fine and distinguished personage, but unfortunately when she and Mr. Beery get into a picture together they are both so busy pushing each other out of the scene and capturing exclusive use of the camera that they do not quite manage to provide genuinely first-rate characterizations. In addition, Mr. Beery has lately become so coy and insistently lovable that his gift for racily sympathetic portrayal is slowly being submerged. As for Mr. Barrymore, he invariably gives a grand and effective show—even in "Rasputin and the Empress," which was probably his worst performance—but his work frequently is so obviously an entertaining exercise in acting tricks or, as we say, "technique," that it ceases to be completely credible. Neither personality, nor technique, nor patent sincerity is enough for an actor. He must have all of the three qualities working together.

There was, for example, a time when Charles Laughton was merely a stunt star who had a fascinating repertoire of physical tricks but seldom quite got beneath the highly effective surface of his rôles. That was true of him upon the stage, but upon the screen he has learned to capture the feeling and the comprehension which can give depth to what might otherwise be the shell of a performance. The result is that in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," the best film to emerge from an English studio, he (*Continued on page 92*)

The Best LUCK is HARD LUCK

So Argues Richard Cromwell and Proves What It Has Done for Him

If you think bad luck is downing you, read this inspiring story of how Dick Cromwell conquered it for himself

By

WILLIAM H. McKEGG

RICHARD CROMWELL has reached a point in his picture career where he can say that talent alone has earned him success. But Dick frankly states that he owes his present standing in movies only to the hard knocks he has had in life.

"If I have what is termed 'success'," he added, "it has certainly not been through any odd quip of Fortune. I had my first break in movies in the simplest way imaginable. By all that was wonderful, I got the rôle of *Tol'able David*. Immediately, everyone said I was one of Fortune's favorites.

"To the outside world it might have appeared so—that I merely applied for the part, and got into pictures from nowhere and nothing. That is true to a certain extent. But it was what went before that prepared me for my chance when it came."

Hollywood never stops to consider what goes before. If success hits an actor he is branded one of Fortune's favorites. Glancing back a little way, no one could have the heart to say that Richard Cromwell was a favored child!

To begin with, Dick has never had a childhood. That is, a childhood like other children. He has worked hard since he can remember.

His father died when he was only eight. His mother, who had married very young, was left a widow with five children. The eldest, twelve. The youngest, two weeks. Dick was the next eldest—the man of the family!

"We were all so happy together," he told me, speaking of his father. "Perhaps one of the happiest families. And my Dad was a swell guy!"

His father was an inventor. He had invented the monoplane, or the flying circus, for the amusement parks. There was much of the visionary, the dreamer, in him. And it is obvious that Dick got his own power of vision from him. He was a big brother to his young children. He was always making things for them. One of his last intentions was to build a trapeze for Dick. For Dick wanted to learn to swing aloft, suspended by his teeth!

On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, Dick's father died.

"I can still recall the weird effect it had on me," he remarked. "We were all ill with the flu that raged that year, and had to stay indoors. From outside came the incessant noises of those celebrating. I remember hearing my mother say: 'O, God! If they don't stop (*Continued on page 92*)

The Marriage Code of LUPE and JOHNNY

The Newlywed Weissmullers are Trying to Safeguard Their Happiness

By **ELLEN HOLMES**

The romance all Hollywood has wondered about has now developed into a real wedding for the wild little Mexican and the young swimming star

TWO against Hollywood!

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller, who know every unkind phase of Hollywood; who have taken with silence, slander and criticism and misunderstanding—now face the world together.

In the shelter, in the strength, in the bulwark of their love for each other, they have developed a new philosophy of living and of loving and of happiness.

Lupe and Johnny were married October fourth at Las Vegas, Nevada, after a dash through the heat of a desert afternoon. They really wanted to keep the marriage secret for a while, to be free of the question, to escape newspaper comment. But they are both too spectacular for any deed of theirs to go unnoticed and the story leaked out. And with it plenty of comment.

Would Lupe be able to stay married, she who had said so often that she would never wed, she who was supposed to carry a heart broken by Gary Cooper?

What about Johnny with Bobbe Arnst, his ex-wife, in Hollywood, a lonely little girl of whom he had once been very fond?

Wild young people certainly, Johnny and Lupe, both temperamental, both fond of getting their own ways. They had gone through plenty of lovers' quarrels. That they had both changed was visible even to casual observers. Lupe was quieter. So, too, was Johnny. But romance was one thing and marriage quite another. Did they have a code on the whole thing? How, I asked them, did they hope to work it out?

Lupe's tumultuous career has been defined by a complex schooling in the ways of men. She understands their psychology and their reactions. Knows their idiosyncrasies, their deep and hidden desires, their concealed sensitiveness.

Johnny—once unhappily married—has definite ideas and conceptions of the qualities successful wifehood requires. They have no false ideas about each other. And their courageous try at marriage is flavored with an engrossing love.

"I am the proudest, the happiest girl in the world," declares Lupe. "Hollywood can take all the slaps at me it wants to. As long as I have Johnny's love, I am content."

And because Lupe is a realist—because she knows that it takes a program of do's and don'ts to make a go of marriage; because she knows that it takes a denial and an aggrandizement of human nature to permit two people to live in harmony and security and in placid contentment, she faces the material, as well as the spiritual problems, which a marriage between members of the cinema colony usually involves.

"The day I got married, I forgot I was married," she declares. "Women wear wifehood like a chip on their shoulder. They dare their men to make them happy as wives, rather than as sweethearts. Women change in marriage. I shall not.

"Johnny is boss in this family. I think one of the reasons marriage in Hollywood fails, is that a woman who earns her own living, who is financially independent, has a tendency to make herself too important. (*Continued on page 79*)

HOLLYWOOD'S "Best Friends" at ARROWHEAD

All pictures taken exclusively for Movie Mirror by

HYMAN FINK, Staff Photographer

THERE'S a story behind these pictures. The movie folk who really want to get away from it all to rest and play go up into the San Bernardino Mountains, to Lake Arrowhead where there are marvelous mineral springs, mud baths, a restful and quiet hotel set against the towering mountains, good food, golf, swimming and whatnot.

Well, recently, those very best pals in all Hollywood, Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess, Walter Van Pelt, Mrs. Barthelmess, Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna went up to Arrowhead. They stayed quietly in the Hotel Arrowhead Springs all day but ventured out at night, to a secluded spot in the mountains, started a barbecue in the moonlight —and then who comes walking along but Movie Mirror's cameraman!

Hyman, the cameraman, yelled, "Hey, hold it." The gang were so surprised they nearly swallowed their forks in amazement. They wanted to know how on earth he knew they were there and he (the big mystery man) didn't confess it was all accident his showing up there, too. He just acted wise and Garbo-ish. The stars laughed and consented to pose, the moon came over the mountain, a good time was had by all, and you have these pictures.

These are the bungalows where the all-star cast of these pictures stayed and on the right is Bill Powell and his dog, being polite to each other. Below you see the party spearing and serving steaks

This party was in the nature of a real celebration because their doctors have put Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess and Kay Francis on a calory diet. If they eat spinach they deduct 50, an egg 75, toast 10, and so on

Well, the Arrowhead week-end, Kay and Dick and Bill were all ahead on their diets, or more exactly they had a lot of saved-up calories coming to them. Which was the big main reason they threw this party

Then when it was all over, the gang sang songs around the campfire, to make it one of those wild Hollywood parties. Also, how about that matter of professional jealousy among all these stars? This gang has never heard of it

WHY Gloria Stuart is living ALONE

A Girl Can Face a Modern Woman's Problem Even in Hollywood

By MARION MASON

AND so Mr. and Mrs. Blair Gordon Newell have decided to try living apart for a while because matrimony is interfering with the career of Mrs. Newell, known on the screen as Gloria Stuart. Sounds like the conventional blah, doesn't it? Just another Hollywood split-up, thinks you, with Filmtown taking the rap because two people can't get along. Aha—but that's just where you're wrong. There've been many trial separations in Hollywood, but all of them have been preludes to permanent divorce. This one is different—for it's a prelude to permanent marriage.

Gloria Stuart and Gordon Newell are not easing their way by gradual steps toward Reno. In fact that's the one stopover they plan definitely to avoid on their journey through life. They are splitting up temporarily now in order to avoid splitting up permanently later. At least that's what Gloria Stuart tells me—and there's something about Gloria that makes you believe what she says.

I descended on her at Universal the day she started work on "A Musical Romance." She had spent the morning learning to ride side saddle for the early sequences of the picture. And, Heaven knows why, had taken her lesson in scanty seersucker shorts and blouse. Jauntily she came swinging into the publicity office, blonde hair held back by one of those metal bands so reminiscent of the old-fashioned round comb. (The 90% of American womanhood which used to look like Greta Garbo now looks like Alice in Wonderland. *O tempora, O mores*—or something.)

Anyway Gloria, looking very small girl, came briskly in and thrust out a friendly hand. Off to the commissary we went, she in search of food and I in search of information. That her quest was successful I can testify for she consumed one large bowl of avocado salad, four slices of rye toast, four pats of butter, one glass of milk and one piece of chocolate cake. Whether I was equally successful or not you shall have to judge by the following interview.

I liked the girl instantly. She made no evasions, gave me no high and mighty, "Oh, I couldn't discuss that." Her separation was, she realized, news, and she answered questions about it simply and directly. The story came a little haltingly at first as Gloria picked her words carefully, trying to make me see the situation as she saw it.

"You see we had a lot at first, Gordon and I. And then we had less. And then first thing we knew the money stopped coming in and—well—we had nothing at all.

"Before we came here we lived in Carmel and we were so happy. Gordon had his sculptoring and I was doing plays at the Carmel theater." (Carmel-by-the-Sea, let me interject, is an artists' colony.) "Neither of us was making a lot, but there was enough—and at least things were equal. Not the way they are now.

"Then we came to Hollywood and I appeared at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. I hoped my work there would act as a stepping stone either to films or the Broadway stage—or both. And—well—you know what happened. Here I am.

"Well—from the time I broke into films things between Gordon and me began to get worse and worse. He wasn't making money. I was. Being an artist isn't a very lucrative profession these days, you know. Even wealthy patrons aren't as free-handed as they used to be. Things were getting tougher for Gordon—whereas (*Continued on page 78*)

The Newest THREAT to Garbo

You'll be Amused by This Story About the Russian Anna Sten as told by an Interesting New Writer, Charles Brock

"WHY do they ask me to do things I wouldn't do?"

"Why don't they eat more in this country?"

"Why do they bury me under all these elaborate costumes?"

"Why do they shoot pictures in so confused a manner?"

"Why are people so different from Europe?"

To judge from her reactions, these are a few of the things that are puzzling Anna Sten. She has been in America for over a year by now learning English as it is writ and Hollywood as she is spoke. She has found that a page from Byron and a column from Variety are two different languages, the latter difficult even for a native Cinemanese to translate.

George Cukor, a director of some of the outstanding hits of the year, brought her to Samuel Goldwyn's attention. He saw her in "Brothers Karamazov," a picture which she made in Europe, and he sensed that he was watching an uncooked genius. This Russian spoke no English but she had the lure look that is the same in all languages. Now after a year of soft "A's" and hard knocks, she is started on her first picture in this country. Her English is still on the ragged side, more or less understandable when she is calm, but under stress it sinks into a jargon that would raise Lenin from the grave.

Her American debut is to be "Nana," a period picture of the Gay French Nineties, not nighties. The picture was half finished when word was sent around the studio that it was about to be stopped for revision as happens when moving pictures fail to move. Then the whispering chorus went into action. The studio buzzed and listened to all the rumors with flapping ears.

Two prop boys were talking the thing over, leaning against a stuffed horse, looking as though the three of them were banded together in common sorrow. The boys had heard that they were to be taken off salary for an indefinite period while more writers were called in to straighten out the wrinkles in "Nana." The two cynics had come to the conclusion that the entire industry was run by papier-maché hearts as they appropriately stood at the far end of the stale pony.

"I heard that the script is all wet. It is the same old story of two brothers and the shady lady, out for dough. The only difference is that Sten wears a bustle instead of a ratty white fox."

The other boy struck a match on the withers of the unworried horse and answered, "I heard that Sten got lost in the shuffle. They have her buried so deep in fancy clothes that even her 'It' can't break through the ruffles. They say she is swell in the opening scenes where she is the laundress but when business picks up and she is staked to an apartment, the luxury throws her."

Anna Sten is in her studio bungalow during this discussion, pondering on the food question. In this land of sandwiches and head lettuce, she searches the luncheon menu for a substantial meal. Cold cuts, potato salad and apple pie a la mode are the most clinging items she can discover. She refuses to diet, sticking to the foreign custom of much food and often. One night when the company was working far into the velvety foggy California night, Sten asked an assistant, "Do you not serve refreshments when one works late? In Europe we are served wine, even champagne along with a supper (*Continued on Page 85*)

Now it's Radio that is turning to song and dances, bringing on the girls and putting numerous stars into a single picture and all for you and You and YOU! Their newest little opus is called "Flying Down to Rio" (no, not Dolores, though she's in it) and it is star studded with such names as Gene Raymond, the platinum he-man; Fred Astaire, Dolores del Rio, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers (and doesn't she look smooth in that cloth-of-gold flying costume?), and all the little look and leg girls of the movie colony

FLYING
DOWN
TO
RIO

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent are both excellent in "Female"

The story's weak in "Aggie Appleby" but the cast is gur-rand

Movies of

"My Woman" is not a great picture, but it's thoroughly pleasing

WHAT pleasure there is in store for everyone this month! "Eskimo" for those tired of the "same old plot"; "The Prizefighter and the Lady" for those tired of the "same old faces" (only in this it is a new body that will get you more than that new face); "Design for Living" for those who are sophisticated enough and like sex treated with humor (and not for ones who don't); "Man's Castle" for romance; "Havana Widows" for riotous laughter; "The House on 56th Street" for melodrama—in fact, something for everybody this month and you all ought to be more than satisfied. The discovery of the month is Max Baer. The thrill picture is "Eskimo"; the finest performance of an established star, Kay Francis in "56th Street"; the greatest disappointment is Charles Laughton in "White Woman."

✓✓"Eskimo" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *An all native cast, headed by Mala, Ying Wong and Lotus Lee.*
It's About: *The primitive life of the Eskimo, with the real Arctic as the locale of the story.*

Drag out your superlatives on this one. Dust them off and get them all oiled and greased for a heavy workout. You're going to find good use for them when this picture comes to town.

The utter authenticity of this production makes it worthy of the highest praise. Filmed under the most harrowing conditions, Director Van Dyke and his troupe spent ten disheartening months in the heart of the Arctic.

Entertainment plus is offered in every foot of this picture. It has thrills galore, suspense, comedy and dramatic heart interest. Scenically, it reveals things never before witnessed by the civilized eye. It paints a vital picture of an almost primitive race of people and their struggle for existence.

(✓ Check for good pictures. ✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss.)

While there are no big names and the studio prefers to have this billed as an all-native cast, the Eskimos behave like real troupers. Each and every person connected with this production should come in for a good share of the acclaim. And special mention to Director "Woody" Van Dyke, who has made his story real by simple but sincere handling.

Your Reviewer says: Words are inadequate in expressing the many vital qualities of this picture. Don't dare to miss it.

For Children: They couldn't learn more from a dozen geographies; besides grand entertainment thrown in for good measure.

✓✓"Design for Living" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper, Edward Everett Horton, Franklyn Pangborn.*

It's About: *Two men who fell in love with one girl, and who all try living happily.*

Lubitsch gives us a beautiful piece of direction with a background of lovely sets and authentic European atmosphere, which is exactly the proper seasoning for this gay, just-a-trifle unmoral story of three very Bohemian social scapegraces. They blame almost all their sins on "Mother Art." When the absence of sex between both the men and their "women" depends upon what they call a "gentleman's agreement," Miriam Hopkins, as Gilda, calls attention to the fact that *she* is "no gentleman" and sex from then on is no longer sacred!

Gary Cooper gives a most interesting performance as the lovelorn painter. For an entirely new type of part, he deserves double praise. Eddie Horton is as grand as usual. Miriam Hopkins does a very good job of vamping the painter and the playwright. Fredric March is as handsome and polished as ever. Gary Cooper rather eclipses him in this story from the pen of Noel Coward.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't let anything prevent your seeing this at the first possible moment. It will make

Built for laughter is "Havana Widows" with Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell!

"Hell and High Water" What a disappointment and waste of Dick Arlen's fine acting!

"After Tonight" is just okay. Connie Bennett's the star of it

the Month

By JERRY ASHER

"White Woman" suffers from story trouble and over-acting

everything seem lighter and less serious and you'll laugh with them and at them!

For Children: Not for them.

✓✓"Man's Castle" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, Walter Connelly, Arthur Hohl, Marjorie Rambeau, Helen Jerome Eddy, Dickie Moore.*

It's About: *A gay vagabond of the depression who meets up with a girl who is starving for food and protection and to whom his hut in a pre-NRA shanty town is Utopia.*

"Man's Castle" makes the depression seem like something to bring out the best in the worst of us.

Spencer Tracy successfully plays a vagabond who works only when he needs a dollar, and who takes Loretta Young into his shanty after finding her on a park bench. Their love story is a sweet, touching one. He successfully uses the good old cave-man line and Loretta's trump card is the age-old one of motherhood. Spencer doesn't want responsibility and thus the drama begins.

The best piece of acting in the picture is Loretta Young's. She has one grand scene in which she steals the picture right out from under Spencer Tracy's nose.

Your Reviewer Says: An amusing picture which holds the interest and tugs at the heart-strings. Well worth catching.

For Children: Perfectly safe and sound, but not really made to order for the youngest of them.

There's a new hero in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Watch him!

✓✓"Havana Widows" (Warners)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, Maude Eburns, Ruth Donnelly, Lyle Talbot, Ralph Ince, and others.*

It's About: *A couple of gold-digging females who go to Havana for the "change" and meet up with a lot of excitement.*

Every once in a while a picture comes along that just doesn't take itself very seriously. There's nothing great about it, yet it offers much in the way of entertainment and nothing in the line of problems. "Havana Widows" is just such a picture.

Go to see this prepared to laugh. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, who have confined their cinema wisecracking to separate vehicles, join forces in their rôles of the gay gold-diggers. They go to Havana for their pickin's and Guy Kibbee answers their siren call. Lyle Talbot as his son, tries to stop the gold rush. Instead he falls for Joan, which doesn't help matters. It all ends up in a merry scramble of lawyers, the police, the fire department—and finally the militia is called in.

You can't take this seriously for a moment. You'll get a laugh in a minute and enjoy the grand performances turned in by every member of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: This is swell entertainment. You'll forget your troubles for a while.

For Children: If they're educated up to its mild sophistication, they'll laugh right along with you.

✓✓"The Prizefighter and the Lady" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Myrna Loy, Max Baer, Jack Dempsey, Primo Carnera, Walter Huston, Otto Kruger, Vince Barnett, Murial Evans, Robert McWade, Jean Howard.*

It's About: *A prizefighter who gets into the big time, wins the love of a*

torch singer and then allows his head to get bigger than his muscles.

Here is a picture that has every form of entertainment, and it will appeal to both sexes, young and old. It moves along as fast as Max Baer himself, when once he gets into the ring. And speaking of Mr. Baer, he's as much at home in front of the camera as he is delivering a left-hook. He practically runs the gamut when he is called upon to do everything from shedding tears to "Goin' To Town," in an unusual and thrilling musical number.

Myrna Loy, as the torch singer, who gives up her soft-speaking racketeer to marry the prizefighter, gives one of the most sincere and capable performances of the year. Otto Kruger as the gangster, brings something new to the screen in the way of inspirational acting. Walter Huston's rôle of the down-and-out fight manager, is reminiscent of his famous "Pow" Tarlton in "The Wet Parade." And he is equally as effective in this one.

Too much cannot be said about the sensational battle between Baer and Carnera. It is by far the most thrilling ever staged for the camera. And last, but far from being least, is the great direction of W. S. Van Dyke.

Besides a great cast, wonderful dialogue and a good story, all the former champions and favorites of the sporting world are given an introduction.

Your Reviewer Says: It's something brand new in the way of screen entertainment. There's never a dull or unconvincing moment.

For Children: Nothing that can hurt them, but you'll probably have to tie them in their seats during the big fight.

✓✓"The House On 56th Street" (Warners)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Gene Raymond, Margaret Lindsay, Hardie Albright, John Halliday, Frank McHugh, Sheila Terry, William Boyd.*

It's About: *The affairs of a chorus girl who loves and lives in all walks of life until she has to save her daughter.*

Shades of "Madame X"! Here we have all the fire and emotion of mother love plus the colorful background of the stage and gambling world. This is by far one of the most intelligent melodramas to hit the screen in months.

Kay Francis splendidly plays a chorus girl who becomes involved in affairs of the heart. She starts her amours in the early 1900 period, when she jilts John Halliday to marry Gene Raymond. The happiness of her marital bliss and a baby daughter fill her life to overflowing. Then her old lover appears on the scene, commits suicide and Kay is sent to prison for manslaughter.

"The Worst Woman in Paris." is a trick title for a mild picture

Twenty years in prison finds her once more facing the world. Her honeymoon "house on 56th Street," is now the property of Ricardo Cortez who has turned it into a speakeasy for gambling. It is her old home and because she no longer cares, Kay moves in with Ricardo. Of course, her daughter, now grown to womanhood, shows up. Then comes the drama.

This picture is made up of good performances. Kay Francis deserves much praise for her restrained and convincing performance. Gene Raymond seems to become warmer and more sincere with every picture.

Your Reviewer Says: This picture will thrill you with its dramatic appeal and fine acting.

For Children: Too adult. (*Continued on page* 73)

Be sure to see "Eskimo." It's a thrill, new, startling beautiful!

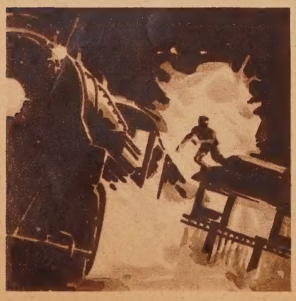
The Fraternity of DEATH

The Greatest Brotherhood in the World is That of Hollywood's Stunt Men Who Risk Their Lives to Give You Thrills

By MARY SHARON

Twelve stories above ground, with wires cutting into his hands, one stunt man endangered his life to save his pal

He stepped out on the plane's wing and slipped. Saved by an almost impossible trick, he later escaped death in a train wreck



THEY are Hollywood's unsung heroes, these men who dare death for benefit of camera. You never see their names upon the screen. You do not sense the dangers they court and too often experience to give you a moment's thrill. But dangers and risks are there, greater than you can even guess. There is a story of daring and courage, of loyalty and brotherhood behind every "take."

During the filming of Eddie Cantor's "Roman Scandals," every hairbreadth escape from death the stunt men experienced exacted its toll of pain and injury. Eleven men were used in filming the drops and spills and all eleven were crushed, bruised and battered when the required footage was finally shot and "in the can."

When you see the chariot's crash into the high concrete wall, you may need to cram a handkerchief into your throat to keep from screaming. You would have needed to chew it to shreds if you had watched the filming of that scene. Not that the studio was callous to the risks taken by the men or careless in protecting them. But when four horses are charging madly forward against a concrete "breakaway" wall, it is hard to make them strike at the right spot. A part of the wall had been built to "breakaway" when it was struck. But it was difficult for the drivers to judge distance accurately and tell where the imitation wall left off and the real one began! That is where disaster lay and which resulted in a hospital bed and a plaster cast for one of the men.

Most of the chariot races and stunt work in the picture were filmed in Elysian Park because there was little danger of interruption and the high hills and cliffs were admirably suited to the action. One of the scenes required a chariot race and spill down the side of the hill.

Most of the men employed for such stunts have years of experience as trained acrobats behind them. Such a small item as leaping from a moving vehicle is child's play to them. But as one of them explained to me, whenever a man mixes his knowledge and training with mechanical things he is taking far greater risks than when he depends upon his own body for stunts. He never knows when a mechanical thing is going to fail him at the wrong moment.

The chariots used in the Cantor picture were unwieldy and hard to handle. In one of them, they had to swing far out over the cliff and back while the horses were plunging on. As they made the swing, the chariot turned inward and threw the horses free of control. They plunged down the embankment and threw out the men who luckily were able to leap and roll down the forty foot incline ahead of the chariot without serious injury.

There were many bad spills in the picture that were not recorded by the camera and some very bad ones that were not written into the script were caught by the lens.

In one scene, they placed two cameramen in front of the chariots to film a race sequence. They tried it out first and everything went well. At a given signal, when the drivers got within a certain distance, they drove on either side of the camera and the resulting action was satisfactory. However, when the "take" was recorded, and they reached the place where they should have swerved, the horses took the bits in their teeth and ran straight over the men who were grinding their cameras. Both men were taken to the hospital and for several days their lives were despaired of. By some miracle that will never be understood, although the cameras were demolished, the film those cameramen took was intact when the boxes were picked up. You will see it in the picture.

Illustrated by CARL PFEUFER

Suddenly the horses took the bits into their teeth, running straight toward the "Roman Scandals" cameramen. There were the crash of broken cameras, screams, and then . . .

In the same film, a number of slaves leaped from a bridge. There is a story behind a story in this sequence. Several months ago, a young stunt man was injured and almost totally blinded in a fire hazard he took for a serial picture. His injuries healed quickly enough, but his blindness remained. Now, stunting was his only means of livelihood and he needed work badly.

Here is proof of the brotherhood and loyalty of these men who dare death for a living. They rallied to his support. They decided not to tell anyone that he was blind, and to help him continue in his work. Directors know that his vision is impaired for he wears dark glasses except when the camera is grinding, but he and his comrades treat his misfortune as lightly as possible when anyone is around. Each time that he is required to make a leap, there is on either side of him close enough to guide his action and help him through, a stunt brother, who paces and counts for him and tells him when and how to leap.

I attended a meeting of Hollywood's stunt men, recently, and I heard tales of adventures that will remain with me forever. Tales of adventures that went right and of those that went wrong.

Stunt men are afraid to tell too much about their risks and mishaps. Especially names of pictures that have spelled disaster for them. Stunting is their only livelihood and if they talk too much they may find themselves outside looking in. Most of them are ex-acrobats, prizefighters, professional swimmers and divers. All are athletes and all but three are college men. Only two are married. The most famous of the group are: Chic Collins, John Sinclair, Billy Jones, Jack Holbrook, Phil Ryan, Duke Greene, Gordon Craveth, Bobby Rose, Harvey Perry, Matt Gilman and Dick Dickinson. All have lived through their baptism of fire, air and water. There is nothing of which any of them are afraid. Yet they know their limitations and abide by them.

Years ago, during the filming of "The Queen of Sheba" one of the directors decided that he wanted somebody to slide down a heavy drape and drop fourteen feet down upon a circular stone staircase. He called in all of the stunt men and they refused the job. Said it couldn't be done. Their refusal angered him. He said:

"All right. I'll do it myself. I'm not afraid."

He not only proved his courage but his ignorance. He made the leap and landed in the hospital with both legs broken and internal injuries.

In a little white cottage in North Hollywood sits a poor boy in a wheel chair, doomed for the rest of his life to spend his days thus. He was working as an assistant of somebody's assistant during the making of "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." He had just been married and was ambitious as young husbands are. In one sequence, an unimportant character was required to (*Continued on page* 86)

Mae West's LIFE STORY

PART II

MAE WEST was born in a brownstone house in Brooklyn, N. Y. Her father was called Battling Jack West and he wasn't afraid of anyone save Mae herself, and that was because she would, from the day of her birth, get her own way if somebody had to die for it. It was her mother who helped Mae to these victories.

Her mother it was, too, who helped her realize her ambition of going on the stage as a child performer, and it was there that she first met the boy friends she tells you about in this issue.

"Every now and then, I hear that oft-quoted crack that runs, '*—and then Sex reared its ugly head!*' Ugly?—h'mmmmm . . . !

"D'you know, I've often wondered who originated that line. But I've never looked it up, because I've really never been interested enough in anyone with ideas like that. What a way to talk about sex! What base ingratitude, even! Why, where'd you be, where'd I be, if it weren't for—well, you get the idea . . .

"However, I didn't mean to go off into a dissertation on sex. I was just thinking out loud, I suppose—because you asked me, just now, about my first boy-friends. The answer is that I discovered when I was very, very little, that boys were so much more interesting than girls. Especially boys with long pants. And grown-up boys, too.

"Why, I remember about that man school-teacher, for instance, and how thrilled I used to be, even as a kid, when he made me stay after school. Looking back on it, with what I know now, I can't help wondering, though, whether it was I or he who was the more thrilled of the two of us.

"It was to old Public School 123, in Brooklyn, that I used to go. (That was before I took up stage work on a bigger scale, and so had to have private tutors, because my career already interfered with routine schooling, while I was still quite young.) In those days, the system was one of partial segregation. That is, girl pupils and boy pupils were kept apart, as far as possible, and for the girls, there were women teachers, while the boys had male teachers.

"Now, every once in a while, our teacher was absent a day or two. When that happened, our class of girls was split up into rows, according to the rows of desks we had. And each row went, for that day or two, to a boys' room and the boys' man teacher taught us. The arrangement was also that the several

The True Story, in Her Own Words, of the Box Office Sensation of Today

by HARRY LANG

male teachers could choose, themselves, which row of girls they'd take into their classroom.

"Well, this awfully nice, handsome young male teacher from the boys' side seemed always to be the first to choose from among us girls when our teacher was absent. And invariably, he'd choose the row I was sitting in.

"And invariably, during the day, he'd find that I'd done something wrong, or committed some error of deportment, which warranted his keeping me after school . . . ! But I didn't mind—because it was such fun!! H'mmmm. . . . ! Although he acted quite stern about it, when he told me I'd have to stay, all the sternness vanished as soon as the rest of the class had been dismissed.

"Oh, believe me—I didn't have to write 'I will be a good girl' on the blackboard twenty times. Nothing like that. No, he used to be so nice and—uh—fatherly. He'd say to me:

" 'Now come and sit on my knee.'

"Well, I loved that, so I'd sit on his knee. And then he'd put his arm around me, and tell me that I'd been a naughty little girl (wonder what he'd call me NOW?) and wasn't I sorry. So of course, I was sorry. Then I'd dance for him, and then I'd sit on his knee again, and he seemed to enjoy it very much. And so did I, because I thought he was such a nice, nice man. And anyway, he wore long pants. And anyway, I didn't know then what I know now. And anyway, even if I had—but well, I don't remember even his name, now, any more. But that's nothing unusual, is it? There were so many men whose names I don't remember now. Not their names, that is.

"And so, anyway, I didn't mind staying after school. That is, when our regular teacher was absent, I mean. But when she was there, and she kept me after school, I used to feel so hurt. Because *then* I was much more anxious to get out as soon as the bell rang, so I could play with the boys.

"No, I was never a 'tomboy'. *Not Mae West!* But I did prefer to play with the boys, almost to the total exclusion of playing with girls. I remember, even now, how I used to play 'skat' with the boys on Bushwick Avenue. And how I used to borrow their bicycles and race them—and how I turned up my nose at girls' bicycles. Why, whenever my mother used to want me, she'd know better than to look where the neighborhood girls were playing. Mother'd look for me where the boys' voices were loudest—and always find me.

"I remember that it used to worry my aunt. My aunt must have been one of those Freudian old hypocrites who thought everything was bad because they translated everything in terms of S-E-X. As a matter of fact—and honestly, I'm not kidding you (anyway, not much!)—the only reason I played with the boys was because they were more fun. I didn't even know there was such a thing as 'sex'. Well, anyway I didn't know it by that name. But to go on—

Mae West at the moment of her greatest success so far, the opening of "I'm No Angel" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. Sid Grauman, the great West Coast showman, is with her

"I RECALL auntie and mother having a merry tiff one day. I'd come in just in time to hear my aunt say: 'But don't you think she plays too much with the boys? Don't you think she'll learn things she oughtn't to? . . .' (Imagine!—'learn things she *oughtn't* to . . .')

"Quietly, sanely, sensibly, but determinedly, my mother replied:

" 'If she wants to play with boys instead of girls, it's all right—because I know my child and I know she's right and I know she's good.'

"Oh, that wise, wonderful mother of mine! She knew, from her heart and her wisdom, things that psychologists write books about. She knew as so many parents *ought* to know, that the cleanest and sanest and rightest way to bring up a youngster in this world of men and women is to let them know without hush-hush and you-mustn't that there are two sexes. And that the best way to dirty up an adolescent mind about sex is to give the child the idea that sex is something shameful, not to be talked of, nor thought of, nor known about . . .

"Paraphrasing Jimmy Walker, I'd match my private life with any woman's . . . !

"But there I go again, sounding off on abstract subjects, when what you really want to know about is my private life. Well, where was I? Oh, yes . . . I was leading up to my first real boy-friend. 'Beau' we used to call them, then.

"One day my brother fell seriously ill. To tend to my brother, we got in a practical nurse. (*Continued on page* 81)

Screen Play by Sonya Levien
Directed by Hamilton MacFadden
Produced by Jesse L. Lasky

Lucille stood looking down at the little boy her husband had adopted during her absence and who made the thing she had to do so much harder

As HUS

IF Lucille had never gone to Paris, never met Ronnie she would have missed a great emotional experience. She told that to Emmie between sobs the morning that Ronnie went away. Later on, she said it to herself because this time she was thinking about her husband, and the love she felt for him was too deep to be discussed, even with Emmie. All her life, she would be grateful to Ronnie, not for the romantic Paris episode, but because, through him, she had learned to know Charles, the man she had married.

Charles never knew how she felt about it, because the affair was not discussed between them. But gradually he came to feel a response, an understanding, an appreciation (though he wouldn't have used that word) of him that Lucille had never given him before. Yet to this day, Charles Lingard won't have purple asters in his garden. They remind him too acutely of the day she came home from Paris, and he knew the minute he laid eyes on her that something was wrong.

Purple asters were Lucille's favorite flower, and Charles had been nursing them along all summer, making sure they would be in their prime for her home-coming. Then she and Emmie, the older friend who had gone with her, had wired they were being delayed, first in New York, then in Chicago. But Charles managed to have a fine showing of asters even then. He was telling Christine, the housekeeper, just where he wanted them put, when Peggy, Emmie's daughter came in.

"Listen to my latest news from the front, Charles." She cried, flourishing a telegram. "Meet me Lingard home. Staying tea. Bringing friend with me. Showing country. Have champagne for dinner. Love, Mother."

Charles chuckled. "Ah . . . the friend! That accounts for the delays."

Peggy thought so, too. "I bet my hat it's some dame coming over to lecture or raise money for the cause, and working mother to a finish."

Charles was fond of Emmie. Her husband, who had died several years before, had been one of his best friends. But just now he was thinking about Lucille.

THE CAST

Charles Lingard	Warner Baxter
Hippolitus Lomi	Warner Oland
Lucille Lingard	Helen Vinson
Emmie Sykes	Catherine Doucet
Ronald Derbyshire	G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Jake Canon	Frank O'Connor
Peggy Sykes	Eleanor Lynn
Wilbur	Jay Ward

They were back in America, Lucille and Emmie, just two American wives, with husbands and children—and they were suddenly frightened that they both had sweethearts in Paris

Dear loyal Charles. Would he possibly believe her guilty secret even when she confessed it to him?

Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

BANDS Go

A Fox Picture Starring Warner Baxter

From the Play by Rachel Crothers

"Do you know?" he said. "I feel the way I used to feel in college just before the girls arrived for a house-party . . . excitement in the air . . . !"

Peggy looked at him. "Grown-ups are funny about love," she thought to herself, and remembered her Jake, parked in the car outside. Jake had happened since her mother had gone, and Peggy wondered how Emmie would take the news of a prospective son-in-law.

"CHARLES . . . what you think about Jake is going to cut a lot of ice with mother . . . so mind you get in your good work early. You do think he is all right, don't you?"

Charles had known Peggy since she was born. He had been glad to see her choosing as fine a young fellow as Jake. They were an attractive pair. . . . Jake so tall and taciturn, Peggy little and vivacious . . . but he teased her gently:

"I think there's a *good* deal of him."

"And you think all there is of him is just all right for me?"

"I'd be fool enough to think that."

"Why not!"

"To think *any* man is right for any woman. What do you take me for?"

Peggy threw her arms around him. . . . "You're

a peach . . . just a peach!"

Charles' little nephew Wilbur came shyly into the room. He said he thought everything looked awfully nice for Aunt Lucille. His little boy heart was heavy because he was wondering what the home-coming of his aunt would mean to him. He wanted to ask his uncle, but all he said was that the room looked nice.

His uncle went on: "But you haven't seen her in it yet. That changes it. You'll see something happen. The flowers will be a little sweeter than you thought they were. The things you think are chairs and tables, will take on a kind of something you didn't know . . . understand? I guess you do . . . if you don't you will."

"Will she want me to call her Aunt Lucille?"

Charles sensed what was in the boy's mind behind the simple question.

"Let it take care of itself. Lord knows she doesn't look like anybody's aunt," he said kindly. "You see, the reason I haven't told her you were here this summer is . . . I want her to get you in her own way. And I want to pound this into you. I didn't ask you here to come and stay because you're my nephew, or because I thought it was my duty, or any of that nonsense. But because I took one look at you . . . and here we are. You haven't the faintest notion how lonely I'd have been without you this summer, because you don't know what it is to be without her. So I'm greatly in your debt. . . . See? Say . . . here they come!"

This was romance, these whispers from Ronald that made her feel so young, so beautiful, so desirable, only she was married to Charles and she hadn't the courage to tell him the truth

"SWEETHEART!" Charles cried. "You're here! Let me look at you." But this wasn't the home-coming Charles had planned. Something had happened to Lucille. He could see that. Something was wrong.

"I've never seen you so beautiful," he said slowly.

Lucille was affectionate, glad to see him . . . but . . . what *was* it. In her very affection there was evasion. He knew her so well, so well, and this was something he did not know at all.

They had scarcely a minute together before Emmie swept into the room . . . but what an Emmie! Emmie had been to Paris, no doubt about that. New clothes, new complexion, new hair, and with a man!

Peggy cornered her mother. "In Heaven's name, where did you get him!"

Poor Emmie was on the defensive. It was evident she had carefully rehearsed what she was going to say to Peggy and it came in a rush: "Now Peggy Sykes. Let me tell you something. He's a very distinguished person, his background and his culture are . . . well . . . you can see for yourself."

Peggy refused to listen and Emmie drew a long breath and prepared to retaliate. She had already met Jake, and while she had liked him—if Peggy was going to behave like this: "—and who *is* this Jake of yours? His voice, it's the most American thing I ever heard. I can't stand it!"

Charles and Lucille watched the fracas, Charles with amusement, Lucille with a troubled face. She and Emmie had admitted to themselves that Peggy might not quite understand. Lucille tried to explain to Charles that Emmie had brought back with her a friend, a very delightful cosmopolitan. His name was Hippolitus Lomi and she did hope Charles would appreciate that Emmie was not the simple soul he had always considered her. She had depths (depths was the word Lucille lingered on) that Hippi had

stirred. He was revealing her to herself—for the first time. Surely a woman had a right to that? Lucille spoke vehemently.

Charles remarked that he had only known Emmie for twenty years so he hadn't had time to discover these depths. He was further amused at Emmie's plaintive wail!

"Peggy's being poisonous. She's behaving exactly the way I knew she would—only worse. Do be nice to Hippi, Charles, the way you treat him will have a lot of influence with Peggy."

HE was still smiling to himself as the women went up the stairs. He was hoping Lucille would be pleased with her bedroom. He had had it entirely done over for her—into an exact reproduction of a room she had seen in a fashion magazine and been wild about. Yet something about the way Emmie and Lucille flew up the stairs, heads together, beginning to whisper to each other before they were out of sight. Was it entirely this matter of Emmie's Hippi?

He found, rather to his surprise, that he liked Emmie's Hippi, in spite of his foreign ways. He was wonderfully congenial, a good sort that improved on acquaintance. The sporting way, for instance, that he took Peggy's very rude ragging . . . and his devotion to Emmie seemed genuine. There was no doubt that they were happy together when Peggy was not around to blight their happiness.

AT the country club that night, Peggy persisted in irritating her mother. Poor Emmie was determined to show everyone that she had really understood Paris this time . . . she and Lucille . . . somehow. She was a little vague on details, but very sure of the result. Oh yes, Paris did something for you.

"If we were in Paris now, we'd be dining under the trees in the Bois and the lights coming out with that gray mist over it all, as Ronnie says."

Peggy asked: "Who's Ronnie?"

Did Charles imagine it, or did something pass between Emmie and Lucille? It seemed that Ronnie was a young English writer, friend of Hippi's. Oh yes, they'd seen something of him . . . nice chap.

"But what I want to know," interrupted Peggy. "Why are you so hot and bothered about Ronnie. What is Ronnie to ma, Lucille?"

Lucille had a queer expression on her lovely face, but she said innocently: "You don't expect me to tell!"

Emmie exploded with unexpected warmth, *"Well,* I like that!"

Charles fanned the blaze with: "Now we're beginning to see why Europe was so much more wonderful this time than it ever was before. Don't be silly Emmie. We're proud of you, proud of Ronnie and the rest of them."

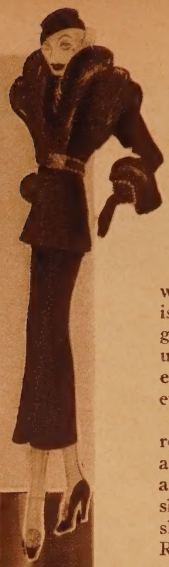
He could see that Emmie was indignant. What puzzled him was that she gave the impression of being *justly* indignant and Lucille and Hippi knew what it was all about. Emmie and Lucille had seen a great deal of each other in Paris. Ronnie! It dawned on Charles that Ronnie might well be the other member of a foursome. This was getting a little beyond him. He would have to think. He would have to think about Lucille and up to now he had had only to love her. In the meantime, he would tease Emmie and trust Lucille.

He could, and he would trust her, but he could not help her if she needed help, and he began to think she did. That night when he said goodnight to her in her lovely new bedroom, he told her about Wilbur: "The poor little devil didn't have any place to go. It's been such a comfort having him here. I've given him the corner room. Next to having you here, gosh, you don't know how he filled up the cracks!"

Lucille was sweet about it. She went right in to Wilbur and made him welcome, introducing herself charmingly. Charles was almost happy again till Lucille began making cryptic remarks about having something to tell him. But he put her off and then the telephone rang.

(*Continued on Page* 87)

Charles took her in his arms. No matter what she did or said or felt, she was the woman he loved without rhyme or reason, beyond questionings or insinuation



SCOOP! Here are the fashion sketches, by the exciting new designer Gwen Wakeling, of Connie Bennett's costumes in "Moulin Rouge," the first picture under her new contract with Twentieth Century. Read about them on these pages. Also, herewith, are three first stills from the production showing you just how the clothes worked out. And what fashion hints they contain, and doesn't Connie look the most beautiful you've ever seen her look?

CONSTANCE BENNETT IS WEARING THEM *NOW!*

In "Moulin Rouge" Constance Bennett plays her first starring rôle for Twentieth Century Productions. The news of her exciting collection of costumes has spread like wildfire and these are the original sketches from which her gowns were made! This is your own private preview of the gowns she is wearing this very minute in a picture which will surpass everything Constance Bennett has ever done.

On the left is her street suit in dull red broadcloth! The fur is silver fox and the belt, bracelets and necklace are gunmetal. The Russian influence shows through in this costume which she wears during her scenes as Raquel, a Parisian musical comedy queen.

For a very important scene in her own apartment, Miss Bennett will wear this Grecian gown of silver lace shown in the center. Its lines are simple, but its elegance supreme. The high front neckline is held by emerald clips, matching her bracelets, and her sandals are of emerald green crêpe. Startling color accents of this type are very chic.

And below is a new type of pajama Miss Bennett wears for her rehearsal costume for backstage scenes in the picture. The trousers are of rough black crêpe, while the blouse is of silver gray satin with a soft black satin tie. About her waist is a black sash faced with absinthe green. The pockets are interesting! It's a particularly nice pajama to copy for your own "at home" wear as it is youthful, informal and flattering.

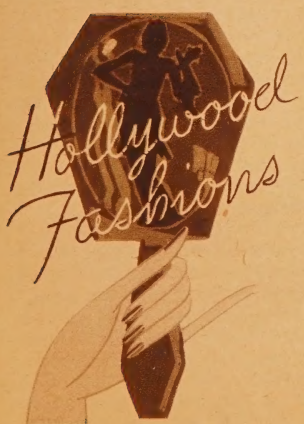
First on this page is the perfect gown for her biggest love scene . . . worn as only Connie Bennett can wear such a gorgeous gown! It's of silver gray satin with an exquisite jeweled belt. The swagger coat has barrelled cuffs of silver fox which is easily this season's smartest fur.

In the center is a stunning street costume of dark green wool featuring the long tunic with a narrow skirt below. The belt is brown matching her sable scarf, as does her beret. An ideal type of woolen dress and almost classic in design.

Theatrical, in keeping with the scenes in which she wears it, is this black velvet formal suit. The monkey fur trimming is so interestingly used that many inspirations will spring from it. The novel muff matches the shoulder detail, and the monkey fur plume on the black velvet hat is most amusing.

And that's all the sketches space permits us to show here. But Connie has still another frock. It's a black velvet evening gown used for her love scenes with Franchot Tone. The necklace and bodice are all-important, as are the tight gauntlets of velvet edged with jeweled trimming. And there's a split in the skirt!

In all these gowns, Miss Wakeling designing for the star, is featuring the new glitter which is so exciting and so very correct this winter. Fashions have a very definite new elegance and the old informality is quite gone. If you want to be well gowned, particularly in the evenings, everything about you should shine,



from the twinkling band on your hair, or little star hair pins set to keep your wave in place, to your deep red fingernail polish and your jeweled shoes. If you are lucky enough to possess real jewels, wear them. If not, buy yourself some copies, but be sure the stones in them are large and pronounced in color, deep emerald green, deep ruby red. Pearls, real or simulated, should also be large. No tiny little strands clasped about your demure throat, but large, opulent ones. In fact, if your jewels must be just colored glass, it is in better taste to have them large and glittering, so that they don't fool anybody but become real decoration and definitely amusing.

Also the color of your gowns should be "high" as fashion terms it—in other words, very bright. Bright reds, oranges and greens, strong plum colors, the startling sweep of unrelieved black velvet, or the twinkle of beads and pure silver and shiny gold.

Make-up should follow the same trend particularly for evening. Your fingernails may go pale during the day, if you prefer, but for real smartness they should be dressed with the deepest red polish at night and if you want to be very ultra, with no white tips but with the polish right to the ends. Joan Crawford endorses this mode. Lipstick should be very bright but in harmony with the color you are wearing. Powder should be not too white, but pinkish or yellowish and it is smarter not to wear rouge on your cheeks.

Here are six bright ideas from Warner Bros., for a blouse wardrobe for the smartly dressed young woman. Blouses have never been so important as they are this winter and they are such aids to economy, too!

At left, Patricia Ellis wears that smart combination, a dark blouse with a lighter skirt. Pat's blouse is of brown moire. Mae Clarke is even dressier, wearing a blouse of paisley velvet with a brown crepe skirt

Jean Muir has a sports blouse o softest tan suede with an ascot scar of scarlet wool. The suede is washable and very warm. Jacket blouses, o all types, are especially good now, even being worn, in velvet, for evening

SATIN, Satin, Satin!

Loretta Young, Ann Harding and nearly all the rest are satiny sirens this season. Simple or elaborate, it doesn't matter about that . . . it's smart to be in satin. Turn to the beautiful pictures on page 63 of Ann and Loretta and how you will want those gowns!

Both eyebrows may now be shown! "Off the face hats" are back again. Fashion is as fickle as femininity, so the girls in Hollywood are already forsaking brims for the "halo" and "baby-bonnet" types of turban with either soft bangs or wisps of veil across their foreheads where the lilt of a beret so recently rested! Just page Sally Blane and you'll see what I mean.

The port-hole turban is another new one! Blonde Bette Davis has one newly designed for her by Eva Miller of the Warner costume staff. It is ribbed velvet cut completely open at the top with little tabs turned back as though they had been torn. The hole in the top is filled with a transparent bit of maline but you can see the top of a blonde coiffure shining out of the hat. I wonder who would have guessed that a hat with a large hole in the top would be one of the season's smartest fads!

Then there's the shirtwaist and skirt. Or haven't you heard yet? In Hollywood every girl I know has added at least one of these important costumes to her wardrobe, and you'll see them popping up in the new pictures for their moment has arrived. Various sorts of blouses, either tuck-in or tunic, may be worn with odd skirts or with your suit. And during your best dressed moments!

And don't think that applies only to daytime clothes! In "The Prizefighter and the Lady" Myrna Loy wears a beautiful evening costume. The long trailing skirt is of clinging white satin and the high-necked, long-sleeved blouse of ruby velvet but after all is said and done it's a waist and skirt. In two pieces!

This epidemic of tweeds certainly is prevailing more and more. Veree Teasdale, known throughout Hollywood for her distinctive smartness, has a new tweed walking ensemble. A plain brown woolen coat tops a brown checked tweed frock with pleats on each side of the skirt and an adjustable Ascot tie. Her brown felt hat is a square-crown derby from John-Frederic and her bag and shoes are shiny brown alligator. Even the spots on her two Spaniels are the right shade of brown. Such chic!

FASHION'S definition of inconsistency is Adrian's evening ensemble for Katharine Alexander in "Vinegar Tree" now in production. Its deceit begins when one looks at the front and sees bronze sequin-massed fabric framed in red fox. An evening suit, it seems then. Presto! She turns her back and the suit illusion vanishes as white flesh is accented in an extreme manner by bronze sequin harness, forming a very low decolletage.

Also, speaking of inconsistency, Orry Kelly of Warner Brothers points to the surprising trend in "five o'clock" gowns. He says that the gown of the hour during the holiday whirl will be this definitely long type of cocktail dress. "Things will happen to them," says Mr. Kelly. "Buttons up the back will suddenly open and expose an expanse of white flesh. Long sleeves will detach on the spur of the moment and even open at the cuffs and fall back to form drapery from the shoulder line," according to Orry Kelly.

This illustrates how a different blouse seems to give you a different wardrobe. Pat Ellis wears this bright red jersey blouse with the same skirt worn with the moire blouse—but what a change it makes!

Stripes and plaids, in various combinations, are very chic. Bette Davis has this blouse in stripes of several shades of blue. With it she wears a very broad belt of blue antelope with a gold buckle

Another variation of the striped blouse, this one with a little white tailored collar, and stripes of orange, tan and brown. With all six of these blouses and one or two skirts, a complete wardrobe is ensembled

You may be informal, semi-formal or formal all in one gown so if your date for New Year's afternoon sounds as though it might lead to other things—make use of this advance warning!

Another thing! There is a new name for that in-between sort of dress you slip into when *he* says "let's just go to a movie." It may be like an afternoon dress, of crêpe or satin, but long. It may be velvet with a bit of lace at the throat, it may even be sheer wool with little fur tails on it—but from now on it is called a "cinema dress." Don't forget that, for it puts you "one up" on fashion jargon according to Hollywood chatter.

BIGGER AND BETTER MONOGRAMS

At the preview of "Female" Ruth Chatterton's newest film, she was dressed in black from head to toe. But a new note shone out from the Ascot scarf of black crêpe . . . a huge monogram of white embroidery. You clever girls can copy that tip easily! There's a picture of Ruthie in this outfit in this month's "Inside Stuff." Just turn back to it.

VANITY FAIR

Hollywood's newest brunette-gone-blonde, Fay Wray, has loads of new clothes to go with her new shade of hair. One of the best numbers is a coarsely woven tweed suit of tailored lines which denies its masculinity by kick pleats in the skirts and oblong buttons! An antelope beret, oxfords and bag complete Fay's "suitable" ensemble.

THAT "SUITS" HARLOW, TOO

Yes indeed, Jean the glamorous likes to wear simple, tailored suits with the same swank she wears the gorgeous clothes that her screen rôles demand. Her favorite street costume right now is a smooth grey suit of the simplest lines. You'll see her in it in the picture with Irving Thalberg in "Inside Stuff" on page 27. She reminds us of her love for white satin by using a blouse of that fabric and her little hat is the same fabric as the suit with stitching around the crown. Who said Jean never goes "conservative"?

THE EMBASSY OPENS!

AND how! A big blare of social trumpets sounded that night but I was so dazzled by a vision of Dolores del Rio I can't even remember anyone else's costume. Her dusky brunetteness was so perfectly framed that night. White velvet gown with a moulded silhouette, accented by those two emerald rings she wears; one on the third finger of each hand. Around her neck a lei of white tuberoses, which she transferred to the outside when she drew on her Russian ermine coat. It seems that Dolores has a strange philosophy about perfume and whenever possible she uses the true fragrance of flowers instead of bottled scent. Remember that the next time he sends gardenias, and don't mar their odor by using your favorite brand.

ERMINE LIMITED

Elissa Landi goes on record for having the "briefest" ermine wrap in Hollywood! The little cape she wears in "By Candlelight" is an example of how very little fur it takes to preserve the regal illusion of ermine over black velvet. Just a few inches more than a collar . . . but it's called a cape just the same!

(*Continued on page* 63)

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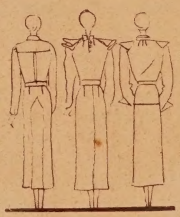

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(*Continued from page* 61)

THE HEIGHT OF ECONOMY?

A challenge to those who call the stars spend-thrifts is the fact that dainty Dorothy Lee of Radio Pictures has a cerise chiffon evening gown which she has had for five years! She still loves to wear it and strangely enough it's still very much in style. Dot is another clever girl who makes many of her clothes and this perennial happens to be one of those she created.

Two contrasting personalities in similar gowns—Loretta Young and Ann Harding, sponsoring the "satin" vogue of the winter. The Harding gown has the austere simplicity Ann always favors, while Loretta's frock is dramatically exciting, with its jeweled neckline, its complete lack of back and its sweeping double trains

I Won't Pretend About Anything

Says MADGE EVANS

Even up to and including Those Stories About Herself and Tom Gallery. Madge, for the First Time, Tells All About That

by BEN MADDOX

IN the city where the best line wins, Madge Evans defies the gods!

She is beautiful, charming, and eager to oblige. But she has no option on these characteristics; many have. Yet she is spectacularly singular because she refuses—*point-blank*—to go in for the customary Hollywood hocus-pocus!

If a girl has to select a story and stick to it in order to become a great star, Madge says she is fated to mere leading ladyhood.

She wants to progress further, but she declines quite definitely to sanction the routine habitually demanded of aspiring actresses.

The result is that Madge, since she won't put on an act in private life, is the despair of the town gossips.

Neither ingenue nor sensationalist, neither unawakened nor blase, when told that she is the one screen bet who isn't decisively tagged she points to the fact that she has attained her present degree of popularity without observing the venerable principle that all the world's a movie actress's stage.

So far, it has been easier to reach the top by resorting to flamboyant publicity effects. Whether Madge is wise in shunning pretense the fans alone can decide.

"I don't want to be known as the girl who wore the boa-constrictor around her neck to the Hollywood party!" she exclaims. "I don't yearn to be identified as the exotic lady who prefers pants. Or as the woman who concocts the weirdest fashion get-ups.

"It's not that I condemn others for capitalizing upon an individual flair. That's a matter of choice. Personally, I'd feel too silly to carry off a pose—in the first place! Secondly, it would give me no satisfaction being box office because of a peculiarity."

Harlow and her hair, Hepburn and her tomboy stunts, Garbo and her mystery, Pickford and the regal backdrop of Pickfair, Crawford and relentless ambition, Chatterton and the elegant Broad *A*'s, Clara Bow and *"It"*—we could go right down the line of stars and their specialties.

"Nevertheless," Madge amplifies, her nigh-perfect features high-lighted by the straightforward expression of her big blue eyes and the humor of her honest smile, "even if a Hollywood girl's truest friend *is* her trade-mark, I still insist that I will be simply myself. Without fantastic flourishes.

"I am not given to wailing that my private life is my own. Nor do I complain dramatically about living in a gold-fish bowl. Whenever there is anything to talk about, I am glad to speak up.

"But I cannot take myself seriously enough to turn on my imagination and let it run riot!"

For more than a year the chatterers have tried to force Madge into admitting marital intentions toward good-looking Tom Gallery, the prize fight promoter who was once an actor and once the husband of Zasu Pitts.

"I won't pretend about love, either!

"Which means, specifically, about Tom and me. There is actually nothing to elaborate upon. So I don't, even though heavy romance rumors might be more exciting.

"We go out together; yes. We have been friends for fifteen years. Ever since I was a child and we were cast in the same picture. When I came West two-and-a-half years ago, it was renewing almost a life-long acquaintanceship when I met him here. We naturally had something in common, as he had known me and my family for so long.

"Despite the urging of certain representatives of the press, I have never planned to marry Tom. At the present time we are not anticipating such an event. As to what the future will bring, I don't know. Again I decline to pretend. I am no Madam Chandu, so I shan't predict.

"I have no desire to announce an engagement one month, and then call it off the next. She's in love, she's out—she's falling, she's cooling—! And down on the five-yard line!"

Madge does not go "steady" with Tom Gallery. But she might as well for all the publicity her other admirers get.

"Being seen with other men seems to intrigue the local populace so little that they don't bother to mention it. Why, in attempting to build the Evans-Gallery legend the reporters are passing up a number of chances for copy.

"For instance, last spring a boy friend from New York came West on his vacation and we saw a lot of each other. He even took the bungalow adjoining mother and me. We ate, swam, and danced together every day. And no one cared!

"Love is Hollywood's most over-done publicity racket. I have been counselled that I would garner more notice if I dated with more prominent men. The Clara Bow-Harry Richman and Pola Negri-Charlie Chaplin engagements are held up as models for headline grabbing.

"But—! The truth is this: I won't pretend to be intrigued by *any* man for publicity purposes. I have no objection to getting married. I won't pretend that I'm not in love because of career—that I am waiting until I'm an established star, or until I earn a million for my family.

"It may be less colorful to have no such excuse. If I felt like marrying, I'd go right ahead today!"

Strange as it may appear, Madge (*Continued on page* 84)

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 31)

Murray pouted to the judge. So now her Prince is looking for a new lady-in-waiting.

. . . When Claire Luce danced with Fred Astaire, she also sang a song that went, "Night and day, you are the one." But she couldn't have meant her husband, Clifford Warren Smith. He's giving her $25,000 a year for the rest of her life. Careful, Claire . . . with that bankroll, a lot of boys would like to sing the same song to you.

. . . When a wealthy Agua Caliente sportsman tells his wife he wished he'd never married her, there's only one thing to do—and Mona Rico did it. Three minutes' testimony and Mona was practically a free soul.

. . . Mrs. James Kirkwood says she is in want. Her husband, she states, has only contributed $70 to the support of the last Mrs. Kirkwood and their infant daughter. She hopes to continue her screen career. In the meantime, she is being befriended by none other than Lila Lee, who was her predecessor to the Kirkwood name.

A new romantic combine. Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale attending the Pasadena Community Theatre with the Bob Montgomerys

Dolores del Rio and Ramon Novarro staged a show in Los Angeles to aid their fellow countrymen, the Cuban refugees

Right, still another romance budding between Carl Laemmle, Jr. and pretty newcomer Irene Bentley, seen at the Desert Inn

This bunch pals around together. Eddie Hillman, Sari Maritza, The Wesley Ruggleses, June Gale and Hoot Gibson, at the Brown Derby

. . . They do it this way in Hollywood . . . Barbara Barondess, beautiful Russian actress and Irving Jacobs, her handsome producer husband, spent a grand evening together at the Colony Club—then, the next day, she served her papers.

. . . Stocks took a sudden slump when Betty Boyd lost faith in her stock-broker husband—they're settling it out of court.

WEDDING BELLS DEPARTMENT

. . . Arthur Lake, screen comedian, played his first serious rôle when he stood up for his sister Florence, who said "I do" to stage dancer Jack Good . . . Good luck, Florence! (we hope there's everything in a name!)

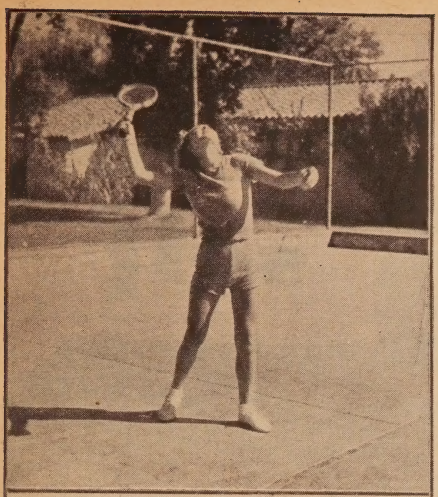
. . . She's Mrs. Malone

INSIDE STUFF

not suited to the rôle," said Gene. "Anytime a producer has a job for me that is beneficial to all parties concerned, I'll dye my hair or even shave it off if the part calls for it." And that settles that!

When Jimmy Durante was a mere lad (with practically no nose), his father took him out one day and bought him a turtle-neck sweater. From the merchant they went to the photographer's, where Schnozzle, Jr., sat for his picture. Today Jimmy is showing it around Hollywood. "How does this guy Gable get that way," bellows the comedian. "Am I boilin'? I wore toitle-necks before he wore diapers!"

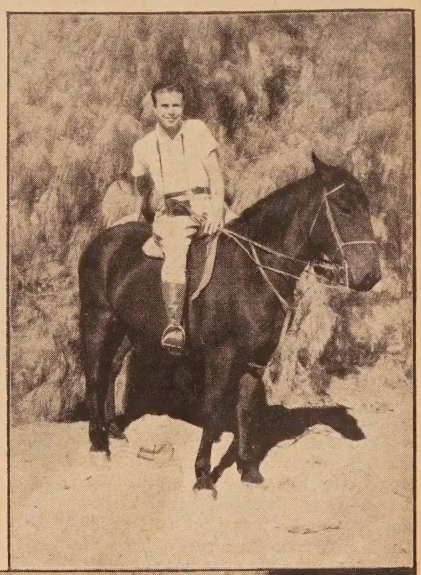
No expectant father has anything on Lionel Barrymore. When Mrs. Barrymore was rushed to the hospital for a serious abdominal operation, Lionel practically wore out the linoleum in the hallway until he knew his wife was out of danger.



Hollywood is already going to Palm Springs in the desert for sports. Here's Dorothy Mackaill playing tennis at the Desert Inn

When the Royal Scot, England's crack train, visited Hollywood this crowd, with many stars, came down to visit it

Dick Powell has more energy than half a dozen average fellows. Down in the desert, he goes horseback riding at dawn



When Marconi, the wireless inventor, and Mrs. Marconi were visiting the studios, they were delighted to meet Francis Lederer

to you! Polly Moran has made a lot of people laugh in her day, with her droll mimicry. Now, a well-aimed arrow by Dan Cupid has hit Polly and Martin Malone at the same time. He's an attorney and we hope yours is a case of life-long happiness, Polly.

. . . Wipe that frown off your "dead pan," Buster Keaton. You've got her for good this time. All of which means that Buster has remarried his former nurse, Mae Scrivens. She married him the first time in Ensenada, before Buster had received his final from Natalie.

Notice to producers: When Gene Raymond refused to play a rôle in "Nana," word went around Hollywood it was because Samuel Goldwyn had asked him to dye his platinum locks. We have Gene's personal word for it that such was not the case. "It was not a good part for me and I was

speak for your self

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

$20.00 PRIZE LETTER

Contrasts Make Life Interesting

A little while ago I would have sworn that Greta Garbo was the last of the truly great individualists of feminine stars. Her mellow and sonorous voice, dreamy-mysterious eyes and unsophisticated way of walking revealed that at least here was some one who was different. But I quickly found out that a veritable avalanche of Greta Garbos was being forced upon us. Not that women players were made into the physical likeness of the Swedish star, but that haunting, drifting way of talking became the thing.

When we had almost despaired the celestial world had compassion and brought forth a new star. Mae West, the lady with the curves and robust appeal, quipped, "come up and see me." The brevity and pointedness of her sallies delighted audiences already hardened by the ordinary efforts in films to arouse a reaction. "You can be had" has become the pass word for those who are up to date. And reviews indicate new gags will be current after the showing of "I'm No Angel."

The hallowed mystery of Garbo suggests depth and beauty, a cathedral with its sloping shadows at dusk. Contrasted is Mae West with the invitation to enjoy life a bit in between the times of somber meditation. Both make life.

Weldon Dwight Woodson, Los Angeles, Calif.

$10.00 PRIZE LETTER

Capitalizing Handicaps

Many who mourn because they believe success lies beyond their grasp due to physical handicaps should find encouragement in reviewing the stars who have not only succeeded in spite of so-called handicaps, but have made these same handicaps into trademarks of success.

What a piquancy is added to the expression of Alison Skipworth by that roguish one-eyed squint.

Will Rogers' comfortable homeliness has made him a man of the people. We feel akin to him.

Joan Crawford's big, mobile mouth expresses a soul-hunger that makes for drama, while the pretty pouty rosebud mouths are just pretty pouty rosebud mouths.

That protruding underlip of Chevalier's most people would feel a facial disfigurement, but he has made it balance, with a subtle charm, his general genial attractiveness.

Zasu Pitts' forlorn hopelessness and boneless hands have won her a million fans because she capitalized her very weariness of spirit.

The suggestion of repressed power in the plain, unsmiling, almost brooding countenance of Greta Garbo creates a haunting sense of undefined beauty.

Eva Dunbar, Oakland, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

A Fan Answers Our Questions

What do I think of pictures? A good clean picture is edifying entertainment, fit for a king.

Who is my favorite star? Irene Dunne.

Why? Because she has capabilities beyond conception if given rôles to develop her talents.

What do I wish producers would do to make me go to the theatre more often? Just keep on giving us better pictures.

What is my favorite talkie of the month? "Another Language" because it conveys a valuable lesson to in-laws of all descriptions.

Mrs. Sarah A. Kincaid, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Pictures Replace "Ponies"

In these days of criticism and dispraise of the movies, I want to add one little hurrah from a Latin teacher.

I shall never be able to thank the picture people enough for doing "The Sign of the Cross" and "Ben Hur." These pictures were seen by most of my pupils who looked for all the Latin emblems, signa and words. They came back to class willing to do their Latin assignments. For the first time they were proud that they knew a little of the so-called dead language. They were proud to read S. P. Q. R., if nothing else. They enjoyed the battle of the ships in "Ben Hur" and after that it was easy enough to teach them Caesar's battle with the Venetii.

Please won't somebody make "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Quo Vadis?" Also the "Conspiracy of Cataline"? All right, make them as popular movies. Perhaps there will be mistakes in details; perhaps they will even be a lot of hokum. But they do help all the over-worked Latin teachers to "put their subject over."

Rosa Hart, Lake Charles, La.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Praise for Mickey Mouse's Creator

Walt Disney's "Lullaby" symphony, seen the other night with a feature film, "Voltaire," surpassed even George Arliss in whole-hearted delight. That subtle humor—that "funny pity"—the delicious tenderness of the thing! The twanging safety-pins, the little eager powder-puffs, and the over-eager bottles of castor oil! Then the singing chiming in to make it a perfect rock-a-bye thing.

It would not be surprising if more symphonies like this come to compete with our present heavy emotional dramas. An amused, bemused expression on everyone's face, soft chuckles everywhere, cries of "that's darling," and a generous clapping when the little symphony is over—tell that Disney does nigh approach high art.

Jennie E. Harris, Stratford, Penn.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

You're Right, Madame

I wonder if there is not some way by which distribution of pictures could be so arranged that pictures of the same type could be shown together on the double programs. For instance, I often find the picture that is desirable for my young son to see, but the double program will carry another that is totally unsuitable. There would be much more satisfaction with the pictures, if mothers were not troubled in this manner.

Mrs. Raymond G. Ridgely,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Things I Cannot Believe:

That Kay Francis is the ruthless Miss McDonald in "I Loved a Woman," particularly after having seen her in "Storm at Daybreak" and "Mary Stevens, M. D." Kay is ever a lovable woman!

That Phillips Holmes would evade his duty as in "Beauty for Sale." He is a romanticist but not a philanderer!

That Ann Harding would use such underhand methods to ensnare a husband as she did in "Double Harness." Ann's intelligence, exhilarating comradeship and natural charm would win her a husband any day!

That Fay Wray could ever become so "ordinarily sexy" as in "One Sunday Afternoon." She can resort to subterfuge as in "The Big Brain" with George Stone, but she is too innately clever ever to parade sex alone!

That, suave Adolphe Menjou would entertain any interest other than as in an animated puppet in the naive and overly introspective Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory." Adolphe likes his women sophisticated, hence the episode after the party in his home is truly de trop!

Ruby Arnold Dennis, Louisville, Ky.

Garbo's Generous Gesture

Garbo, you are magnificent.
They've called you glorious. They've called you glamorous. And they've spoken truths. But even so, you have been misunderstood by a public that has long wished to know you and hold you to its heart. Now with seemingly a simple sweep of your hand you eradicate that misunderstanding. It remained for you to do what the rest of Hollywood couldn't do.

You've snatched that fine actor, John Gilbert from a rapidly sinking future of oblivion and given him a chance that he has always needed and rightfully deserves, when you made him your co-star in "Queen Christina."

Was there ever an act so generous, a gesture so magnanimous? The public understands the spirit behind that act and hastens to express its fervent approval.

You ascend, Garbo, to the ranks of the Immortal.

Ruth A. Wood, Portland, Oregon.

Where Shearer Shines!

I have seen Norma Shearer in only two pictures, "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude," but each time I was very much impressed with this beautiful, refined actress. She is so aristocratic looking, so dignified, so feminine, that one cannot help liking her. Her acting is superb. Her refinement shines through every performance. There is no makeshift about her—she is natural. To me she is the ideal actress. Here's hoping we'll see more Norma Shearer pictures.

Marion F. Mattei, Galveston, Tex.

Dotes on Dietrich

It is costing me an effort, but I must admit in all fairness, that though I have a secret passion for Marlene Dietrich's screen characters, her portrayal in "The Song of Songs" was hardly on a par with her previous screen efforts. "Morocco" and "The Blonde Venus" are the type of pictures that will secure her a permanent place on the American screen.

Dietrich with a cigarette perched saucily between her teeth. Dietrich in a smoke-laden nightclub staring wildly about as she sings . . . Dietrich in feathers and black lace posed among shadows . . . that is the woman her fans wish to see.

Jack Henry, Hollywood, Calif.

Back in Hollywood and very busy, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg take a rare moment off to go to the tennis matches with Eddie Goulding and Ruth Selwyn

Joan Can Take It

Joan Crawford has proved she can take it. Aces high with fans some two years ago, she now draws, not infrequently, cutting comments. An adoring fan, I'm glad she isn't one to quit under fire.

I've been for her ever since "The Duke Steps Out," and always will be. Joan will survive this period of dissent and unrest, if you'd call it that, to emerge greater and finer than ever. She has too much perseverance and strength to do otherwise.

Monica Laidlaw, New York, N. Y.

Beal-ievers

"Another Language" was a grand picture and the reason was John Beal. He took the picture from Robert Montgomery. Everyone here thinks he is a grand actor. Better watch out Gable, 'cause one girl told me he's better at love-making than any other screen Romeo. Beal-ieve it or not, this Beal is the "New Deal" in an answer to a maiden's prayer.

Mrs. John Isaac, Georgetown, S. C.

Juli-et All the Romeos!

The screen is at present suffering from a lack of Romeos—and the world also suffers from a similar dearth.

Maybe by applying a little psychology to the situation, the movie potentates can supply in fancy what reality denies. Bring on the torrid sheiks, Mr. Producer, for by so doing you will not only satisfy our demands, but bring yourself more shekels. We'll pay what Rome-owes.

Loretta de Blanc, New Iberia, La.

Movies Have Their Moments

I want to say a word of praise for Moments in pictures.

There is the now famous one of the Titanic scene in "Cavalcade."

There was, to me, the best Moment in any picture, where the audience was shown the framed and hung picture of the Law through the tear-blurred eys of "Skippy."

And now recently, the showing of "Diamond Jim" Brady as a striking personality of the times, in the same play where Alice Brady was giving a striking performance —"Broadway to Hollywood."

There must be other such moments that have remained with audiences. It would be interesting to hear from other movie fans what theirs were.

Frances Milazzo, Lake Charles, La.

Ike and Mike They Look Alike

Here in Nebraska there is very little to do 'cept go to the movies and I thoroughly enjoy most everything I've seen on the screen this year . . . but there's one thing that surely vexes and confuses me while watching a picture . . . and that is to have the characters look alike. One picture I saw recently had three blonde girls in it all about the same size and they all looked alike to me . . . I was dizzy trying to keep them straight. Another time, in a western picture, all the ranchers seemed to be twins or triplets.

Seems like the directors could have 'em wear wigs, or walk with a limp, for identification, so we could relax and enjoy the pictures instead of taxing our brains about who is Mike and who's Ike.

Alpha Carmen Allen, Hastings, Neb.

Lee Tracy's Smile

Now the dimples of Gable make some folks rave
And they think Weissmuller is so big and brave;
The sweet voice of Novarro they also adore
And gasp at the profile of John Barrymore,
But there's one thing that's got them all beat a mile,
And that, my dear reader, is Lee Tracy's smile.

E. P., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The screen's most electric personality! Lee Tracy's hands talk, and did they land him in a "hot spot" as the news reporter in "Advice to the Lovelorn." Twentieth Century borrowed him from M-G-M for this picture

Oh! Oh!—A Letter to O. O.

O. O. McIntyre, perhaps one of the three foremost commentators of his time, is irritated, and via a national tabloid, rises up to exclaim:

"For the first time recently I saw Jack Oakie, on the screen. If I saw his name anywhere I thought of him vaguely as a sort of worldly romantic lover—wasn't his name coupled with Peggy What'shername? Instead I found a perfect yap smart alec transplanted to the cinema. Of all the screen actors, he seems to be a 'natural.' There are hundreds of his kind wise-cracking in front of prairie town drug stores everywhere. I'll wager he honestly thinks he's the best actor in Hollywood. Maybe he is."

Well, by way of a defense for Jack: Who knows who is a good actor, anyway? Should Henry Irving or Edwin Booth return to life and witness what is passing for actors and actresses on the modern stage, they would heave healthy sighs, throw their hands dramatically skyward, and retreat hastily to their crypts.

The point is that Jack Oakie must have a chronic Box-offic*i*tis about him—which by the way, is the Grand Arbiter in any league—or he would have to go to work like the rest of us plugs. We might add that these are not times for dramatics—these are clown times, if you can see them that way. The public has plenty of tragedy right in their own back yards. They want to laugh and out loud, too. So you see where Oakie fits into the picture, and why. Besides, Oakie may just be precocious.

However, we hasten to forgive O. O. because he is one of that rare gentry who, upon occasion can also be caustic with himself. A remarkable accomplishment in this age of inflated ego.

P. R. Inglis, Anaheim, Calif.

Novarro-mantic

I believe that movies are the best form of entertainment and means of education today. For this reason, I feel that they should contain more "real" love—the love that lasts—such love as is demonstrated in the "Barbarian" by Ramon Novarro.

Today's generation flirts with love; makes a game of it instead of holding it sacred. They need to realize the necessity of a durable love, in order to fight the divorce epidemic.

Here's to real love and happy marriage! —and more pictures to show us the way.

Esther Garner, Washington, D. C.

Bing Brings Harmony

Here is to our "Bing." He sure is the most marvelous thing under the sun. He rated in radio and how he's rating in movies!

I've always been in love with his voice, but now after seeing him in "The Big Broadcast," "College Humor," and in "Too Much Harmony" I am so gone on him that I think of him all the time. I see everything he plays in seven or eight times, and I will go right on seeing them as long as they are shown.

I am not the only one—I've got dozens

(*Continued on page* 83)

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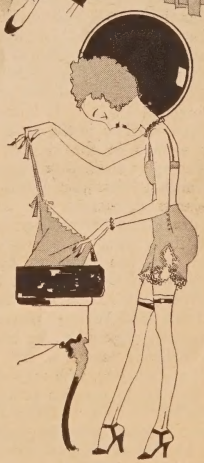

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Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

The Ten Best and the Ten Worst Actors of 1933

provides a rich, lusty and colorful characterization that is not only enormously entertaining, but which manages to convince you that it has captured the spirit of an alien and far-distant age.

The German Peter Lorre's performance as the pathological murderer of children in the chilling Teutonic film called "M" was, above all things, great in its compassion. On the surface the rôle was merely that of a brutal, homicidal maniac, not far distant from the type Boris Karloff has played upon the screen in American pictures. But by adding that quality of sympathy and understanding to the part which it might have seemed incapable of offering, he managed to make the hunted killer a pathetically diseased victim of a mania, rather than a fictional monster.

OF course, Miss Hepburn's performance as the stage-struck country girl in "Morning Glory" has already become one of the classics of the screen. It was humorous and tender and understanding and gallant, and in the playing of the Juliet scene it reached a height of eloquence which caused one to feel that Shakespeare on the screen might not be a mere high-brow affectation. Chiefly I thought that the performance was important for the light it threw on the already mentioned subject of the relationship between technique and personality in acting. Miss Hepburn's playing of her scenes revealed an admirable knowledge of her business, but at the same time if there had not been about her a quality of great personal distinction the episodes in which she was supposed to impress the other characters—and the audience—with the possibility that she, the character, might be something of a potential genius would have fallen flat, and no amount of acting resource would have saved them.

I pick Miss Harlow's work in "Bombshell" as the characterization of hers which belongs in the first ten, because it provides the best full-length portrait of her amazing talent that has yet been offered; yet in her limited rôle she was almost equally good in "Dinner at Eight." It is my contention that Miss Harlow is the most remarkable young woman in the cinema. Once the most generally disliked of screen players—and I must confess that I was among her enthusiastic detractors—she carefully set about developing her gift for comedy playing until by dint of wisdom, skill and courage she has come to be the First Comedienne of the films. At the moment Miss West, whose brilliant rowdiness in "She Done Him Wrong" places her in the select group, appears to be creating more of an audience sensation, but she, I suspect, is a stunt star, who may shortly grow a bit routine. In genuine acting talent she is definitely inferior to Miss Harlow.

Leslie Howard must be included in the group, because of the distinguished sensitivity of his work in "Berkeley Square." The lyric, slightly eerie mood of that charming metaphysical love story could very easily have seemed a clumsy and heavy-handed and furiously ineffective striving for romantic drama had it not been for the delicate, yet properly masculine, touch he brought to the rôle. Without him "Berkeley Square" might have appeared a bit ridiculous. With him it was charming.

(*Continued from page 37*)

John Barrymore's characterization of the bewildered schoolmaster, who discovered that honesty was the worst policy, is the best thing this distinguished actor, the greatest Hamlet of his time, has contributed to the screen, with the possible exception of the scene from "Henry VI," which he did in the Warner revue, "The Show of Shows" and his brilliant farcical playing in "The Man from Blankley's." Miss Wynyard's work in "Cavalcade" played a great and tender part in making "Cavalcade" a thrilling adventure in the cinema, and not just a paean to Empire. Miss Hopkins's portrayals of the amorous Temple Drake in the screen version of Mr. Falkner's "Sanctuary" was so mercilessly real in its expose of a Southern ingenue that it definitely ranks among the outstanding works of the year. As for Mr. Robeson, his success was almost completely a triumph of personal prowess, since he is not only less than a great actor technically, but in "The Emperor Jones" he was, I suspect, miscast. There is too distinguished a quality about the man to make you believe that he would have been the victim of primitive terrors, but he nevertheless added so much vitality to the film that his is one of the memorable portrayals of the season.

Now we come to a matter so violently and dangerously controversial that I won't even try to defend myself or hedge my selections about with apologies. Instead I might as well stick my head down and rush forward to the massacre, setting down the following as the ten portrayals of 1933 that I remember with most pain:

George Arliss in "Voltaire."
Lionel Atwill in "The Song of Songs."
Irving Pichel in "Oliver Twist."
Ann Harding in "Double Harness."
Edmund Lowe in "I Love That Man."
Ruth Chatterton in "Lily Turner."
Ruth Donnelly in "Hard to Handle."
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Narrow Corner."
Will Rogers in "Doctor Bull."

ROBERT WOOLSEY in any comedy he has appeared in during 1933.

Of them all I think that Mr. Arliss should be most ashamed of himself, for in "Disraeli" he gave one of the classic performances in screen history. Recently, however, he has become increasingly coy and self-consciously whimsical, until in his latest picture he even made that sturdy old scoundrel, Voltaire, a sweet granddaddy.

In "The Song of Songs," Mr. Atwill, who was brilliant on the stage in "Deburau," gave an eloquent exhibition of scene chewing. Irving Pichel, as Fagan, needed, as Percy Hammond once said of Walter Hampden, only a blackboard and a pointer to complete a very dull lecture to his classroom on the art of acting. Mr. Pichel always seems to me the schoolmaster among actors, but I fear that he is not an eloquent pedagogue. Miss Harding in "Double Harness" reached, I thought, a climax in the air of smugness she brings to her rôles, apparently with the purpose of making them seem noble, sacrificial and sympathetic.

Mr. Lowe's chief fault seems to me the insistent way he has of attempting to impress you with his hard-working virility and his intense personal charm. With much of the equipment of an effective actor to his credit, Mr. Lowe will insist on hurling personality at you all over the place until it is difficult not to forget that he really knows something about his business. In "I Loved That Man" he is pretty much of a synthetic Tough Guy. "Lily Turner" revealed once more those fantastically affected mannerisms, which are rapidly becoming an obsession with Miss Chatterton. Miss Donnelly in Mr. Cagney's "Hard to Handle" worked so hard for laughs that she provided one of the most laugh-less characterizations of the year. Growing affectation was young Mr. Fairbanks' chief sin in "The Narrow Corner" and Will Rogers was just too home-spun and folksey in "Dr. Bull" for either comfort or effectiveness. In all of his comedies Mr. Woolsey achieved the feat of being even less humorless than Wheeler.

Tossing aside for the time being all of the foregoing ungraciousness, and lapsing into unaccustomed benevolence I would list as the most promising of the players not included in the category of stars: Myrna Loy, Frances Dee, Claire Dodd, Elizabeth Allan, Dorothy Coonan, Frances Fuller, Ginger Rogers, Helen Vinson, Merle Oberon, Jean Muir and John Beal. If the list seems to suggest an over-emphasis on women, it is because of the comparative newcomers among the men, only young Mr. Beal and possibly Russell Hardie suggest qualities striking enough to make for potential acting distinction.

Miss Loy assuredly belongs on any list of the people to be watched, now that she has abandoned Oriental and domestic villainesses for a development of her pleasant gift for comedy. In "The Silver Cord" Miss Dee gave one of the outstanding performances of the season. Miss Dodd, sentenced indefinitely to the playing of treacherous blondes, is even in her small and unpleasant parts a striking young woman. Miss Allan is easily the most promising of the visiting Englishwomen; Miss Coonan was freshly straightforward in "Wild Boys of the Road"; Miss Fuller, a splendid stage actress, revealed equal capability in her one screen appearance on "One Sunday Afternoon"; Miss Rogers will some day take proper advantage of her comedy talents; Miss Vinson, another of the reformed villainesses, has definite quality about her and Miss Muir was the one breath of fresh air in the self-conscious "The World Changes." Miss Oberon, I have seen only as the tragic Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," but she is a vivid girl who deserves watching. So do all of the foregoing young women.

Money For Your Thoughts

Do you agree with Mr. Watts? Or disagree? Who do you think are the ten best and ten worst actors of 1933? We are willing to pay to find out. Therefore, make out your list today and send it in accompanied by a letter stating why you agree or disagree with Mr. Watts. For the most interesting list and letter explaining why the writer agrees or disagrees with Mr. Watts, MOVIE MIRROR will pay a first prize of $25, for the second best list and accompanying letter a $15 second prize, and in like manner two third prizes of $10 each, and five fourth prizes of $1 each, a total of $65 in all. Address your entry to the Editor, MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City. All entries must be mailed no later than midnight of January 1st, 1934.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 49*)

✓"Female" (First Nat'l-Warners)

You'll See: *Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Johnny Mack Brown, Lois Wilson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and others.*
It's About: *A big business woman who runs an automobile factory in the daytime and is a romance-seeking female at night.*

Here's a delightful picture with Ruth Chatterton practically doing a "come up and see me." Only instead of making it "sometime," she makes it that very night. Of course, Ruth's "lady" is very polished.

She inherits her father's big automobile factory and runs it with a hand of iron. Yet she is not immune to the attractive young men who are in her employ. She invites them up for dinner to discuss their blue prints. However, once she gets them there, she changes her "plans" and becomes just a woman. She has a grand signal system with her butler. He manages to bring in the vodka when it is most needed.

Personal nomination for the most down to earth actor on the screen goes to George Brent. There is a performance turned in by Ferdinand Gottschalk that is more than worthy of mention.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like Ruth Chatterton because she is honest and entertaining in a story that parallels.

For Children: What little double meaning there is goes way over their heads.

✓"Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men" (RKO)

You'll See: *Charles Farrell, Wynne Gibson, William Gargan, others.*
It's About: *A girl and a boy, the former from the gutter, the latter from a sheltered, pampering aunt's apron-strings—and what happens when they find themselves living together in one room.*

"Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men" brings the Bowery very close to the hardest heart through Wynne Gibson's performance as Aggie. "Aggie" has been the target of the censors for several months, during the production period, but has managed to struggle through to a triumphant victory. Both Wynne Gibson and Charlie Farrell will renew their popularity by their swell portrayals of these very colorful characters.

The picture really is revealing as to the heart-ache the waifs of the Bowery have when a chance to escape from their cheap, tawdry life comes too late. It reminds us that they too, have morals and illusions under their tarnished masks and jerks a few tears in their behalf.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the kind of picture you wouldn't mind seeing twice . . . can I say more? Don't miss it!

For Children: Not particularly interesting for the youngsters but in no way injurious to their perspective.

"White Woman" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, Kent Taylor, Charles Bickford.*
It's About: *A rotund ruler of the jungle who offers a haven of refuge to white men and then makes their life a living hell.*

We've seen this one before—with different players and a different jungle, of

(*Continued on page 96*)

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood

I COULD MAKE THAT GIRL A STAR IF HER SKIN COULD STAND A CLOSE-UP!
DARLING IF YOU'LL FOLLOW MY ADVICE YOU CAN CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN IN NO TIME!
OH, PLEASE TELL ME HOW!
AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE YEAST FOAM TABLETS WILL HELP MY COMPLEXION?
6 WEEKS LATER
I'M SURE OF IT! I'VE SEEN WONDERFUL RESULTS AND THIS KIND OF YEAST IS SO EASY TO TAKE!
THERE'S JUST THE TYPE IF SHE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS WELL!
WHO-ME?
LET'S TRY HER, CHIEF—COME HERE BETTY!
SHE'S MARVELOUS AND BOY—WHAT SKIN!
HURRAY! SHE'LL BE OUR NEXT BIG STAR!
SUCH SKIN-AND THEY SAY SHE'S ENGAGED TO HER LEADING MAN!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL DEAR!
ISN'T SHE LOVELY?
PREMIERE TO-NITE!
BETTY

WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

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The Secret of Irene Dunne's Charm

(*Continued from page* 33)

sun-umbrella in order that the older woman could stay on in comfort and see the "show."

I have known Irene to forbid any investigation of the accidental destruction of her lovely new silver fox fur-piece when it was burned in her dressing-room on location.

"Why," she demanded indignantly, why make somebody feel badly over an accident? Let it go, for nobody would do such a thing deliberately, and I won't have the person responsible discharged for something they honestly did not mean to do."

When a working-man hurt his hand on the set, not long ago, it was Irene's handkerchief which offered first-aid before anyone else had time to reach his side: and I'd be willing to bet that he treasures the lace-trimmed fragment always.

While "Anne Vickers" was being shot, Irene took a fancy to Mary Minor, her "stand-in." There is perhaps no more tiresome and, from the point of view of advancement, no more hopeless job than that of standing in for a star while lights and microphones are adjusted to the action of the picture. The stand-in practically never gets a chance to appear before a camera, owing to a strongly established tradition. But Irene, in her quietly friendly fashion, had shared her iced-tea with this girl, talked to her and found that Miss Minor had a real ambition to act.

"I ALWAYS believe in giving these youngsters a break," Irene told me. "It's so hard for them to make the opportunity for themselves, and this one really seemed to have an uncommon enthusiasm and belief in her own ability. That sort should always be given the chance to prove themselves out, don't you think?"

I thought so, of course. But Irene did more than think about it, she acted upon the thought. In fact, she pestered the casting director, the director, the producer, even, until Mary Minor was given a bit in the production, and you'll see her in a scene at the table, with Irene herself!

Irene Dunne is at once the easiest person to know and the most difficult person to know, in all Hollywood. She scents pretenders, or persons with ulterior motives behind their advances, with all the instinctive accuracy of a fine animal. But with people who are perfectly natural, she too is natural and easily approachable, no matter what the stranger's social importance or lack of importance.

Irene is socially shy. She seldom if ever goes anywhere alone, but in her doctor-husband's absence is always accompanied by some woman companion, or by one of the two married couples who are her most intimate friends, to wit, Mr. and Mrs. John Boles, or Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kellogg. Mr. Kellogg is Irene's singing teacher, a most delightful gentleman with an altogether charming wife.

To me, it always seems that the first thing one notices about Irene is her immaculate grooming. She is the *cleanest* looking woman I have ever seen in my life. Her skin is fine and clear, and her hair, which she dresses very simply off-screen, fairly glistens with healthy vigor. Even her clothes present unmistakable evidence of unusually constant care, and there is always an air of sweet freshness about her costumes which make you think of the word "appetizing." She wears no heavy scents nor extravagant jewels, and her choice of clothes is extremely conservative, yet she always looks very smart. I never knew her to buy a cheap or inferior article, and so there is a certain subdued richness about her clothes. And I assure you as will any other of her acquaintances that this outward immaculateness is not an accident, but the natural manifestation of the spiritual woman herself.

I know, if anyone does, how shy Irene is, and how difficult it is to get at the truth about her real self. But I'd like to add one fact. Her favorite motto is:—"To have a friend, be a friend."

Contest Announcement

The "All Star Game for Movie Fans" is over, and what fun it was! It was even fun for the judges, which very seldom happens. Here is the way your poll ran:

FAVORITE:	Joan Crawford	317 votes
MOST DISLIKED:	Greta Garbo	294 "
MOST BEAUTIFUL:	Norma Shearer	144 "
LEAST BEAUTIFUL:	Katharine Hepburn	244 "
BEST ACTRESS:	Helen Hayes	444 "
MOST SEX APPEAL:	Jean Harlow	613 "
BEST GROOMED:	Kay Francis	288 "
LEAST SEX APPEAL:	Zasu Pitts	417 "
MOST CHARMING:	Norma Shearer	261 "
AS A FRIEND:	Joan Crawford	280 "

The judges' fun began when we discovered that while there was only one clear-cut first-prize winner, Miss Marcella Hopkins, there were fifteen second-prize winners and thirty-eight third-prize winners.

We don't mean to boast, BUT a lot of magazines might have crawled out of these second and third-prize winners and have paid off only one of each. MOVIE MIRROR, however, wanted to play fair, so we are awarding all these winners prizes of equal amounts.

One second-prize winner and one third-prize winner failed to send in their addresses. Will you be good enough to write in to us so we may send your check to you?

FIRST PRIZE

Marcella Hopkins, 74 North Main St., Whitinsville, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE

Eleanor Roberts, 1237 Mohawk St., Utica, N. Y.
Evona Pike, Indian Sanatorium, Shawnee, Okla.
Beatrice Appleman, Rockdale, Texas.
Mae S. Bostock, 451 Nicholas St., Pottsville, Pa.
Margaret M. Butler, 526 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frances Wright, 2112 N. E. 51st Ave., Portland, Oregon.
Alice Christy, 2413 Edwards St., Granite City, Ill.
Genevieve G. Ricca, 345 Brice St., Baton Rouge, La.
Clifford Aulie, 1944 So. Ithan St., Philadelphia, Pa.
May Jung, (Address omitted).
Mrs. Raymond Rotge, Kerrville, Tex.
Peggy Templeton, Leesburg, Fla.
Miriam Reydman, 337 Avenue N, Nashville, Tenn.
Rilla Shelly, 131 No. 10th St., Reading, Pa.
Mildred Glover, Savannah Beach, Ga.

THIRD PRIZE

Carol Lewis, 51 Bellevue St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Max Bogner, 2353 Telegraph, Berkeley, Calif.
Mary M. Morrow, 902 Sixteenth St., Logansport, Ind.
Ada Epstein, 70 Barrett St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Inez A. Sylvia, 5 Priests Lane, N. Dartmouth, Mass.
J. Gregory Harada, 1045 Kopke St., Honolulu, Hawaii.
Faustine Towns, 1616 Walnut St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Floyd Shreve, Egan, La.
Bernice Hendricks, 421-18th Ave., Moline, Ill.
Bessie Reese, Dunlop, Iowa.
Edna Schaloske, 215 Des Plaines Ave., Forest Park, Ill.
Joe Somodi, Jr., 4941 Kennedy Ave., East Chicago, Ind.
Margaret Mayhue, Realtor Bldg., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Lois Carlson, Chamberlain, S. Dak.
Donna Mae Rucker (Address omitted).
Elma E. Crider, 1117 W. High St., Lima, Ohio.
Elizabeth Griggs, 630 E. Main St., Washington, N. C.
Harold H. Lenius, Waverly, Iowa.
Lucille Gray, Assumption, Ill.
Raymond Ross, 48 Hinckley St., Norwich, Conn.
Cathryn Hargrove, Winder, Ga.
Avonelle Hargis, Craney, Ky.
Sally Strelo, 1088-43rd St., Emeryville, Calif.
Dorothy Myers, 835 W. Hickory St., Arcadia, Fla.
Nancy Cronin, Sunny Acres, Warrensville, Ohio.
Claire E. Miller, 88-01—107th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Mrs. J. M. Bacon, 226 W. Broughton St., Savannah, Ga.
Margaret D. Sadler, 1030—24th St., Parkersburg, W. Va.
Ruth Tronerud, Hill St., Topsfield, Mass.
Helen M. Watson, 57 Center St., Concord, N. H.
Blanche Moore, Battlesboro, N. C.
Frank E. Hill, Jasper, Ala.
Mrs. Eunice B. Hightower, 705 W. 22½ St., Austin, Tex.
Violet Miers, 927 W. 31st Place, Chicago, Ill.
Beatrice Valentine, 129 N. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Lyle Dyer, Route 1, Eagle River, Wisc.
Ruth Callender, Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Mich.
Frances Monday, Carbondale, W. Va.

The True Love Story of Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot

(*Continued from page* 16)

two years I have been in pictures, I've taken out exactly three girls. I have few friends, because in the years back of me there are unpleasant memories of friends who have failed me when I needed them.

"We expect to live rather sedately. We want to know people who have no gauge of success for their loyalties.

"For the present we will live in Adrienne's home. I want Adrienne to save her salary. Mine is large enough to stand every expense of running a household, and of supporting a wife. I am no different from any other young husband who finds satisfaction in carrying the financial burdens of a home and of a family. Adrienne's small daughter will be with us. Eventually, I hope to adopt her.

"We hope to grow professionally. We're eager to make a picture together. There is no jealousy between us, and our concern is for each other. I think we will be of help to each other.

"Adrienne and I have both been inhibited. I—because life has landed a lot of wallops on my chin. Adrienne—because of her background, her early training. She has never been a very happy girl, because she has never been herself. She will be free now. And the inner Adrienne, which found dissatisfaction with the things that money could buy, who abandoned the ease and luxury of her life in New York to seek a career in Hollywood will really have a chance now.

"She is a source of daily amazement to me. She has a keen, a brilliant mind. She dissects a problem with unerring rightness. And she is the most understanding person I've ever known.

"Our love has changed both of us. I was reluctant to trust people. Adrienne made me realize that even though trust can be misplaced and betrayed, a man misses a lot if he only lives within himself.

"And she, of course, is young now for the first time in years. She knows that I won't laugh at her impetuous, her impulsive moods. I am like that too.

"I don't want to cross Fate by saying that we will be happy forever and ever. I only know that our marriage is based on a sincere, on an honest, on an understanding, on a deep love. Some day I hope to be able to give her the many things which she is giving up now for my sake."

Bruce has begun to do that already. His wedding gift to her is an astounding Rolls-Royce limousine, to replace the one she returned to Stephen.

Around the first of the year Bruce will take his bride to New York to meet his family. In the meanwhile he is slated to play opposite Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin." Paramount has several nice rôles lined up for Miss Ames.

Adrienne once said to me: "We all change. Our philosophies are fluid. As we grow older we know the real values. Yesterday wealth might have been important. Today—it doesn't matter. Companionship, understanding, sympathy—that's all that counts. That's why I am marrying Bruce."

These two are married now. Sure of their love and of each other.

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The natural growth of your lashes is best stimulated by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring. Its pure, nourishing ingredients are wonderfully beneficial.

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Ruby Keeler's Rules for Love

(*Continued from page* 15)

hard all winter. In a chorus. At the El Fay Club. Both girls looked forward to long days in the sun. To a little golf. Ruby planned to work, too, providing she could get something to do. In the fall she was due back in New York to rehearse for Ziegfeld's "Whoopee."

Al was down at the train. Not to meet Ruby. To meet Fanny Brice. A theatrical agent introduced them. "How do you do," they said to each other. "So happy to meet you." And that was that. Ruby and Mary climbed into the small Ford in which Mary's family had met them. Al stepped into the Rolls Royce that was to whizz him and part of the Warner Brothers and Fanny Brice back to Hollywood.

"I certainly never expected to hear from Al," Ruby told me. "But he located me through the agent and invited Mary and me to dinner. He was terribly nice. He even gave us a guest card to his beach club."

AGAIN, idly, she twisted the large diamond on her finger. It was the only thing about her bearing any resemblance to the sort of thing I've come to expect from movie stars or ladies married to rich gentlemen like Al Jolson. Everything else about her from her black and white pajamas and her tailored black dressing-gown with its white polka dots to her manner was as simple and unpretentious as that little suburban house in which I saw her.

"After a few weeks," Ruby went on with her story, "I got work dancing at Loew's State. So I had to come into town and live at a hotel. I was miserable with homesickness. Even though Mary came in and stayed with me. Even though four shows a day leave you very little time to think about yourself.

"It was just when I thought I couldn't stand one day more of it that a big box of flowers came for me. On the card it said 'Guess who?' I tried to and couldn't. I'd never had such flowers before.

"'Who could it be?' Mary would ask me and I'd ask Mary, 'Who *could* it be?'

"The next day another box came. And the next day still another. Always there was the same message on the card. 'Guess who?'

"Then one day—oh, it must have been all of a week later—Al came to the theater to see me. I was terribly surprised. I'd just come off after my number. I was still panting a little, sitting in a wheel chair they used in the next act.

"I'll never forget how I felt when that doorman came up and told me Al Jolson was there to see me. Never!"

I can imagine how Ruby looked that day. For I know how she looked at the memory of it. . . .

"Please don't think I'm conceited enough to expect such attention from you," Ruby begged Al as they stood talking there in the wings, "but . . . well . . ." She blurted it out at last, "but is it, by any chance, you who has been sending me such wonderful flowers?"

"It is," Al told her. And looking down at her, so young, so fresh, flushed from her dance I'm sure his eyes asked "And why not? Who better in all this world than you, could I send flowers to?"

"Then," I asked Ruby, "did you begin to think he might like you quite a little . . .?"

"I was afraid to think that," Ruby answered me. "You see I never allowed myself to take Al seriously. When he'd take me home I never counted on seeing him again. I'd seen too many girls take the passing attention men paid them too seriously, only to have their hearts broken. I didn't want to let myself in for anything like that."

Wise Ruby . . .

"Then," she went on, "I left to play San Francisco. Al said he'd run up while I was there. I was pleased, of course. But I did not count on it. Not for one minute. I knew how many beautiful girls there were in Hollywood. And . . . well, I'd seen other men forget their promises.

"So I wasn't surprised when he telephoned, after I'd been in San Francisco about a week, to say he couldn't make it.

"'I really didn't count on you coming,' I told him."

Ruby smiled, slowly, luxuriously. And her eyes traveled to the huge painting of Al which hangs beside a companion portrait of her over the brick fireplace.

"I still can hear him laughing," she told me. "I still can hear him saying, 'Oh, is that so! Well, I'll be at the theater in fifteen minutes. I'm just about to leave the hotel. Now, how do you like that?'

"I liked it a lot," Ruby confessed. "Of course. But still I didn't let myself hope . . . too much. Even when Al asked me to marry him soon after that I wasn't sure anything would come of it. It wasn't that I doubted Al himself. It was all the things I'd seen other men do . . .

"I didn't even write home that I was engaged. I waited until I got back and Al followed me. It wasn't, as a matter of fact, until we got our license that I actually admitted to mama and to myself how much I loved him . . ."

RUBY'S rules for love undoubtedly aren't at all the rules for love you'd get from most girls in her position. However, I'm inclined to believe that in their simplicity and honesty they're infinitely more worth while.

1. Ruby never tried to marry Al. Not by word or look or deed did she once try to involve him. She was content to be his friend, to go to dinner with him, to see movies at the little neighborhood theaters.

2. It wasn't by blatant verbal compliments and praise that Ruby flattered Al, that she appealed to his masculine ego. It was by the pleasure she so frankly felt in his attentions that she gave him the flattery every man adores. It was by her very attitude that she reflected the importance and esteem in which she held him.

3. Ruby never indulged in airs. Always she was what she was. She never pretended she had received other boxes of flowers like those Al sent her or that beach clubs like that one to which he gave her a guest card, were nothing more than what she was accustomed to.

(Men must grow tired of girls who refuse to be thrilled or excited or pleased by anything that is done for them, who pride

themselves on their blasé manner. Being with Ruby, taking her to new places, ordering out-of-season delicacies for her, driving her about in his long, low car, surely Al Jolson recaptured something he, much older, long surfeited and wealthy, must have feared gone forever.)

"What do you want from life?" I asked Ruby that day.

She looked at me surprised. "I'm very happy as things are now," she told me. "I have Al, you see. My family. And the leisure and opportunity to play golf which I'm mad about.

"Later on, if Al feels he can get away, I'd like to travel."

It was, you'll notice, "if Al can get away," not if she could get away.

"What about your career?" I asked.

"It's nice to have it," she said, "I know how lucky I've been in it, too. In '42nd Street' I was impressed by all the celebrities I found surrounding me and I was hoping all the time that I'd be good. I was just like the girl I played. It didn't take much acting.

"And I'm always grateful that the success of my pictures really doesn't depend upon me in any sense. I'd die if the failure or success of a production rested on my shoulders as it does on Al's.

Ruby's contract calls for only three pictures a year. This means approximately four months' work. One-third of her time is all she feels she can give to the studios.

"It's a good thing for a married woman to have something to occupy her, I think," she says, "but I don't believe marriage and movie work are a very happy combination. Often it's eight or after before I get home. That means Al has had to lie around waiting for me.

"He's never shown that he didn't like it. But I'm sure he doesn't.

"For a woman to wait for a man to come home and to stay home the nights her husband is tired is one thing. And all right. But for a man to wait for a wife to come home and to stay home the nights she is tired is another thing. And not all right at all."

Ruby's creed would appear to be "adjust to things as they are. Don't try to change them to suit your convenience."

"Suppose," I taxed her, "this career of yours should sweep you along with it? Suppose you should find yourself one of the biggest stars on the screen? What then? You'd have to give it your entire time in that event, you know."

Ruby laughed. "I can't imagine any such thing happening," she said. "In three pictures now I've danced a little and showed how much I can sing. I don't see myself the big star at all. But if by some fluke such a thing should happen . . . well, providing Al and I were still the way we are now, I'd quit. Quickly. Before Fame had time to blind me and cheat me."

"Are you sure you'd do that?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "I'm sure. You asked me a few minutes ago what I wanted from life. Well, I want happiness. Movie fame lets you down after five years at the most. Then what? You spend miserable years trying to win back a place you never in this world can have again.

"I want the kind of happiness for Al and for me that my mother and my father always have had.

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2
LATER
I'VE SOLD MANY BOOK-ENDS, LAMPS, ASH-TRAYS, PIPE RACKS, AND SO ON TO SPORTSMEN FOR THEIR DENS — I'VE LEARNED TO TAN FURS FOR CAPS, SCARFS AND RUGS, AND—BEST OF ALL—INSTEAD OF THROWING AWAY THOSE COW-HIDES, I TAN THEM INTO LEATHER FOR BELTS, HARNESS AND STRAPS.
BUT WASN'T TAXIDERMY HARD TO LEARN, BILL?
3
HARD? NOT A BIT, AFTER YOU GET THE HANG OF IT. WHY JIM, TO ME TAXIDERMY IS THE GRANDEST HOBBY IN THE WORLD. I'VE MADE AS HIGH AS $75 PER MONTH IN MY SPARE TIME, MOUNTING TROPHIES FOR HUNTERS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT UP?
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Why Gloria Stuart Is Living Alone

in my case, my salary was increasing.

"Eventually, of course, the situation began to get on both our nerves. No self-respecting man, no matter how hard he tries, can reconcile himself to having his wife be the family breadwinner. It just doesn't work. Gordon's pride was constantly being hurt. He was losing faith in himself and naturally his work suffered.

"Then there was my angle, too. I would come home tired after a hard day at the studio and find him apparently doing nothing. And it would irritate me a little more each time. I would try to remind myself that an artist is not necessarily loafing just because his hands are idle. His mind may be planning a new creation—evolving a new thought which he is not yet ready to execute. I tried to realize that even though Gordon had nothing concrete to show for his day he might have been working hard *mentally*.

"But it's difficult for a tired and sometimes slightly peevish actress always to be as understanding as a situation like that demands. I'll admit sometimes I got furious at Gordon. Particularly when I'd come home and find him sitting around having cocktails with my friends. Now mind you there was no reason on earth why he shouldn't have knocked off in the afternoon for a little social relaxation. Yet you can understand the psychological effect on me of walking in after hours before the camera and finding my apartment occupied by a carefree little group with my husband playing host.

"THEN, too, I was probably unduly demanding. I couldn't help expecting him to wait on me hand and foot. I was the tired breadwinner returning exhausted from "the office." Perhaps Gordon had been working just as hard at home as I had at the studio—but it was difficult always to keep that in mind—especially when there was such a difference in financial results.

"I got to thinking and suddenly it seemed to me that most of the men who'd played important rôles in my life had been financially assisted by me or by the women in my family. And I rebelled. I wanted it to be different with Gordon.

"Well anyway—you can see that the situation as it stood just wasn't possible. It wasn't fair to either of us—and particularly it wasn't fair to Gordon. How *could* he do good work under such circumstances—constantly aware of my irritation—constantly being reminded by a thousand and one little things that he

(*Continued from page* 42)

wasn't able to support a wife? What artist could be at his creative best with such a handicap?

"Gradually we both began to realize that something had to be done —some drastic change had to be made. Divorce was out of the question. That wouldn't have been a solution—but an admission of failure. We didn't want to dissolve our marriage —we wanted to insure it against dissolution. And so we decided to separate now in order that we might be together later. We're pulling for the long run. It isn't easy. But it will be worth it in the end.

"We didn't discuss the actual ways and means of our separation. That is to say there was no discussion as to which of us was to do the moving and when. We simply woke up one Sunday morning and began talking quite easily and naturally about what we were going to do when we were apart—what it would be like. Without any planning we were already moved —in our minds.

"Now Gordon has his own separate establishment and is completely on his own. He can plan his hours of work and play without the fear of getting on my nerves. And it's working beautifully. Already he's a completely different person.

"There isn't any question in either of our minds but what our marriage will survive the experiment and we'll be back together again. It's just a matter of waiting till circumstances are *right* for us to share one home. I love Gordon and what's more I know I couldn't get along with any other man as well as I do with him.

"He's so completely the right person for me. When I fly into a tantrum or get all steamed up about something he just doesn't pay any attention to me. And you can't fight with someone who won't fight back. Only once has he ever gotten really angry at me. I threw a whole pot of oatmeal across the kitchen—and he shook me— It was a good thorough shake, too—and I was scared to death!" Gloria chuckled at the recollection.

"ONE thing about me," she said, getting off the subject of her marriage for a moment, "I'm usually very careful about the things I pick to throw. I always look around for something I don't care much for— like oatmeal!"

"Me, too," I said. "Once I broke ten of my favorite records—and I've been more discriminating in my outbursts since then. But getting back to your separation—I suppose you blame Hollywood? Everyone always does."

"Certainly not. The same thing could have happened anywhere. Whenever and wherever you find a woman making more money than her husband you'll find trouble.

"Gordon and I have figured out that, the average life of a film star being what it is, he will just about be at the peak of his earning capacity when I have reached the ebb tide of mine. When I no longer have my film career to consider—when I don't have to worry about keeping myself in a suitable frame of mind for work—and when Gordon is in a position to support us both there'll be no barrier to our sharing one home. Meanwhile it's better for both of us this way. We're simply altering our way of living temporarily to fit in with altered circumstances."

That's what Gloria Stuart said—and I believe her. I believe she's absolutely sincere about this "noble experiment" of hers. And I only hope it isn't doomed to the fate of most noble experiments. It won't be if Gloria continues to keep her head in the face of success, and if Gordon makes good financially, and if neither of them falls in love with someone else, and if they can keep their faith in one another and—oh quite a lot of ifs altogether. Plenty of ifs and buts loom up in the life of any married couple—but Gloria and Gordon are going to have more than their share. But then perhaps they have more than the average share of courage and intelligence, and maybe it will end happily.

UNTIL the moment when, an unknown girl, she became famous overnight because three big film companies decided simultaneously that they wanted her, Gloria's life was not unusual. She attended grammar and high school in Santa Monica, California. And later went to the University of California where she majored, surprisingly, in philosophy. Perhaps that philosophy course is what developed her ability to think things through in such a clear and detached manner.

What *was* unusual, however, was Hollywood's reaction to Gloria and that battle of three major studios to get her under contract. Universal won the fight but she has been loaned out to several others. Her first part was a featured rôle in "Street of Women" with Kay Francis. And since then she has played feminine leads in thirteen pictures, among them "Private Jones," "Sweepings," "Kiss Before the Mirror," "Invisible Man" and "Roman Scandals."

From the moment she became a part of Hollywood Gloria's life ceased emphatically to be that of the average young woman, it is true. Yet let me point out again that Hollywood, except indirectly, is not to blame for Gloria's separation from the young husband with whom she was so happy. True it was Hollywood's money that caused the rub—money which tortured Gordon Newell and made him feel like a failure. But any well-paying profession or industry could have created the same situation. Not just the movies.

You'd like Gloria just as I did. It's gals like her who are exploding the theory that the words "dizzy" and "blonde" belong inevitably together. And as she's not "just another blonde" neither is her separation "just another Hollywood split-up."

The Marriage Code of Lupe and Johnny

(*Continued from page 39*)

She's a wage-earner first—a clinging woman second. In my family I am a wife first. Whatever Johnny says goes. Men resent petticoat rule—and Johnny isn't going to be bothered by it.

"We've worked out this money question too. Johnny will pay his way—I'll pay mine. That is only right, considering the amount of money I get. He'll take care of his own obligations—and if he makes debts, he pays them, and I know nothing about them.

"There'll never be a question of professional jealousy between us. I don't have to be anything at all. I wouldn't feel sorry if tomorrow I was no longer a star—if it would mean that Johnny would gain by it. I hope he gets to be the greatest star in the business. It will only make me happy. I pray that he is successful—for myself I don't care!

"We both hope that in our marriage there will be no place for petty things and emotions—for selfishness, for misunderstanding. No place for bitterness.

"I don't expect perfection from Johnny. He doesn't expect perfection from me. We're only human. We'll find fault with each other. We'll disagree. That is normal. That is natural. The human paths aren't laid through rose-gardens all the time.

"We'll both be free. I don't expect to curtail any of Johnny's activities. If he wants to spend a day with the boys, that's all right. A man must have masculine companionship.

"No matter where he goes, when he goes—with whom, or when—I'll stay home and wait for his return. He'll never have to lie to me or explain his absences. A wife's place is in the home—and it doesn't make any difference if she's a movie star or a stenographer. If a woman is in love with a man—she finds many things to do for his comfort. When Johnny goes away, I shall stay home, take care of the house. Plan the menus which he likes and which are good for him. In the home I am not Lupe Velez—I am Johnny's wife.

"My job is cut out for me. I shall attend to it. What Johnny does is his own business. I cannot interfere. I don't want to.

"I haven't married before because I take marriage too seriously. I can't take the Hollywood slant on it. With me it is the most sacred, the most complete relationship. And Johnny and I won't make a failure of it. We'll fool Hollywood!"

Lupe does not move in a world of hazy delights. Her mind is keen and logical. She has seen marriages fail, and she has sought the basic reasons for that failure. She is forearmed against professional jealousy; against financial problems; against the spiritual slavery which artistic natures resent.

AND so she evolved a Code of Marriage for herself. And its commandments are simple. And very short. Summarized they are:

Love a lot.
Don't be jealous.
Don't boss.
Don't enslave.

And Johnny says: "I thought that I would never marry again. But I've studied Lupe for over a year. I know her. I know we can be happy together.

"Lupe is essentially an old-fashioned girl. Hollywood has never met that girl; it has been too busy misunderstanding her.

"Lupe is herself. She'll never change. Bobbe turned into a tomboy for me. I didn't want a tomboy—I wanted a wife. But Bobbe wanted to be with me constantly, and so she went in for athletics which she loathed. She tried to make herself over for me. But I didn't fall in love with a tomboy—I fell in love with a vague and mysterious dancer.

"What makes marriage dangerous, what paves the way for failure, is that a man and a woman adjust themselves so thoroughly to each other in the days of courtship and the early part of marriage, that they submerge their own personality—that they assume qualities which aren't natural to them. Eventually, as the novelty of marriage wears off, they again assert their own individuality. They become what they always were—two distinct human beings. And trouble begins because they are no longer what they made themselves, but what they really are.

"Lupe doesn't want me to change. She doesn't want to tag along wherever I go. Bobbe couldn't understand the need of a man to be with men occasionally. Lupe understands that desire. She insists that I go swimming, that I go off by myself, that I do the things I have always done. If I want to be with the boys, I am with them. If I want to go to the gym for a workout, I go.

"More completely than any woman I have ever known, Lupe understands the meaning of wifehood, of companionship, of sportsmanship.

"I can depend on her. She is honest and straightforward. There is no bunk in her make-up. That kind of a girl is a help to a man—no matter what his job in life may be. Bobbe was jealous of my career. Lupe contributes to my progress.

"This marriage of ours is going to last. We've taken the Hollywood hurdles. We know what it is to be hurt, to be slandered, to be misquoted and to be misunderstood. We've learned all the little, sly ways Hollywood has of breaking up a marriage. It won't have a chance to break up ours."

And so these two—as different as two personalities can be—seem to have found the formula for happiness. Electric, vital, dramatic Lupe, primitive as a child, tender as a nun. And strong, boyish, easy-going Johnny, with the gift of perception, with the gift of being able to spot integrity and sincerity.

He needs mothering. The girl needs protection. They complement each other.

And so their marriage promises to be more than an interlude. More than an experiment. Even if their marriage should not last, it will have no aftermath of bitterness, no postludes of regret. They have met eventualities. They have faced problems. They are aware of each other as human beings—with a fair share of virtues and faults. Marriage will hold no disillusionment, no disappointment.

But the human heart changes. Therein lies the only danger to the successful marriage of Lupe and Johnny.

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Clara Bow Discusses Those Divorce Rumors

But Clara said no firmly to all of them.

She said no because she didn't want to cash in on the publicity over the Daisy Devoe trial and the Girnau "Coast Reporter" scandal. The public would have paid plenty just to get a look at Clara in those days, but she refused to take advantage of that fact. She wanted to wait until she really had something to give them for their money. And even after she regained her health she continued to say no for months and months. Until her friend, the late Sam Rork, whom she loved and trusted, and over whose recent death she was terribly broken up, persuaded her to sign a contract with him. That contract was for four pictures. The first, "Call Her Savage," was her comeback vehicle and the second, "Hoopla" recently finished at Fox. Rork's death cancels the other two—which is another reason Clara's plans are unsettled.

BUT even after she signed with Rork it was a year before she actually started a picture. Because she was waiting for the right part. And that, mind you, took courage—great courage. Clara knew that every added day she remained off the screen would make it just that much harder to come back.

That the little Brooklyn girl, reared in poverty and ignorance, should have had the integrity, the high-mindedness and the courage to turn down all those golden shekels because of a lofty ideal about "keeping faith with her public" seems at first glance almost miraculous. But consider that Clara had had six years in Hollywood since those Brooklyn days. Six turbulent years during which she learned at bitter cost the heartaches that go with fame and wealth. An untutored, trusting child, believing everyone, her reputation and her bankroll had been at the mercy of sycophants and crooks. It took six years and hundreds of columns of unsavory publicity to teach Clara Bow about false friends and false lovers, ungrateful employees and ungrateful employers. I know of no one who has been as consistently betrayed, robbed, slandered and generally victimized as was open-hearted, open-handed Clara Bow during those six years.

Nor could she learn her lessons in decent privacy. No indeed, the flaming-tressed "It" girl was a front page natural and every new disillusionment, every new indignity made a newspaper holiday. Warm-blooded, impulsive, eager for life, she fell in love frequently to the delight of the press who dished up her romances with Gilbert Roland, Gary Cooper, Dr. Earl Pearson, and Harry Richman, and added plenty of spice. When she was not in the midst of a romantic interlude an obliging publicity department, anxious to keep her on the front pages, created one.

(*Continued from page* 13)

The climax of Clara Bow's betrayal came in the spring of 1931 after a succession of increasingly noisy and unsavory scandals. Ranging from a dispute over a gambling debt to the alienation of affections suit instituted by Mrs. Dr. Earl Pearson, and culminating in the Devoe and Girnau trials these headline mud-fests eventually sent Clara to the hospital early in May, 1931, broken in health and morale.

The topper came on May 30 when B. P. Schulberg, Clara's discoverer and sponsor, announced at a conference in Denver, Colorado, that Clara would probably make no further pictures for Paramount. The "It" girl had made millions for Paramount and Schulberg during the five years she had been under contract, but apparently they feared the effect of all that unpleasant publicity on her box office value. They under-estimated the intense loyalty of Clara Bow's fans.

Clara's first knowledge that she and Paramount had "mutually agreed to a release" was when, heartsick and broken, she was told of that statement. Gallant little person that she is, she refused to say a word against the studio or Schulberg. She was glad, she said, to be released, since she was in no condition to fulfill her contractual obligations. Glad? To be repudiated by the studio with which her entire Hollywood career had been associated just at the moment when she needed support the most?

AND mind you Clara needn't have faced those searing blasts of publicity connected with the Devoe and Girnau trials. She needn't have brought Daisy Devoe to justice and she could have bought off Girnau. But she had too much guts to sidestep the issue even though she knew the risk. She made herself an example so that others should not be victimized as she had been. She had the courage to bring those scurrilous stories of Girnau's out into the open and refute them.

Courage—that's Clara's finest attribute. She may be over-credulous, over-impulsive, and indiscreet at times, but when she makes mistakes she doesn't try to evade the consequences. She looks every problem square in the eye and meets every issue.

Take these divorce rumors. "Of course we've had fights," says Clara. "We've been married two years. There would be something wrong with us if we'd never had an argument in that time. We had a battle just recently. About a dog. I wanted the puppy indoors and Rex wanted him out. So we compromised and decided to keep him in the kitchen. Rex figures he's won his point because the dog isn't allowed in the front of the house. And I'm satisfied because after all the kitchen's indoors.

"As far as this story that I'm interested in Dick Cromwell is concerned I can't imagine where it started. Of course I like Dick. He's a nice kid and I enjoy talking to him. The only way I can figure out that these rumors started is because of the painting he gave me. I admired this painting very much. In fact I'll admit I told Dick I'd give my right eye to have it. He gave it to me and I hung it in my house. Rex is crazy about it, too.

"BUT as far as divorcing Rex is concerned that's all nonsense. I certainly don't want to leave him and I don't think he wants to leave me. I'll tell you frankly what I think may be causing the trouble. Since he's left Trem Carr, Rex hasn't worked and he's been frightfully worried about money. You see Rex and I have always split expenses. Naturally I wouldn't let him pay everything. The boy has never made the salary I have. But I had to let him share expenses because he's too much of a man to let me pay all the bills. Now that he's not working it upsets him that he can't do his share. He's nervous and worried about his future.

"He keeps asking me whether he should give up acting and try to get into some other branch of the industry. Or whether he should get out of the moving picture industry altogether. I don't know what to tell him. He's a good-looking kid and just as good an actor as a lot of others who are doing all right. But I want him to do whatever he wants to do himself.

"Just to add to his financial worries his father's will was recently settled and Rex has found himself with a lot of property on his hands which is a dead loss right now and just means more taxes to pay. Altogether the kid has been worried sick. Naturally he doesn't smile as much as he used to—and maybe that's why people think we're not happy."

I believe that Rex and Clara are far too much in love for a split up to be even a remote possibility. What is more they have the strong bond of those months alone together when Rex was nursing Clara back to physical and mental health on his Nevada ranch. It was his solicitude and loving care during those six months before their marriage which convinced Clara that she was deeply, sincerely in love with Rex—and she hasn't changed her mind.

But circumstances have changed—even though Clara and Rex haven't. Clara is well again and back in the swing. Rex is still necessary to her—but not with the vital, desperate necessity of those days when he was her sole friend and adviser—actually her staff of life. Perhaps he feels that something has gone out of their relationship—that they are not as close as they were in those days when Clara leaned on him utterly and completely. Naturally, he

has to adjust himself to a Clara who, although she loves him just as much, has other interests now and is no longer entirely dependent on him. It takes time for this readjustment—and what with his other worries it's no wonder if he's somewhat harassed at the moment.

Amusingly enough the night before the New York papers came out with the story of their rumored divorce Rex spent the entire night on Clara's set. Between scenes they romped like a couple of youngsters and when they left the set together at 10 the next morning they were obviously as happy as it's possible for two people to be. But somehow the papers just won't let Clara alone. It's her greatest tragedy as well as her greatest asset that she's such darn good copy for sensational tabloids.

Knowing Rex's steady strength and loyalty—the qualities which won Clara's love—and knowing Clara's indomitable fighting spirit which has made her win in the past over overwhelming odds I feel sure that they will be able to keep their marriage intact in the face of any and all rumors. Yet there is no doubt but what this is a critical period for them. Clara is indeed at the crossroads—of her marriage and of her career.

You can be pretty sure that whatever paths Clara elects to follow this forthcoming year there are two loves to whom she'll be unswervingly true—Rex and her public—even as they have been unswervingly true to her.

Life Story of Mae West

(*Continued from page* 53)

A Mrs. Schenck, who lived in the neighborhood. Those old Brooklyn neighborhoods in those days were just like a village today—everybody knew everybody else. And so—I was about twelve or thirteen, then—I knew that Mrs. Schenck had a boy named Joe.

Now don't jump to conclusions. I suppose you movie-wise folk, who hear this, will immediately think I'm talking about Joseph Schenck, the producer, Norma Talmadge's husband. (Or is he, still? I haven't read the papers today . . .)

But that isn't the Joe Schenck that this boy grew up into. However, he was equally famous. He was to become the Schenck of Van and Schenck, that famous song-and-patter-and-dance team that swept the country a few years ago, to be as big an entertainment rage of their day as Bing Crosby today, for instance.

"I knew Mrs. Schenck's boy Joe was a swell piano player. And I knew he was in long pants, too. Both of which were important. The long pants were important, because that's *why* I wanted to meet him. His being a fine piano player was important because that's *how* I managed to meet him.

"By that time, I'd already become quite well known, even beyond our neighborhood, as a singer, actress, entertainer.

"One day, 12-or-13-year-old Mae West went to Nurse Schenck and said: 'Mrs. Schenck, doesn't your son Joe play the piano?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'He's a fine player. He even has organized a boys' band among his friends who can play other instruments. Why?'

(H'mmmm . . . was *that* good news! not only Joe, but other boys, too. H'mmmm . . . !)

"'Well,' I said 'I'd love to have him play for me sometime, while I practice my songs and dances. Why don't you ask him to *c'm up an' see me some time? Any time . . . !*'

"Well, Mrs. Schenck must have delivered the message. Because, one Friday night, he came over and his mother introduced him. And he stayed and played the piano and I sang and danced. I admired his piano playing, and his appearance, and his manners, and his talk, and his long pants. And he must have liked me, too. Because (that was a Friday, remember) he told me that he had two weeks' vacation due him from his job in Wall Street, which he could take any time.

"So he started the vacation right away! On the day after he met me, he notified his firm that he wanted the two weeks right away. And every day and evening, for the two weeks, he came to my house and played the piano for me. Sometimes he brought the band along, but both of us liked it more when he didn't. H'mmmmmm . . .

"And Joe Schenck *never* went back to that Wall Street job, whatever it was. I was the turning-point in his life. Because it was through his coming up to see me that he turned from Wall Street to the theatrical profession, in which, as I've told you, he became ever so much more famous than he could have been as a Wall Street broker. Well, maybe. Here's how it happened . . .

"MY dad, of course, used to enjoy Joe's piano playing at our house. Joe really was swell. He could do things with a piano that I have to use my hips for. You know . . . ? Now, down the street, on Bushwick Avenue, there was a saloon my dad used to go to. In the back room they had entertainment—like most good saloons in those days. There was a ballad singer named Gus Van, and he had a colored piano player.

"But one day, the piano player's gal friend walked in, right in the middle of his piano playing. 'Look heah, boy—' she said; 'Ise jus' learned youse done me wrong!' And she slipped a bread-knife neatly in between his ribs and into his heart. That left Gus Van without a piano player, and he was inconsolable, because the colored boy had been a really good piano player. That's where my dad stepped in.

"'I know a boy who's just right for the job,' he said. That night when Joe came to our house, my dad told him about what had happened, and suggested that Joe see Gus Van. Well, the short of it is that Joe did—and that meeting gave birth to the Van-and-Schenck team that eventually became one of the most famous vaudeville teams of all time.

"And from that boy-and-girl affair of mine and Joe's, there developed a friendship that never had a rough spot.

"And now, let's get back to my acting career and how it began.

"The heritage must have come to me

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through my mother. At any rate, innately, I was a grand mimic. My parents discovered it when I was a kid—when they'd take me along with them to vaudeville shows, because I loved the theater. As a kid, I repeatedly saw such old-time limelighters as Eva Tanguay, Bert Williams, Eddie Foy, George Cohan . . .

"Mother used to tell me that even back before my memory, I'd come home after these vaudeville shows, and in my baby way, give imitations of the acts I'd seen. As I grew up, towards five years, these imitations, through repetition, became so good that I'd give impromptu vaudeville performances in our home, when visitors came. Gradually, it got talked about that I was a 'child wonder' or something. And it was at the age of five that my public career began. And of ALL places, *at a church social!* In a box that's one of the most sacred possessions I have, because it contains the few ultra-personal little things that were my mother's, there's one item—a brittle, yellowed, newspaper clipping that tells of that church social. According to it—I almost know it by heart, because my mother read it to me so often, and to friends in my presence—it was little Mae West who was the hit of the entertainment with her wonderful impersonations of famous actresses and actors.

"NOT alone in that first press notice of mine was my childhood ability praised. About the neighborhood, for days, ran the story of my stealing the show. And it came to the ears of one Hal Clarendon—'Handsome Hal' Clarendon, he was called.

"In our neighborhood, a few blocks from the brownstone house in which we lived, stood the Gotham theater. The Gotham theater at the time housed one of those long-term stock companies that even today are popular in neighborhood communities—'Handsome Hal' Clarendon was the proprietor of the stock company—proprietor and leading man and matinee idol of the Bushwick neighborhood.

"In that little community, he was the Clark Gable and the David Belasco of the time, rolled into one. And it was in the Belasco rôle—producer and stage director—that he communicated, one day, with my father and asked if his little girl, 'the little girl who made such a hit at the church show,' would do her impersonations between acts at the Gotham theater.

Dad said no. In fact, Dad said: 'N O !!!' But he made the mistake of telling about it at home. In the end, Dad was outnumbered two-to-one. On his side, stood he, alone. On the other side stood mother and I—united in the stand that I should accept Hal Clarendon's proposition. Well, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, one woman can beat one man in any argument. But in this case, there were two of us against lone Dad—and so, before long, 'Handsome Hal' Clarendon announced that he had secured the professional services of Little Mae West. And for the first time in my life, I smashed box-office records . . . !

"As per Hal's proposition to Dad, my first work on the professional stage was to appear between acts of his ten-twent-thirt thrillers and repeat my imitations of famous vaudeville stars. You don't have to take my word for this—just ask any of the old-timers in the Bushwick section, who remember 'Handsome Hal's' shows, how the little blonde kid who did the between-acts imitations brought down the house.

"From that, the step was inevitable—Hal Clarendon, realized the box-office value of my name, and forthwith began to stage shows that required a little girl in the cast.

"I don't remember, now, what the first show was in which I had a speaking part. But I do remember that, with 'Handsome Hal' Clarendon's company, I played such famous rôles as Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; pulled at my stage-father's coat tails in the barroom heartbreaking scene of 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.' I was 'Little Nell, the Marchioness' and Lovey Mary in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.'

"I even did male impersonations, by being Little Willie in 'East Lynn.'

"—and I can't help laughing when I imagine the pop-eyed astonishment that would have resulted if, in those days, some audience at 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' could have been vouchsafed a glimpse into the future, to see the Little Eva who was floating away into heaven, standing singing 'Frankie and Johnny' and 'I Like a Man Who Takes His Time', in the days beyond . . . !

"IF my engagement with 'Handsome Hal' Clarendon's stock company was the step that was necessary to making me an actress—that is, I mean, if without that step, I'd have turned to some other field—then I've got to tell you that my own impishness nearly resulted in the end of Mae West, Actress, the very first week of the engagement.

"'Handsome Hal' had certain personal—ah—idiosyncrasies, let's say. One was that, of nights not too infrequent, he'd celebrate in his own fashion. Another, immediately dependent on that, was that his personal dressing room was sacrosanct. Not to be entered by anyone—*anyone!*—until he appeared and gave permission.

Well, unknowing the strict rule, your little Mae one afternoon, when there was no matinee, but a rehearsal, blithely opened the door of the star's dressing room and beheld Hal sleeping soundly on the couch.

Whether it was prankishness, or whether I just thought that maybe I could improve the appearance of 'Handsome' as he slept, I can't tell now. But I do know that the sight of the dead-to-the-world actor on one hand, and the tempting array of grease-paint and makeup materials on the dressing table at the other side of the room was too much to resist. I got busy, and it was fully twenty minutes later before I reappeared on the stage in answer to the frenzied calls of the assistant stage director, who'd been looking high and low for me to rehearse a scene, but who certainly never thought to look in Clarendon's room.

"An hour later, our rehearsal was interrupted by fierce bellows of indignation. A door slammed open and 'Handsome Hal' Clarendon raged onto the stage. After one startled look at him, the whole company went into spasms . . .

"Clarendon's nose was as red as a midsummer strawberry. On his upper lip was a black moustache that outdid even the Groucho Marx blob of today. On his chin was a professional Vandyke beard—both moustache and beard in black makeup pencil—

"WHO did this—who-who-who d-d-d-did it . . .?' sputters Clarendon in a fierce temper. 'I'll fire the man who did it—and if he doesn't speak up and take what's coming to him, I'll fire the whole damned company . . .!!!'

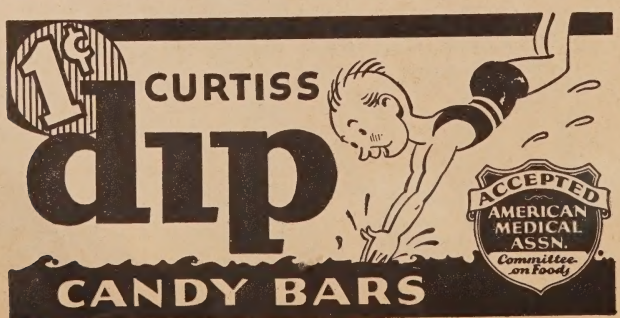
"Even the threat itself couldn't stop the bellows of laughter from the assembled actors and stage-hands. And in the midst of it, I spoke up and admitted I'd been the one who'd 'done him wrong.'

"'I did it, Mr. Clarendon,' I said, 'and I'm sorry.'

"Well, I've got to hand it to Hal's memory. He saw the humor of the situation. The terrific rage he'd built up was deflated by that five-year-old girl's confession. He couldn't vent his anger on a child. It was like sticking a pin into a balloon. And Hal Clarendon laughed. But after that, I never found the door of his dressing room unlocked.

In her next instalment, Mae West reveals how, early in her career, she learned that although the two begin with the same syllable, shake-that-thing was infinitely more profitable than Shakespeare; That HIPstrionics paid better than simple histrionics; that audiences were thrilled to learn a shapely girl didn't have to move her feet at *all* when dancing! She'll tell how—and why—she developed that distinctive drawling, slurring talk that's been imitated so widely since she sprang it on moviegoers in "She Done Him Wrong." And how she met James A. Timony, the man who's been her inseparable companion, business and personal adviser ever since, to the extent that once he was even in public prints described as her husband—even though Mae has since proved that she's *never* been married. And many other things.

To Be Continued.



Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 70*)

of girl friends just as bad. He is our Prince Charming—our King of Hearts!

Vera Thomas, Troy, N. Y.

Barbara in the Background?

Why are most stars ballyhooed into the limelight while Barbara Stanwyck, cream of them all, modestly remains in the background?

I saw all her pictures including "Baby Face" which I really enjoyed, and believe me, no other actress in the world can be so natural, so simple and so "unactressy." Her acting makes you cry with your heart instead of with your eyes. She is absolutely devoid of poses, "technique" or an "English accent." Furthermore, it is a pleasure to see an actress who isn't made up within an inch of her life, who doesn't strut like a peacock, or prance like a trotting horse. She dares to be a trifle plump, and looks wholesome and natural. She doesn't affect bizarre styles in either clothes or hair-dressing. Good luck to her!

Jeannette Harper, Keene, N. H.

Disney a la Grimm

The other evening when one of Walt Disney's "Silly Symphonies" flashed upon the screen, there was prolonged applause and people's faces all around me lit up with joyous expectation. Everybody, including myself, followed "The Three Little Pigs" with as much glee and interest as though we believed in its whimsical impossibilities.

Walt Disney knows the wondrous magic of making us completely forget cares. First he gave us the immortal "Mickey Mouse" in black and white; now he strikes a new and happy note in screen entertainment with his fun-packed "Symphonies" in color. His delightful fancies inject something valuable in humor to make us believe in fairies and their tales, coloring our matter-of-fact lives. They make life worth living.

Marie D. Meyer, Detroit, Mich.

When Is An Actor Not An Actor?

He tells the truth
In a funny way
And leaves his opponents
With nothing to say.

That is the truth about Will Rogers. To my way of thinking, he is the best actor on the screen. That is because he does not act at all. By that I mean he is just naturally his own self all the time. He has never been any better or any worse than he is right now because he has always been the best actor in every way.

George F. Young, Los Angeles, Calif.

What makes a truly great actor? The ability to portray every type of humanity and express every emotion which is possible for people to feel, whether these things are natural or foreign to the inclinations of the actor. That's why Lionel Barrymore is a great actor. His abilities are not limited to one type of characterization. So many of the popular actors and actresses depict only one kind of personality and therefore they never can be called great, regardless of the excellency of their specialization.

I wonder how Clark Gable would succeed in portraying a serious, plodding, ploughing farm boy. How would Norma Shearer play the part of a tawdry factory girl with a twangy language? Perhaps Kay Francis will some time act the helpless cutie doll type, making goo-goo eyes at the pretty men. More names would become immortal if they tried.

Ruth Zetzer, Cleveland, Ohio.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of MOVIE MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1933.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Waterbury, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of MOVIE MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Syndicate Magazine Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 65 Park Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1090 Amsterdam Avenue New York City; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Syndicate Magazine Corp., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholders, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom each trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and securityholders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) RUTH WATERBURY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1933. Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 90, Registered No. 4P522. Commission Expires March 30th, 1934. (SEAL)

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I Won't Pretend About Anything

(*Continued from page* 65)

has never been in love. Therefore she has no tale of having learned and suffered because some rascal broke her heart.

"So why should I mount a soap-box and discourse at length on What Love Means to Me? And I think it is silly to proclaim you'll only love a man with blue eyes and black hair and no mustache. You don't *know* until the time comes!

"I don't give interviews on My Ideal Man because I am not positive as to his qualifications. I want someone intelligent and interesting and congenial, of course. But I'm not going to make up particulars from whole cloth.

"To me there is no speculation as to career versus marriage, or how to be happy though wed in Hollywood. I don't theorize for interviewers on this topic because I haven't tried the combination and have no real method.

"PERSONALLY, I feel that I will make a success of marriage. A man who'd make my life miserable in Hollywood would be an annoyance anywhere, and I'll try not to pick that sort. My future husband—when I get him!—will *have* to mix with my career, for I intend to continue my work. I'll go back to the stage when I'm no longer in demand for pictures.

Though she has had no fiery entanglements, Madge does not consider herself a lonely miss. Contrary to the sob stories which depict Hollywood as the city of pining beauties and too few eligible men, she says she has no trouble finding all the dates she wants.

She loves to dance, swim, and play tennis. She claims she is the world's worst card player and runs at the very thought of bridge.

Last summer she moved from an apartment into a house. It is a secluded Spanish-style place of modest size, in Hollywood proper. There she lives with her mother and younger brother. He recently finished school in the East and is now employed as a studio technician.

She still doesn't feel that Hollywood is home.

"I like pictures, and I like the climate and the people. But if I were not busy here I would return to New York. It is more stimulating. I will never buy a home or build in California. This is the ideal spot for idling, but I cannot visualize myself sitting around and accomplishing nothing."

The absence of night life is no drawback. In fact, she doesn't care much for parties. She has been to only one première.

"That was 'Dinner at Eight.' I was thrilled at being able to act with all those important stars, and thought I should go to see them." She prepared a novel speech and then arrived too late to give it! Instead of night-clubbing afterwards, she went home to bed.

Madge is conventional in actions, daring in ideas. But don't conclude that she is unemotional. Hollywood has classified her as the ever-calm type. The town, which has to see to believe, is wrong.

She just keeps her emotions to herself.

Some days on the sets she becomes furious at someone's stupidity. She "wells up," as she describes it, until she is speechless with fury. The stellar way is to blow up loudly and not spare the adjectives.

Recently she received a letter from her closest girl friend in New York. It told of her chum's wedding plans and begged Madge to come East for a visit before the writer sailed to England to live.

"IT awakened so many desires in me, yearnings to see her again, envy at her happiness, that I told the family I was going to the corner drugstore and then went for a solitary walk to calm down."

Whenever she is emotionally upset, Madge wants to be by herself.

"My favorite trick, when I'm terribly disturbed, is to draw a hot bath, and climb into it and cry and cry!"

She recalls vividly an occasion in Baltimore a few years ago. Everything had gone haywire during a rehearsal of a scene for "Our Betters."

"I walked from the theatre down a narrow street to the hotel, practically stumbling over my mother and not seeing her. Forty-five minutes of spirited crying by myself and I was ready to go on living!"

Only once has she allowed herself to display anger since coming to Hollywood. That was last year when she had been disagreeing with M-G-M and was conferring with her mother and a friend.

"I wanted advice, and they kept repeating, 'Now, dear, do what you think best.' Finally, I got so mad I threw a magazine across the room. It knocked an expensive vase onto the floor, and I ran out shrieking, 'You all make me so gol-darn mad!'

"It was too bad the press wasn't there to witness that flash of temperament!"

Too bad, indeed, for this capable and delightful young actress has hardly been given her share of publicity. Driving demurely in her little coupe, in lieu of a limousine and liveried attendant, exhibiting less pose and more genuine poise than her rivals, refusing to ballyhoo when there are no real grounds for doing so, she has still managed to achieve a very considerable success.

"IF I should adopt a fanciful pose, and it went over, I would not feel that people were flattering *me*. It would seem like they were applauding someone else.

"The finest compliment I could get would be to overhear this remark: 'That's Madge Evans, who's such a good actress. I don't remember the name of the picture I saw her in last, but I *do* recall her performance.'

"They won't have been impressed, mind you, by my figure, my wardrobe, my hair, my mouth, my eyes, my reputation off-screen—but by my *acting*.

"When the moment comes that I overhear that statement I'll rush home so elated that I'll be unbearable for a week!"

Fashions

(*Continued from page* 63)

A FEW BITS OF FASHION SCANDAL ARE:

Jean Harlow at last deserts white satin evening gowns and buys a dark green sauvage velvet with a very low back and a fish-tail train. No fur, no jewels—but a pair of emerald clips, that's all!

Constance Bennett has started a fad for wearing three-strand bead necklaces with suits which have plain, high-necked fronts! That's a departure from an old rule, isn't it . . . ? Beads are fun, though.

Natalie Moorhead wears a seven triple A shoe and isn't ashamed to admit it. She reminds us that Sarah Bernhardt held the record in the old days!

For those who love pictures full of pretty clothes a feast lies in store. "King of Fashion" now in production at Warner Brothers' has ninety gorgeous gowns! Imports and everything.

Joan Crawford never hangs around her home in the evening wearing slacks, or careless clothes. She preserves a tradition of dressing for dinner whether there are guests or not, and she has perfectly plain crêpe gowns of black, white or color made to wear with flimsy, long-sleeved coats. A nice idea and good for one's own morale, too.

Judith Wood brought back trunks full of New York clothes but hasn't worn any of them because she is crazy about Hollywood fashions and immediately went right out and bought a new wardrobe!

The Newest Threat to Garbo

(*Continued from page* 43)

when we work till midnight. Otherwise how do they expect one to give one's *best?*" The assistant was dazed by the foreign opulence. He had never seen any but stage champagne, authentic bottles but filled with colored soda water. With each new surprise for Sten, she counters with a nifty for the troupe.

The cold cuts, helped along by a swig of cognac, settle and Sten rides back to the set. She never walks in the studio, not even a few yards. Her Ford, complete even to a few mangy flowers in a bud vase, awaits at her bungalow steps, ready to chug her to the stage door. She is swathed in feathers, a sort of barn-yard negligee. The scene that she is about to do is the grand pay-off number. She is to be offered a bundle of franc notes by the enmeshed boy's older brother. She finds herself so hampered by the poultry department that it is difficult for her to get going. As she hands back the hard-

Jean Harlow is convalescing from her recent illness. You'll see her next in "Living in a Big Way" with Marie Dressler

hearted brother's stage money, she is told to say something like "You can't catch butterflies with fly paper." Anna looks puzzled and says, "But I wouldn't say that. I love that boy dearly, the first true love of my life and a bundle of francs couldn't buy that love. I would look *so* (she shows utter contempt on her flexible face) and I would fling the francs *so* (she lets fly a hay-maker) right in his face." She was right. Her art is the elemental fiery type of technique on the Pola Negri order. Harnessed, it loses its power. She is magnificent as the laundress in the beginning of the picture, a leashed tigress. Being a big girl her gestures and motions are wide and primitive. Elaborate clothes stifle that personality to the point of futility. Nor does she handle her gowns well. She wades through them with an energy that tears and rips the delicate materials.

Hers is an exotic face, almost heart-shaped. Her bobbed hair is a light brown, combed back from her ears and dressed low over the neck. Her eyes are greenish blue and wide. All together you see the face of a slightly wicked child.

Sten cannot understand why pictures aren't filmed in an orderly sequence as they are in Europe. She feels the first scene in the picture should be shot first and so on till the finish. Otherwise she loses track of the story. She thinks that an artiste cannot give her *best* if she hasn't a clear idea of what her mood in the preceding scenes was. It was explained to her why that is not practical in Hollywood and, as with every argument, she winds up with a foreign shrug and a, "Otherwise, how can one give one's *best*."

The parade into her bungalow in the morning is of a royal nature. One or two shivering women sit on the doorstep waiting the Slavic summons. Sten has one person at a time in the bungalow. The morning fiesta starts with the make-up man. When he has given his *best*, the hair-dresser enters the hushed hacienda, then the dressers and so on. Again she is bucking custom but is in the right. Her mind is filled with Russian-to-English and she eliminates confusion by this method.

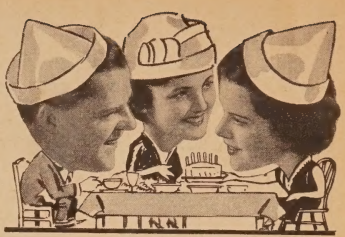
Sten's picture has been stopped. A new director is coming in, this time a woman, and another start will be made. Changes have been made in the cast and soon the samovar will be re-lighted. For there are hidden fires in this Russian teapot. She simmers, a harnessed dynamo, waiting for the chance to show the public that Europe still cradles the arts. Dorothy Arzner now holds the reins of this spirited animal.

One scene of the old work is to be retained, regardless of how many changes are made in the script. It is a love scene between Sten and Phillips Holmes, who plays the younger brother, the one over whom the francs fly. It is said to be one of the most exquisite love scenes ever filmed. Sten breaks above the production in this spot and hits close to the supreme.

"People are so informal in America." Anna is not used to the slap-on-the-back method of treating an artiste. She goes in for splendid isolation. She does not go around at all, not even to the publicity man's dream, the Brown Derby. Only one person at the studio is allowed to phone her at her beach home. Imagine one thinking one's best when the phone keeps ringing! She allows no one on her set, even wanting the crew to leave when she rehearses.

Assistants are a jolly race, their business being to keep the cinema darlings in good humor and still get them on the set on time. One assistant passed Miss Sten's bungalow as she was stepping into her beflowered Ford. He very gayly said good morning. Anna looked at him, baffled and surprised and said, "I do not know you, do you know who I am?" He was so amazed that he barely muttered, "Yes, you are Miss Sten." She looked again to be sure she didn't know him and haughtily said, "Then why do you spoke to me!" Another star on the lot thought the idea a fine one but she was afraid that when she asked "Do you know who I am?" the man would say "no." That would leave her without the last word.

So we will leave Sten, her cold cuts and her feathers to Dorothy Arzner and hope Miss Arzner helps Anna give her *best*.



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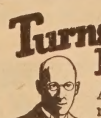

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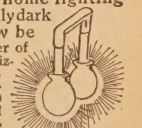

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The Fraternity of Death

(*Continued from page 51*)

jump from one moving train upon another. There were no stunt men available at the moment and Jack Jensen offered to do the job. For fifty dollars. Knowing nothing at all of stunting and equipped only with courage he made the leap and landed between the two trains. He escaped being run over by some miracle. It could hardly be called a miracle either, if one considers how he was left. He suffered a spinal injury and after months in a cast was discharged from the hospital, a hopeless cripple.

There are dozens of stories like these to be told about those who have tried and failed. But this isn't a story of failures, but of successes. Of men who have dared and lived to tell of it. There are humorous things too.

WHEN F. W. Murnau was making "Sunrise" he required someone to drop from a high tower to a net below. There was supposed to be fog, which was made by smoke pots, so that the net was visible only for a fraction of a second at a time. Only an experienced stunt man could hope to accomplish the leap. Murnau sent for "Chic" Collins and took him up the tower to show him the job—Murnau had a phobia about heights and had caused a regular stairway to be built upward with a platform at the top. Chic took Billy Jones with him when he went, as Billy specializes in tricky jumps and falls. Billy is a small man. Murnau looked him over and was inclined to discredit his ability. Chic insisted that Billy could do the stunt. It was early in the morning before anyone had arrived on the lot. Murnau shook his head, so Chic gave Billy a quick shove off the platform and down he went. Murnau almost let go himself, he was so upset by the sudden test. But Billy made the net and he landed the job. He received one hundred dollars for the leap he made when the cameras recorded it.

Wild stories are told of the enormous sums paid stunt men but most of them are just that,—wild. Stunt men are much underpaid for the risks they take. They hold to one provision, however. They do not need rehearsals for their stunts, so if they are required to repeat when a "take" goes wrong, they are paid for each time they take the risk. Which is fair.

Several years ago, during the filming of a Bebe Daniels thriller Chic and Billy were engaged to leap from the mast of a ship used in the picture sixty feet into the water. They reached the spot from which they were to dive. Down below, in a speed boat were the director, his assistant, the cameraman and a script girl, waiting for everything to be made ready. What happened will never be known, but something did, for the boat suddenly overturned, throwing everyone into the water. Chic and Billy on the mast above, saw from the struggles the cameraman and script girl were making that they could not swim and they dived into the water and effected their rescue. They made the company pay them for both dives, too. The one on their rescuing errand and the one for the camera.

Harvey Perry, who specializes in "water stuff" was a champion high diver before he turned to stunting. He showed me where his thumb had once been almost torn off by a dive that came within a fraction of being too "high." He received an offer of five thousand dollars recently from a major studio to leap from the Brooklyn Bridge. And declined. There was a reason for declining. He knows what is possible and what is impossible and he knew that a leap from the Brooklyn Bridge is not within the range of the possible. It is 264 feet from the lowest span to the water, a distance too great for anyone to make successfully. Also, the authorities would never give permission for anyone to take this risk. A young man finally did make a leap from another and lower bridge and his name was in headlines next day,—one of those who dared and failed.

Harvey is one of the chosen few of Hollywood's brotherhood of stunt men. He has saved and been saved, one of the requisites for membership in this unusual fraternity. Not once, but many times. On one occasion, while he was stunting in a plane 2500 feet in the air above San Diego, he made a misstep. A plane was flying reasonably close in which the cameraman was recording the action but when the mishap occurred he was powerless to help. Harvey was engaging in a fight with the heavy in the picture and they were working in an obsolete type of plane. He stepped out on the wing and slipped. He caught and held by one hand but he was powerless to get back, either on the wing or into the cockpit. He could see land far below and was on the point of letting go, when the pilot, Frank Clarke, one of Hollywood's seasoned veterans, saw his predicament and threw his plane into a vertical bank which tossed Harvey forward into the cockpit. What had almost been a tragedy turned into a successful "take."

Harvey and Duke Greene were working in a picture down on Broadway in Los Angeles one day. They were twelve stories above the ground and were supposed to go hand-over-hand along a rope stretched across the street 175 feet long. Harvey started ahead first and in some manner a sliver of wire frayed on the rope and cut into his hand. Each time that he placed his hand on the wire to proceed the wire bit deeper into his muscle. He was in much pain and hesitated a fraction of a second. This slight hesitation almost cost him his life for his weight dropped sufficiently upon the one hand to paralyze it. He then shifted and hung by the other hand and in a moment it was paralyzed too. There he hung, with a drop only a matter of seconds when Duke suddenly realized his comrade's predicament and hurried out to him, helped him on his back and carried him across on the rope. A few seconds later Duke started to make a drop by rope to a window and got caught and Harvey had recovered sufficiently to help. He lowered himself and caught Duke back to safety. They saved each other's lives at risk of their own within a matter of seconds. And all the while the director on the street below was bellowing up through his megaphone to cut out their horseplay, that they were holding up the picture.

There are directors and directors. Most revered by stunt men is Bernard Durning, who passed on several years ago.

OUT on the Dry Lake track, which is used frequently in race sequences, a director was shooting a scene, the other day, in which motorcycles were being used. One of the principal stunt men used in the sequence was Allan Pomeroy, who had knocked three days off the transcontinental motorcycle record from New York to Los Angeles four days before he started work on the picture. He was a professional if there ever was one. Yet, because the race sequence was not getting the effect the script asked for, the young director bawled out to one of his assistants, "Get that Pomeroy fellow out of the picture. He don't know how to drive a motorcycle." Fellow workers, who knew Pomeroy and his record, got a laugh out of the order.

A couple of years ago, Jack Holbrook, Johnny Sinclair, Chic Collins and a stunt girl, Loretta Rush, were working in a Fox picture with Edmund Lowe. They were supposed to stage a fight in the cockpit of a plane. They miscalculated and Chic fell out. Johnny saw that he was falling and lunged, catching him by the ankle. They hung thus. Gradually Johnny was also being dragged from the soaring plane, when Loretta grabbed him around the body. Jack Holbrook then grabbed Loretta and by the aid of the human chain they effected Chic's rescue and lived to laugh over the escapade.

One thing stands out clear in hearing them tell of their work. The risks they take and the dangers they live through together have welded them into an indissoluble group. They are bound closer than hands and feet. They will go to the last ditch for a stunt brother in danger without stopping to count the cost.

They are the greatest fraternity in the world,—Hollywood's fraternity of Death.

As Husbands Go

(*Continued from page 57*)

It was Emmie, and while he could make little out of Lucille's monosyllables, it was perfectly clear intrigue was afoot. He looked around at the beautiful new room he had made for his beautiful Lucille. The purple asters he had grown for her seemed to mock him. He sighed. Charles was not a subtle man, but he had the instinctive knowledge that comes of love. "Goodnight, dear," he said, and left her.

Charles didn't know whether to be surprised, resentful, or relieved, when he heard that Ronnie had arrived in Dubuque and was Emmie's house guest. Various things had happened to sharpen his suspicions since that first night at the club. He could understand Hippi but there was something very strange in all the veiled allusions to Ronnie, and Emmie's rage at them. And now the man had arrived, was actually here. He couldn't dodge the issue if he would.

LUCILLE invited Emmie, Hippi and Ronnie for supper. They brought Peggy, and of course Jake. It was a queer evening for Charles. So many things going on around him, nobody behaving normally. Emmie still lawfully upset over Peggy's attitude toward Hippi. Peggy furious at her mother's remarks about Jake. Ronnie as pleasant a young chap as you'd want to meet, but so ill at ease. And Lucille was just not herself.

Charles was jerked out of his meditations about Emmie by noticing that Lucille and Ronnie had wandered off into the garden together. A moment later, he was hating himself for having called them back on the pretense of asking Lucille to sing. He got a grip on himself. This was no time for adolescent jealousy. He must think about Lucille. If it *was* Ronnie at the bottom of this, he must find out something about the man. All he knew was that he was a novelist, English, very young, and fond of fishing. At least, he had said he was, and he and Charles had a date to go out after trout the next day. He must think this out. He must think out his own attitude too. All he knew was that he wanted Lucille to be happy.

But things were wrong. Lucille began to sing and then she couldn't go on. It was a love song and her voice broke on the words. Lucille fainted—and suddenly Charles knew the truth. He knew it from the way that Ronnie Derbyshire acted. For Ronnie was white and worried and unhappy as only a man in love could be.

Hours later, Charles had his plans perfected.

The next day dawned as beautifully as any fisherman could desire. Fish after fish they reeled in, fighting with the gamey trout in the cold current of the stream.

After a brilliant display of skill on Ronnie's part, Charles exclaimed: "You can fish all right." Then, mindful that he had made this opportunity to talk to Ronnie, he led up to his subject:

"You're a man's man as well as a woman's man. That's a great combination. I often wish I had it. You've only been here a short time, and I expect you understand my own wife better than I do myself. You're romantic, poetic, you know the complex, mixed-up thing we call a woman's nature."

Ronnie asked for a drink. It was beginning to turn raw, with the sun going down. Charles tried another tack.

"I thought we'd have a good talk about Lucille's voice. What about her age? Do you think she's too old to begin? Of course she seems young to me. I'm forty-five and she's only thirty-five."

"Good God! She couldn't be!"

Charles laughed. "I must tell her that. And her looks, is she beautiful, or do just you and I think she is?"

If Ronnie got the implication, he refused to commit himself. "Well, a woman's beauty is a strange thing."

They both had another drink and got ready to go. They were due at the club for a dance and the drive back was a long one. Charles insisted that Ronnie stop at the house for another drink.

They slipped silently in and Charles called to Christine: "Bring us some White Rock. Mr. Derbyshire's in a hurry, and don't bother to tell anyone we're back."

"Who would have thought it would turn off cold as this." Charles said as they sank gratefully down on the couch in front of the fire.

"It was the wind that made it so beastly coming back. . . . Jove, this feels good. Thanks!" Ronnie accepted a drink. I must get along and dress now. Don't bother to drive me over. I'll take the car and come for you and Lucille later."

"Not at all. I'll take you as soon as we thaw out a little. It'll be a good party, I think. You like to dance?"

Ronnie yawned, "Oh yes, but I don't think I'm going to be much good at it tonight. My legs are too stiff."

Charles helpfully poured him another drink. "This'll fix that."

Christine brought in the White Rock and some sandwiches.

"You must be hungry, Mr. Lingard."

BOTH men reached for them. "Hungry! We almost ate some of the fish coming home." Charles laughed and poured another drink. "Are your feet warm yet? Oh, you'll dance all right tonight. That's another sympathetic thing about you. Lucille says I'm light on my feet, but not on hers. She says I don't respond to the music. Responsiveness . . . that's what a woman wants. That's what you've got."

Ronnie put his glass down. "I don't know about that," he said. "But you're a man's man, which is more important."

Charles was beginning to get the benefit of his drink. He considered carefully before he answered. "Well, I don't think . . . of course, any man . . . that is a man . . . is a man's man."

Ronnie took issue with him "No, I don't mean that. I mean, a man that all men recognize as a man, an exceptional man . . . an outstanding, upstanding . . . a man that a man knows is a man's man. That's what I call a man's man."

Charles was trying to remember what it was he had meant to discuss with Ronnie. "Will you answer a blunt question, Ronnie, old chap? . . . Man to man, how about Lucille's voice?"

"Somehow, when I heard her sing last night it didn't seem as good as in Paris."

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"But she was too emotional last night."

"That's just it. The artist controls emotion . . . uses it . . . now listen, I wanna make my point."

"Go ahead," Charles said, handing him another drink. "I'll wait for you."

Ronnie finished his drink. "Ah, what was I saying?"

Charles was still soberer than Ronnie. ". . . a woman's beauty. . . ."

Ronnie was off again. "Exactly. Very strange indeed. It's largely a matter of surroundings. Now, somehow, Lucille doesn't seem as beautiful over here."

"And how do you account for that?"

"Everything seems more . . . honest . . . less glamour."

"Glamour's a great thing. But you see, to me, she has got all the things you think she hasn't got. And if I give her up to someone else, I want to be sure he thinks she is just as wonderful as I do, and *keep on* thinking so . . . forever. Get me?" Oh, Charles was still sober enough to know what he wanted to say to Ronnie.

"But I thought you thought it was a career she wanted . . . not a man."

"I DID at first, maybe, but I've changed my mind. I love her. I don't want a woman just because she happens to be married to me . . . to miss what would fill out life for her."

"But if she hasn't told you anything, why not let it alone? Why dig it up?" Three drinks back, Ronnie would have been considerably less direct.

Charles went on: "I don't love her that way. If she finds someone she wants more than she does me, I want her to have him." Three drinks back, Charles wouldn't have said this either.

Ronald had risen and groped for the door. Something was worrying him. He asked with great dignity: "Was that party tonight or tomorrow night?"

Charles grappled with this weighty question. "I think it was last night," he said, and beamed at Ronnie who returned to the couch and the fire.

"It's comfortable here, and I want to make my point for you . . . good old Charlie. Now what was I talking about?"

"About Lucille. . . ."

"So I was."

"You think I'm right, don't you, in expecting her to tell me if she fell in love with another man?"

"What would you do if she did tell you that?"

"I'd want to see him!" Was there a grim note of reality in Charlie's slurred words? Ronnie sobered for an instant.

"To shoot him?"

"Oh no. I'd want to know whether he could take care of her or not . . . so she'd have what she always had." Drunk or sober, Charles would be the same about this.

"Oh hell, I want a woman to take care of me. I say it in all modesty. I've got a spark of genius and it comes first . . . before any woman . . . got to . . . God, it's life. Women come and go but it stays. When I find a woman who makes that spark burn, that's what I want. Once I thought I'd found my ideal woman, but it fades . . . it fades. What was I saying?"

Charles repeated: "It fades, the more you keep on telling a woman she's the most wonderful thing in the world, the more you believe it yourself."

Ronnie knew whom he meant. "You don't see a fault in her."

Charles looked up. "Certainly I do. I'm not an imbecile. Don't you suppose I know I think she's prettier than she really is? But she *is* a darn sight better looking than most wives. I thought we were safe but the whole thing I thought we had . . . we haven't got at all. She's in love with somebody else, and I'm trying to find out whether he's enough in love with her, to make her safe with him."

Afterwards, Charles recalled that evening as a strange business. First they would be breezily, happily, gloriously drunk, and the next moment, they would be talking in deadly, sober earnest. Parts of it, he couldn't remember at all, and it seemed to go on . . . and on.

Ronnie asked him: "And if you thought he was, you'd give her up to him because you love her so. Well, let me tell you something. When I first saw you, I thought . . . no offense, mind you, I thought, Good God, no wonder she. . . ."

". . . no wonder she what?"

THE liquor had firm hold on Ronnie now. He was blurting out truths in a bald manner that would have horrified Ronnie, the novelist.

"But let me tell you what I think now. I think any man that had the nerve to think he's more of a man than you are and to crash into what you've made out of your love for a woman. . . ." Ronnie stopped. Then he went on: "I saw the gun in your kit."

That got through to Charles: "Good God, Ronnie, you didn't think that . . . why, I took it to kill rattlesnakes."

Ronnie was maudlin again: "A man like that comes under the heading of rattlesnake. He oughta be shot . . . no, that's too good. He oughta to be kicked to death, long and hard and slow, so he'd have time to know what a bloody, low down skunk he is."

He rested his head on Ronnie's shoulder and continued: "I like you better than any man I ever saw in my life."

Charlie said *he* liked Ronnie better'n any man *he'd* ever seen. Everything was sweetness and light. They stared owlishly into the fire and so Lucille found them.

She had dropped off to sleep, waiting for them to come into dinner earlier in the evening, and waked with a start to find it nearly midnight. Then she had recalled they had gone fishing, and consternation sent her flying down stairs, to find . . . this!

Ronnie and Charles, sitting like two old cronies before the fire, one bottle of Scotch empty, the other on the floor, staining her handsome rug. It was too much. It—was—too—much.

A little after she had gone, Ronnie said dreamily: "She seems disturbed about something. Is anything wrong?"

CHARLES didn't want Ronnie, his dear friend, to worry about anything. "Not a thing . . . not a thing," he said firmly.

"The next day was Sunday, clear and warm in the autumn sunshine.

But it was plain that the beauty of the day held no charms for Emmie as she entered the house All the sparkle had gone out of her, as she wearily asked Christine for Lucille. She was just turning to go, when Peggy bounced in after her. She flared at the sight of her daughter: "Are you following me?" she asked.

Peggy came straight to the point: "Look here mother, why is Hippi packing?"

Emmie answered her brusquely to keep her voice from trembling. "He's going home."

What was Peggy saying? ". . . And if you don't want him in spite of everything I've said, you don't want him much. I don't pay any attention to what you say about Jake . . . don't you really know your own mind? I believe he really likes you, mother. If you've got to marry anybody, you'd be a nut to let him go."

Jake had drifted in and he added: "Attagirl!"

Emmie was speechless. She couldn't say anything even when Peggy flung her arms around her and hugged her. "Mother, I'm going to apologize to Hippi. Shall we tell him it's oke? Yes? Come on Jake, we'll bring him back here." She and Jake tore out, brushing against Charles on their way.

"Good morning," he addressed Emmie cheerfully. "What's happened to Hippi? I met him out walking and he looked knocked out. I hope there's nothing wrong, Emmie?" He lit a cigarette and dropped down on the couch, ignoring Emmie's face which was a study in conflicting emotions. "If you've turned Hippi down, I suppose it means you're taking Ronnie after all. It must have been hard to choose. Which do you think Peggy would prefer for a father?"

Emmie was in no mood for banter. "Don't be funny," she snapped.

Lucille came in quietly. Charles asked her if she'd been for a walk and Lucille asked him coldly why she shouldn't go for a walk. Charles went on cheerily: "Oh sure! . . . well . . . I'm going to phone Ronnie. Got a date with him for this afternoon." He left Lucille and Emmie

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gaping after him. Charlie knew where he was now. He could afford to tease them both . . . give them time to talk it over, whatever it was. It would have been fun to confront them both with what he knew about the summer in Paris . . . but it wouldn't be sporting. If Lucille wanted to tell him, that would be different, but he wasn't sure he wanted to have Lucille tell him. Presently he saw Christine go into the living room with a letter. That would be for Lucille from Ronnie. He wondered for a moment how Ronnie would write her, what he would say. He was glad Emmie was with her . . . he could only wait.

AFTER a bit, Hippi came joyously in to tell Charles that he and Emmie were going to be married. Peggy had begged him to stay and apologized prettily for the way she had behaved. Charles laughed with sheer pleasure. He turned to Wilbur: "Mind going in and asking Lucille if she wants us to come in?" Charles remembered that if Hippi's troubles were over, his own were still unresolved.

Wilbur was gone rather a long time. Finally, Charles gathered up the Sunday papers and made a casual entrance. Wilbur got up hastily. Lucille had had her arms around him.

"Where you going?" Charles asked.

"Sunthin' the matter with my bike . . . got to fix it." Wilbur murmured.

Lucille said a little shakily, "Charles, I have something to tell you."

Charles sat down and opened the papers. ". . . that Ronnie has gone? Oh Emmie told me that. I'm tickled to death about Emmie, aren't you?"

"Charles, listen to me. . . ."

Oh he adored her, bless her valiant little heart. She was really trying to tell him. Now he knew he mustn't let her. "I'm listening darling, Emmie wanted to tell me something but I didn't want to hear it. She couldn't help it if Ronnie fell in love with her."

"But maybe, he didn't."

"It must have been pretty serious for him to come half way round the world to get her."

"But when he got here and saw how fine. . . ."

". . . Hippi is, I think it was damn decent of him to turn right around and go away again. Damned decent, don't you? It must be an awful lot of fun for a woman to have a young fellow fall in love with her. Gosh! I can understand that all right. If I were a woman, I'd know what I'd fall for."

"Dinner's ready!" Wilbur called from the door. "And Uncle Charlie, whadya think! Lucille says she wants me to stay here always. Isn't that swell? And there's ice cream for dessert!"

Charles grinned at the world in general, and at his own little world in particular, that had come back to him again. "You don't say!" he caroled.

Charles turned toward Lucille who stood looking into the fire. Now! He would know once and for all if instinct had led him aright.

"Coming?" he asked.

She walked toward him, like a woman coming home. She put her pretty hands on his shoulders and looked at him. Her eyes were clear and young again.

"Hold me close," Lucille said.

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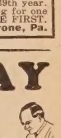

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You Have to Be in Love to Stay Married

(*Continued from page* 34)

marriage. If a man and woman have built up mutual interests, have shared in the same experiences, they can weather those dull moments.

"Every wife has to work out her own short-cut to happiness.

"No wife can afford to listen to gossip. I have never forgotten the remark made by an older woman when a well-meaning friend started talking about her husband. 'Listen, I've been married to Jim for twenty years and there's nothing you can tell me about him I don't know.' It's an effective way to stop a scandal-monger.

"I love to hear Harold say 'that's a pretty girl.' If a man is afraid to make a natural comment, he isn't sincere, and he is certainly not in love with his wife.

"It is never wise to run down another woman. Very recently Harold and I went to a hotel for dinner, and the bleachiest sort of blonde came in. At first glance she was striking. Her eye-lashes were heavy with mascara, her skin had the deadness of thick layers of powder. 'Isn't she lovely?' Harold said. I agreed with him. He took a second glance. 'Gee, she's got a lot of makeup on,' was his follow-up. 'Oh,' I said very casually, 'you need that much under these lights.' Hal looked at me critically—and then—'Well, don't let me catch you with that much goo on.' If I had disagreed with him about the girl, he undoubtedly would not have modified his original opinion of her.

So few women understand that men have their vanities too. Every wife wants to be told when she looks particularly attractive. Yet they rarely compliment their husbands on personal appearance. The other day Harold put on a very attractive tie. He looked awfully nice when he was all ready to go to the studio. I told him so. He was very pleased.

"Too many women reserve all their petting for their children. But all men are children to a certain extent. They need a steadying affection—some mothering.

"Children make of marriage a grand, a thrilling adventure. They give a man and a woman a sense of unity, of responsibility, they give them something tangible on which to build hopes and dreams. But everything in life must be given proportion and value. And a wife must never make her husband feel less important than her children. We both adore our three youngsters, but I never sacrifice Harold to them.

"Money, contrary to popular belief, is not important in marriage. Certainly there must be enough to buy necessities. But wealth must not complicate it.

"Don't"—she says, "impose your friends on your husband. When we were first married, I invited my friends over, and then didn't invite them again until Harold suggested that I do so.

"And don't drag your husband to places he doesn't want to go. He'll go—but he'll resent it—and resentment is the first wedge between a man and a woman."

In effect, Mildred Lloyd has no set rules for lasting marriage. Summarily her comments are:

"Successful marriage is based on one thing only—LOVE."

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A few people are endowed by nature with powerful, charming personalities. They are indeed fortunate, for to them success comes naturally if they apply themselves. But with the vast majority of people magnetic personality must be developed if they are to possess it. Many do acquire it to their everlasting benefit, but for lack of definite instructions as to how to go about developing magnetic personalities, most people live out their lives without ever acquiring the golden key to success that lies latent in nearly every human breast waiting to unlock the door to fortune.

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You've Got to Face Reality, Even in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

foolish things I've done in my life, I wonder that I had the good sense to marry her.

"It is within the power of a wife to save a man from those mistakes which might endanger marriage. I have admitted —at various times—that I do have crushes on the charming leading ladies with whom I am fortunate enough to play. Elsa understands—and condones — because she realizes that under the stress of manufactured emotion, this is a natural result.

"Marriage, then, must have the spice of humor. We have made it a sportsmanlike proposition, and have demanded only human qualities in each other. Just because two people marry, doesn't mean that they will suddenly become gods in disguise. It merely means that they will pool their personalities to mutual satisfaction.

"I bring my business home. Elsa's first question to me, each evening is 'How did the day go?' and so I get everything off my chest. If a director or another player is antagonistic to my temperament, Elsa analyzes the situation for me—makes it reasonable and bearable. She is not only a perfect audience, but she is also a fair and just judge. She is a member of my firm. She is virtually in professional partnership with me. I study with her. She goes over my lines with me—reads the other characters, while I interpret mine.

"NEITHER one of us plays Hollywood politics. Neither one of us can condone insincerity. We never invite people of importance into our home because they will be professionally valuable to me. We have people over because we like them. With all my years in Hollywood, I don't know five people who could advance me. Elsa isn't a climber. She isn't interested in small talk, or in other people's affairs. Minding one's own business is a swell way to conserve marriage—yours and the other fellow's.

"But Elsa is not a reflection of me. We're not 'Yes-men' to each other. We do agree on most matters. Our likes are startlingly similar. Being the perfect wife, Elsa, of course, wants to please me. Her shoes, her dresses, her hats—even purses —newly purchased, are dragged out for my inspection. Those that do not meet with my approval are promptly returned. In rare instances, Elsa does not agree with me. She may like the flare of a bow, or the set of a buckle, and then she keeps the dress, or the hat, or the shoes, as the case may be. And I become accustomed to them.

"Elsa's tastes today, are the same as they were in those early days when we lived in one room. She hasn't permitted my success to go to her head. Long after the time I was making a thousand a week, Elsa was doing her own housework. In the eleven years I have been in pictures, I have made almost a million dollars in salary, yet Elsa has no chinchilla wraps, or carved emeralds. We have acquired the creature comforts, but we have never become ostentatious. Life ordered easily and simply invariably is happy.

"I think one reason for our happy marriage is that my wife has none of the imperfections of the women with whom I work. She is logical, evenly balanced. Not at all temperamental. Not at all self-centered. Stars are childish, with a child's pleasure in the things which can be seen. Elsa is an adult. She is never unreasonable or petty. There isn't anything she does that I would change. There isn't anything in her character I would have different.

"My mother thought that no woman was good enough for me. Elsa understood that —and sympathized with her feelings, and during all my mother's lifetime, Elsa was sweetness and understanding personified. In turn, her mother thinks I'm a grand guy. So you see, the problem of in-laws did not beset us, and did not confuse our marriage. Many Hollywood marriages suffer from too much 'mama.'

"We have attempted to build our marriage on sound understanding, and complete devotion. Our marriage is bound to last, because we have shared memories of trials, disappointments, and trivial annoyances, which give a solid foundation to our lives together. No marriage—conceived in ease and luxury—can stand the hardships of clashing temperaments, and the invariable disagreements which the intimacies of marriage bring.

"People forget their beginnings. They forget the taste of ham and eggs, and think they will always have caviar and crepe suzettes. A child can't cut teeth on mush. It's given a crust to chew. Marriage, too, thrives on the realities.

"We're never bored. We play pool, and bridge; we go to movies; for peaceful drives to the ocean; or for long silent walks which bring us closer together. What is good enough for one is good enough for the other. We fall in with each other's ideas, and avoid friction over little things, so that we may discuss agreeably the large problems which occasionally confront us.

'WHEN I am working, Elsa guards my health jealously. We've gone to parties at which we've had a lot of fun, but promptly at ten-thirty, Elsa starts me off for home. 'You've got to get some rest,' she apologizes—as if apology were necessary.

"We have cemented our marriage by the small daughter we have adopted. Very soon we hope to adopt a boy. In a few months we're going off together for a six-months' vacation—to all the spots we have always wanted to go. Sweden, and Italy, and Africa. We want to see the moon over the pyramids. We want to glide through the Venetian canals in a gondola, and to know the rare ecstasy of Italian sunsets.

"And so by continuing to have new experiences together, we will further reinforce our marriage.

"It isn't the wolf at the door that makes love fly out at the window. It's the golden coach at the carriage gate. We've known hardship together—and because we have that memory—we can withstand the infinitely greater dangers of success. The grass is green in my pasture. I am perfectly content."

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The Best Luck Is Hard Luck

(*Continued from page* 38)

that noise it will kill him!' My Dad had reached the crisis. I did not understand what she meant. Even when he died I could not understand. I recall wanting to go to see him, and being prevented . . ."

The little family had to face the world alone. For Dick's father had always been over generous. He had spent what money he had earned on new ideas, new plans.

It was not long before young Roy Radabaugh (Dick's real name) was selling papers to help his mother. Those were hard days for the lad. To watch other fellows having a good time, while he worked.

"On one occasion," he related, "I wanted to go with my playmates on some outing. I couldn't go. I watched them setting out, shouting and laughing. I had to stay behind and sell papers. Even as small and young as I was, I felt very bitter over the whole thing. It didn't seem right.

"LATER on in the day, after my rage had calmed down, I started to imagine myself being able to do as I wished, I would be free some day, I told myself. I would do big things!"

But fame was a long way off still! After his paper selling, he got work in a service station. It kept open till eleven at night. After school, he started in for the evening. Hard work. Car after car would drive up for gas. Thirteen-year-old Roy rustled about from one to another. He seemed alone in a world of engines.

By eleven he was dead to the world. He could do no more than stumble home and fall into bed. He slept in a barn, behind the house. He did not want to disturb his mother and the other children. Sometimes he was too tired to sleep. He'd lie awake, planning, planning. He'd do something big one day. Yes, he'd be an actor. A great actor . . . Then, in a whirlpool of carnival amusements—newspapers—service stations and automobiles—he fell asleep. Only to wake the next minute, so it seemed, to get up in time for school.

"I didn't realize then the lesson I had from my Dad's early passing, and my first struggles. But much later, in Hollywood, I found out that the little tragedy of it all turned into the first stepping stone of my advancement.

"For instance—had my Dad lived, I never would have started work when I did. Again, had I been free to run around with my pals, and spend my time having a lot of fun, I might never have had cause to dream and plan. I don't want to label myself as a 'dreamer,' but being alone I had only myself to turn to. My solitary childhood forced me to imagine myself as becoming someone of importance. I visualized myself reaching some heights of fame—to show everyone.

His short time at High School was not more pleasant than anything else he had done. Young people he longed to know did not notice him.

"I don't hold it against them," Dick explained. "I didn't then. But I seemed so terribly outside of everything. To myself I seemed to be a real person moving in a world of ghosts. I saw the others, but they never became real. A couple of years ago I made a football picture. Some of the fellows who went to the same school at Long Beach, worked in it. Several of them recognized me and made themselves known.

"Of course I worked constantly and missed out on many good times I might otherwise have had. My various jobs consisted of newspaper routes, service stations and soda clerking, and other glorified ways of making a living for myself and the Radabaugh family. They were full time jobs, which meant little time for mischief. So it is plain to see that I grew up very innocent in the ways of the wicked world! Whatever the reason, it did take me an awfully long time to realize what was going on about me.

"But I can honestly say I am grateful for the ups and downs I had in childhood and early youth. First, for forcing me into work to earn money. Secondly, for the contact with various people, without which I should probably still be wondering what beer was, and why people don't say what they mean. Thirdly, for that ambition they aroused in me, to get away from them and be on my own. Most of all—for independence."

TO strike out for this objective, Roy Radabaugh came to Los Angeles. Ostensibly to become an art student. Secretly to become a movie star.

"At the bottom of my heart I wanted, like most everyone, to be an actor, or some equally glamorous person," he said. "So I took the long way round. Art School, I figured, would give me an entrance to both stage and screen. I could paint scenery. It would be a cinch. I didn't dare say right off to anyone, 'I'm going to be an actor.' I bided my time."

At Art School Dick was determined to be liked. He ran errands for the girls. He told the boys they were becoming splendid artists. He was over eager to be taken as one of the crowd. He worked his way through as janitor and general factotum.

Nighttime saw him working as a soda clerk, at a small cigar store and lunch counter, at 2nd and Broadway, in Los Angeles.

Night workers, from nearby offices, came in for a bite to eat. They were the unsensitive, wisecracking types. And young Roy Radabaugh was fair food for their rough banter.

"For at least an hour before they arrived I'd start to tremble with nervousness," Dick recounted. "They were a good

lot. But they did not know how much I dreaded their wisecrackings at my expense. More than once I was about to throw up the job. But I was determined to stick it out. Now I'm glad I did.

"That little episode in my life taught me self protection. Mental self protection. I got used to their wisecracking, and gave back as good as I got. It revealed a new part of me to myself. So I'm grateful for the test.

"While working at the lunch counter I also learned diplomacy," he added, citing another stepping stone in self development. "I'd be nice and polite to strangers, so they usually came back. I got so that I could pretty well guess what different persons would like best. When I suggested what I thought, it seemed to please them. This training in the art of diplomacy stood me in good stead when I got into movies—one business in the world where you have to be diplomatic!

"I OPENED a small studio, in the English Village in Hollywood, where I lived. Miraculously enough, I sold a few pictures. I afterwards turned it into a shop for my paintings and some bric-à-brac. My guardian angel was very good to me. I never starved, but got very sympathetic with people who did. Good times and bad times came. All the while I was seemingly no nearer to being an actor."

Patsy Ruth Miller was Dick's first "star" customer. He made a mask of her. She spoke of him to others. Soon, strings of celebrities came and went. Lilyan Tashman. Katharine Cornell. Helen Hayes. Beatrice Lilly. Ilka Chase. Joan Crawford. "What else do you want to do?" they asked. "To be a movie actor," Dick replied. One and all shook their heads. But Dick still bided his time!

"Then came good fortune. I became a movie actor so quickly it made my head swim. I got a star part by merely wishing, and going to the studio at the crucial moment."

Several friends had dropped in to see him. Harry Ellerbe, the young stage actor. Stuart Walker's son, and one or two others. They urged Dick to try for "Tol'able David." He tried and won! No longer was he Roy Radabaugh, artist, but Richard Cromwell, actor.

His film career from then till now is history. A few facts need straightening.

"I should like it to be understood once and for all," Dick stressed. "I was not taken out of the gutter, starving, as so many early stories implied. I had not started working at eight to come to Hollywood to starve at twenty! I could always turn my hand at something. I was signed up for seventy-five dollars a week. Well, I made that much, and more, with my art work. So you could hardly say I was taken out of dire poverty! The only added benefit I received from my new job was the national publicity, and the fan following.

His part in "Tol'able David," "Emma," with Marie Dressler, "The Age of Consent," and "This Day and Age," have pleased him most. Working under Cecil De Mille was a great event. More so, when the Master, after a certain scene, said to Dick: "You are a very good actor, Mr. Cromwell." This is excessive praise from C. B.

"By the time I'm thirty," he pointed out, "I'll be like a rich man's son, with the advantages of hard work behind me. But I'm still an actor, and hope to be one for as long as I am able. I love it. Yet my one genuine ambition is Independence.

Dick need not trouble about independence. He has it already if he only knew! Today you meet a very sure and certain Dick Cromwell. A chap who knows what he wants and will get it! He is frank and honest. He boasts no particular virtues. If anything, he tries to make himself out as bad as possible, when the least discerning of his friends can tell he is nothing of the kind.

He has a simplicity that defies all worldliness. And this simplicity attracts such ultra-sophisticated creatures as Tallulah Bankhead, Joan Crawford, and Marlene Dietrich. It amazes Dick what they—his divine goddesses—can see in him!

One night, last year, Dick, myself, and a lady writer friend of his, stood on the hillside lot on which he was then planning to build a house.

It was past midnight. The magic lights of Hollywood glittered far below. The silvery moonlight cast a ghostly aspect on the setting. The three of us sat on a large rock, while Dick spoke of his hopes for a place of his own.

"I'VE never had a house of my own," he said. "Now I'm going to have my own home! I chose this spot because I can see all over Hollywood. It gives me the feeling that I have risen above my desires for acting—that I can plan afresh."

No one loves Hollywood and acting more than Richard Cromwell. But he never will let himself get caught by its false glamor.

The acquisition of the modest house on the hillside has materialized his earliest dream—to have a home of his own. It means that at last he has something really belonging to him. A place that symbolizes his approach to complete independence.

"I have just ended my third year as an actor," he stated. "I have twelve films to my credit, and this home. Now I see the light. Don't think me ungrateful, but I want none of the glory and glamor. I got all I wanted from my first picture. I proved to myself *then* that I could get what I wanted. And so I am still after my first ambition—Independence.

"My house is part of that. Just think! It is my own, part of my ambition! To date, it is my greatest stepping stone! I am young. I love pictures. I always will. But there is still the stage to conquer. Painting. Travelling. Even (so help me) a fiendish desire to write! But my real success will be when I am my own boss. When I can act in January, paint in February, write in March, travel in April, read the whole of May, and do whatever I fancy during the rest of the year.

"I would like to go to Germany, and make a picture there. I've always wanted that . . ."

"But when no job, or profession, holds me as a career, then I shall feel myself a *real* success. You see, I want to be a person rather than a name. My guardian angel will probably send me back to jerking sodas, just for not being perfectly satisfied with being a movie player. But I am still young. I can start again."

And what is more, Richard Cromwell is a fellow who would, and could, do just that—and once more turn each struggle into a stepping stone to higher things!

What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing" writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Frances Lonsdale also has thick, wavy hair now, although at one time it was believed her hair roots were dead. She used Kotalko.

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling, dandruff has been eliminated, or new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko to stimulate new growth of hair? Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

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- ☐ How to Serve Delicious, Well-balanced Meals
- ☐ How to Run a Tea Room, Cafeteria, Tourists' Home

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(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

*Address*_____

Mail the Coupon or a Penny Postal Card

Was She Saint or Sinner?

ISADORA

She was a human, loving, passionate woman

THEY called her "the Holy Isadora" and waited to touch her flowing white robe as she passed.

They called her the scarlet woman of our century, and blazoned forth a thousand true stories of her mad and lawless loves.

Isadora Duncan, the penniless little girl from San Francisco, who became the greatest dancer the world has ever known, at once the idol and the scandal of two continents.

Crowned heads of Europe bowed at her feet; kings and millionaires and artists offered her their adoration; the streets of Paris were jammed with crowds waiting to see her pass; the citizens of Athens placed a laurel wreath upon her brow.

Yet a mob waited outside a theater in Buenos Aires to stone her, she was driven from Boston by an indignant populace, held prisoner at Ellis Island and spent her last years poor, often hungry, trying to drown her despair in champagne for which she could not pay.

TRUE STORY

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

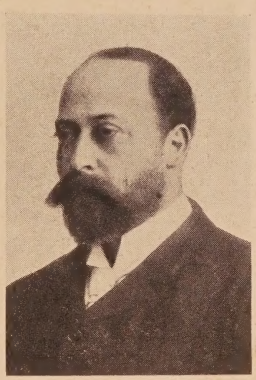
DUNCAN'S
Amazing Life Story!

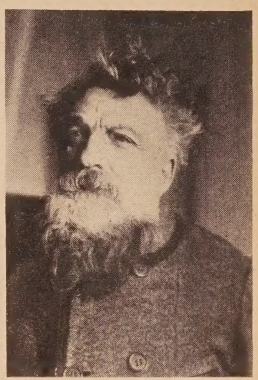
Europeans named her "the greatest American", and Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians declared her one with the glory that was Greece, peer of Michelangelo, sister in art of Wagner and Chopin.

At the same time American newspapers headlined her as a female Don Juan, and filled page after page with sensational stories of the birth of her children, born out of wedlock, and told of their tragic death in Paris.

Was she saint or sinner—Isadora Duncan, the generous, reckless girl, whose thrilling true story begins today in the new January issue of True Story Magazine?

The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) called Isadora "A Gainsborough Beauty"





Rodin, who saw in Isadora a thousand Greek statues in the body of one girl

Pages Torn From the Book of Life Reveal How Others Meet the Challenge of Fate!

EVERY story in this great issue is a page torn from the book of life—a page directly from the life of the man or woman who tells it, or about whom it is revealed. That is why TRUE STORY is the favorite magazine of so many more readers. More people ask for and buy TRUE STORY at the news stands each month than any other monthly magazine in the world. They recognize in these stories the fascination of truth, the reality of the situations described, the force of the dramatic climaxes, and through it all the wealth of human interest that can be captured only in actual life.

Just as no fiction could duplicate the amazing career of Isadora Duncan, the stories of the unknown characters abounding in this issue are without parallel in imaginative writing. By all means get your own copy of January TRUE STORY today and begin to enjoy these absorbing autobiographies. Ask your nearest news dealer.

TRUE STORY

JANUARY ISSUE—EVERYWHERE—**15¢**

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 7*)

you're looking for comedy entertainment, this is plenty satisfying, though it isn't another "42nd Street" or "Gold Diggers."

☆

✓My Weakness (Fox)
After this picture Lilian Harvey ought to be your weakness too. The story hasn't a great big dramatic plot, but it's light and gay and entertaining. Lilian plays a pretty chambermaid who falls in love with a carefree young playboy (Lew Ayres) who just can't see her for dust. Girls ought to get a lot of hot tips about how to make a man from this picture.

☆

✓Night Flight (M-G-M)
The cast of this almost outshines the story. Not that the story isn't full of excitement and thrills, but when such actors as Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, and John and Lionel Barrymore and such actresses as Helen Hayes and Myrna Loy are advertised, you want to see them in big parts. When you see a marvelous actor wasted on a bit, you rebel somewhat, and that's what happens here. The story? The sacrifices that are made so that the mail may go through over the South American Andes. The suspense is beautifully worked out.

☆

✓✓Private Life of Henry the VIII (United Artists)
Whether you're fed up with historical films or not, here is one that you must see. Don't let anything keep you away. It's one of the grandest pieces of entertainment that's ever come out of England. Yes, I know that practically every other English picture you've seen was a colossal bore, but this one makes up for them all. Charles Laughton is magnificent.

☆

Saturday's Millions (Universal)
If you simply adore football and football pictures, you may like this, but not otherwise. It's about a gridiron star who tries to make a racket out of football, and where have you seen that before? The cast includes Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and Lucille Lund.

☆

Solitaire Man, The (M-G-M)
A murder mystery is solved in an airplane cabin over the English channel. In that airplane are six people. One is a famous crook of the Raffles type for whom you feel sympathy. He's the Solitaire Man. Another is a police spy, himself a murderer. The cast includes Herbert Marshall, May Robson, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. No; no big star names, but the story makes up for it by keeping you in breathless suspense.

☆

✓Stage Mother (M-G-M)
Alice Brady made you giggle in "When Ladies Meet" and in "Beauty for Sale." In "Stage Mother" she plays a different sort of rôle, the kind of stage mother who succeeds in making her daughter famous, but breaks her heart in furthering her career. Of course you expect grand things from Alice Brady, but you'll be surprised at what a telling performance Maureen O'Sullivan gives.

☆

✓✓Too Much Harmony (Paramount)
By this time it's no secret that Bing Crosby is one of the screen-finds of the year. Thanks to his crooning and Jack Oakie's clowning, "Too Much Harmony" is a musical show you'll enjoy seeing. Bing's a big star who falls in love with a girl in a vaudeville show, one of whose partners is also in love with her. Judith Allen plays the girl charmingly. But the real treat of the picture is the fine music. You'll like "All the World Is Singing Booboo," "Thanks" and "Black Moonlight."

✓Torch Singer (Paramount)
A nice juicy orgy of sentimentality, with Claudette (beautiful figure) Colbert giving it what it takes. The picture's the sob story of a torch singer who has a child out of wedlock and signs her own baby away because she can't support it. And then, too late, comes fame. But, of course, there's a happy ending. Claudette is supported by such troupers as Ricardo Cortez, David Manners and Charles Grapewin. Then, too, there's that marvelous Baby LeRoy.

☆

✓Turn Back the Clock (M-G-M)
I've heard this called everything from the best picture Lee Tracy ever made to the worst. Personally I think it's good entertainment, but I've liked Lee better in other pictures. This has an amusing idea—what would happen if we could live our lives over again. That's what Lee Tracy is wishing when this picture happens. So his wish comes true, he lives his life over again, starting back in 1910.

☆

✓✓Way to Love, The (Paramount)
Maurice Chevalier has recently rebelled against being Paramount's ace boudoir-star. He claimed that he didn't have to appear in bedroom farces to get across; and in this he proves he was right. He plays a gay, lovable Frenchman, who is a walking advertisement for a photographer. And opposite him is Ann Dvorak. Ann is grand, as usual, but she doesn't steal the picture away from Chevalier.

☆

✓World Changes, The (Warners)
You very rarely see Paul Muni in a picture, but when you do, you can be sure of fine acting. That's true here, where Paul Muni heads an excellent cast, including that swell trouper, Aline MacMahon, who gives a performance as a pioneer mother that tears your heart into little bits. The story deals with a pioneer family, and traces its history from the days of the covered wagon to the financial crash of the Chicago Stock Exchange in 1929. A bit dull but worth seeing.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 73*)

course. And you know all the answers almost from the unwinding of the first reel.

Charles Laughton gives less than his usual magnificent performance as the black ruler of the jungle. He plays this rôle in a light vein, aided and abetted by his figure of bulbous proportions. He brings in a good many laughs. Carole Lombard, as the pale and harassed heroine, has had much better opportunities to show her capabilities. Charles Bickford shows what a big he-man can do when given free rein in a moving picture jungle.

There's suspense when the captives make a dash for freedom and head for a river filled with crocodiles.

Your Reviewer Says: It will amuse you in spots but that's about all.

For Children: No harm here.

"My Woman" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Helen Twelvetrees, Victor Jory, Wallace Ford, Claire Dodd.*
It's About: *A wife who gets her vaudevillian-actor-husband on the air, after which he gives it to her.*

It could happen to you—and you. In this one, it happens to Helen Twelvetrees, who plays the rôle of the sacrificing wife. Wallace Ford is her self-impressed vaudevillian husband. She gets him his big break on the air and even writes the copy that makes him famous. In return, he shares some of the "air" with her—but gives it to her to breathe alone.

Wallace Ford's characterization of the fat-headed husband deserves a big hand. Helen Twelvetrees doesn't have to pout so much in this picture. It is a welcome relief to see some of her old-time fire.

Your Reviewer Says: Just a nice picture that you can afford to see or miss.

For Children: It's oke!

"The Worst Woman In Paris?" (Lasky-Fox)

You'll See: *Adolph Menjou, Benita Hume, Helen Chandler, Harvey Stevens.*
It's About: *A man and his light-of-love.*

If you expect to see some ravishing creature, who holds the French city spellbound, then you're in for a keen disappointment. This is rather a trite story of mixed morals and mistresses. Benita Hume, is good to look at and gives a capable performance, but she fails to live up to the exciting suggestion of the title.

Adolphe Menjou is conspicuous by his absence in many of the scenes. In his rôle of the gay gentleman who loves one woman, with an appraising eye on another, he has little opportunity to display the usual Menjou qualities. There's a nice scene where Benita returns to him in Paris after he has lost all his money.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy this mostly because it is played by players you have seen in better productions.

For Children: No.

"After Tonight" (RKO)

You'll See: *Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, others.*
It's About: *The thankless career of a beautiful spy who falls in love with the young captain on the enemy side.*

The most dramatically romantic situation which war can provide is this between the spy on one side and the enemy who also loves but must sentence his beloved to the only penalty the spy may pay . . . execution. We have had every variety of spy including Garbo, Dietrich, etc., but in spite of that, R-K-O had done a very convincing job with this story to which Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland lend plenty of romance.

Constance adds enough of her glibness to lighten the scenes which might otherwise become tedious. She also manages to get in one or two very becoming costumes. This is not a big picture and it might have been more thrilling, but it will do for a pleasant evening.

Your Reviewer Says: Bennett fans will like this one.

For Children: Not particularly suitable. Why should they hear about the war which they scarcely remember?

"Hell and High Water" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Richard Arlen, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing, and others.*
It's About: *Garbage, a dance hall girl and an ignorant captain.*

The less said about this picture, the better. Richard Arlen, who always gives a good performance, struggled hopelessly with the burden of trying to make his rôle a starring one. Judith Allen failed to be convincing.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another picture.

For Children: They might laugh.

Santa Claus to Millions!

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TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Steal the South Sea Maiden's Secret of Alluring Lips!

Land of swaying palms in silver seas . . . isles of paradise above which a bright red moon serenely lights the paths of romance . . . that's where romance is adventure . . . and where maidens deprived of access to the fashion helps of the Rue de la Paix, invent other means of making charm irresistible. For one thing, South Sea LIPS are more alluring than any others in the entire world. They are more enchantingly red, more invitingly smooth, and seductively soft. They have caused their haughty mistresses to become known as the most glamorous women on earth!

THE SECRET

Out of strange little berries, the South Sea maiden makes a sweet red stain that has the peculiar property of absolute transparency and that penetrates into the surface layer of the lip's skin. When applied, this stain imparts a luscious even color all over the lips, and because the stain goes right into the skin, it lasts a long time and stays perfectly even as long as it lasts. Think of it! Lips are given alluring color entirely without coating them with the disillusioning and ever-compromising pastiness that American women have had to tolerate in lipstick. Marvelous! And now this same idea, only in a thousandfold more effective form, is made available to the shapely lips of American women by the astounding new lip cosmetic called "TATTOO."

Vastly Different from Any Other Lip Color

TATTOO, though resembling a lipstick in size and form, is far more, indeed! It is applied to the lips and allowed to set for a moment or two. It is then wiped off, at which time the lips are found to be evenly and indelibly *stained* with the richest, most tempting color ever seen. No purplishness. No opaqueness. Nothing on the lips but truly *transparent* color that actually becomes part of the skin. No pastiness to come off on tea cups . . . or collars!

Soothes and Softens the Lips

Unlike so-called indelible lipstick that drys and wrinkles the lips, TATTOO soothes and softens them. It keeps them as smooth as a fresh rose petal and just as thrilling to touch. It keeps them young—*lastingly* young and forever desirable—oh, so desirable! Certainly, a very great advantage!

4 Startling New Shades

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

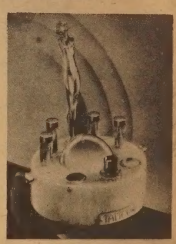
No. 2 An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

Test All 4 on Your Own Skin

Just as TATTOO and its four hues are innovational, so is the method by which TATTOO is sold. Instead of asking you to *guess* the shade that best suits your skin tone, TATTOO invites you to actually *try* all four shades on your own skin. Step right up to the TATTOO color selector display at the toilet goods counter of your favorite department or drug store and *try* TATTOO. The display provides a bottle of LIX [lipstick stain remover] to remove the stains from your skin. TATTOO is ONE DOLLAR everywhere! TATTOO, CHICAGO



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THE NEW *transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS

movie MIRROR

15¢

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

FEBRUARY

34

RUBY KEELER

GARY COOPER Talks About His MARRIAGE

Is LEE TRACY Taking the Rap?

GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben-Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

From the Directors of "Footlight Parade"— LLOYD BACON and dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY

5 Brilliant New Songs by "42nd Street's" Famous Composers— AL DUBIN and HARRY WARREN

A First Nat'l Picture

movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 5, NO. 3

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

FEBRUARY, 1934

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ JERRY ASHER ★ WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

Daring To Be Different

We take the picture of Katharine Hepburn to illustrate the principle of daring to be different, for never was a girl so individual, so distinctive and so very successful at it as the flaming star of "Little Women." (Incidentally the story of Hepburn's newest film, "Trigger" will be in the next issue of Movie Mirror).

Movie Mirror, hitching its wagon to the stars, announces that it intends to be different, too. Now editing direct from Hollywood (and the Only fan magazine doing that!) Watch for these features next month:

The Life and Loves of Bing Crosby
The Salvation of Cary Grant
How Stars Can Live Three Lives at Once——and Many Other Features in The March Movie Mirror.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gary Cooper Talks About His Marriage..Adele Whitely Fletcher 8

Modern Madonna, Hollywood Style.....Muriel Babcock 10
Joan Bennett Is Facing Motherhood Again

Joan Crawford's Men.....Susan Talbot 12
The Lucky Twelve Whose Lives She Has Influenced

Young Doug Speaks Out!.....Jerry Asher 28
He Tells Why He Wants To Work In England

Queen Christina Garbo vs. Katharine the Great, Hepburn..... 30
The Way These Two Act On the Set

Is Lee Tracy Taking the Rap?.....Dorothy Manners 34
The Inside Story on that Mexican Affair

His Son—and Jack Holt.....Harriet Parsons 36

Oh-h, the Pain of Hollywood Divorces!.....Marquis Busby 38
You Can Stop Loving 'Em But Not Leave 'Em

Myrna Loy Talks on Men.....Maude Lathem 40

I Hate Everything!.....Dora Albert 41
Cries Margaret Sullavan, the New Rave

Famous Faces—But Do You Know Their Names? Llewellyn Miller 48

The House That Bing Built.....Franc Dillon 50

Born to Be Bad.....Dorothy Emerson 54
The Story of Loretta Young's Next Picture

Mae West's Life Story—Part III.....Harry Lang 64

Movie Mirror's Departments

Hot News..... 4
Tips on Talkies..... 6
Speak for Yourself..... 7
Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle... 15
Inside Stuff..... 22
Mid-Season Fashions..... 42
Has the Blonde Era Expired?.... 46
Movies of the Month..... 58

Exclusive Portraits

Ann Sothern and Richard Cromwell 17
Joan Crawford and Clark Gable 18
Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March 19
Jeanette MacDonald, Ramon Novarro and Warren William and Jean Muir..... 20
George Raft and Helen Mack.... 21
Kay Francis..... 53
Clara Bow..... 62
Lilian Harvey..... 63

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GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover—Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.

Paramount Pictures

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

HOT NEWS

by MARQUIS BUSBY

That interesting new actor, Otto Kruger and his wife, are enjoying the sights of Hollywood. Here they are at the theatre together

HOLLYWOOD: Last-minute news as MOVIE MIRROR goes to press: It's being bruited up and down the Rialto that Will (movie czar) Hays is behind the dismissal from M-G-M of Lee (loves a parade) Tracy . . . Hollywood sympathy is divided on that Mexican affair . . . with Lee getting the biggest share . . . one thing is sure . . . there will be snow in Florida in July before another studio sends a company below the Rio Grande . . . Paramount has already canceled a trip for "The Trumpet Blows" . . . George (he's a night owl) Raft will fight that bull right out on the back lot . . . Mexico is now protesting Wallace (big boy) Beery in the rôle of Villa . . . they say it's just like a Yankee to have a comedian play their national hero . . . d'ya suppose they wanted Garbo, question mark.

That loud sobbing you hear around Hollywood comes from the foreign colony . . . European stars are weeping bitter tears about the shrinkage in salary due to the depreciation of the dollar in terms of foreign currency . . . Greta (kronen) Garbo, Lilian (pound sterling) Harvey, and Dorothea (mark) Wieck are all upset . . . it isn't bothering Marlene (shrewd) Dietrich . . . she banks her salary in the U. S. A. . . . and a dollar is still a dollar on this side of the Atlantic stop . . . the latest star to feel her oats is Jean (s. a.) Harlow . . . she wants more money or else . . . there are those that say this is no time to complain . . . "Bombshell" was not the box-office riot that the studio expected.

Al (Mammy's boy) Jolson says he isn't retiring from moompitchers . . . and he hasn't got $2,000,000 . . . this is a topsy-turvy business . . . on the same stage in the same studio where once she reigned as the star of "Queen of Sheba" Betty Blythe is playing Mary Brian's mother. . . .

One more picture for Paramount and Gary (Montana) Cooper moves his prize saddles over to Metro for the next Marion Davies' picture . . . keeping up the Hollywood tradition of friendly divorce . . . Gloria (elegant) Swanson and Michael Farmer paid a hospital visit to Herbert Somborn, number two man among the Swanson spouses stop . . . and would it excite you to know that George (pash) Raft is having his dressing room re-decorated in bright red . . . no matter what the gossips may say about a forthcoming bust-up all was sweetness and light at the second wedding anniversary of Constance Bennett and Henri (the Marquis) de la Falais . . . Connie gave Hank a radio for his car . . . and Hank sent Connie BUSHELS of white roses . . . the Bennett sisters are

The Bill Gargans are a much-in-love couple as you can observe in this shot of them dining at the Ambassador

all here now . . . Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) Bennett has taken a Hollywood manse . . . and will not turn a deaf ear to lucrative picture offers . . . who would, exclamation mark. . . .

Newspapers may huff and puff all they wish . . . but friends of Mary (lonesome) Pickford do not expect a reconciliation between America's sweetheart and England's new boy friend . . . Max Baer has caused more excitement in Hollywood than any man since Gable . . . M-G-M offered him a salary almost on a par with Garbo's for two pictures . . . and did you know that a New York critic dubbed him "the male Mae West," question mark . . . and Gracie (dumb like a Fox) Allen says she wants to make a lot of money in pictures so she can retire to a "chapeau" on the Riviera stop . . . here's big news . . . Baby LeRoy has uttered his first word for pictures

John Davis Lodge and his handsome dancer wife go a bit exotic and dine and dance at Hollywood's newest club, the Russian Eagle Cafe

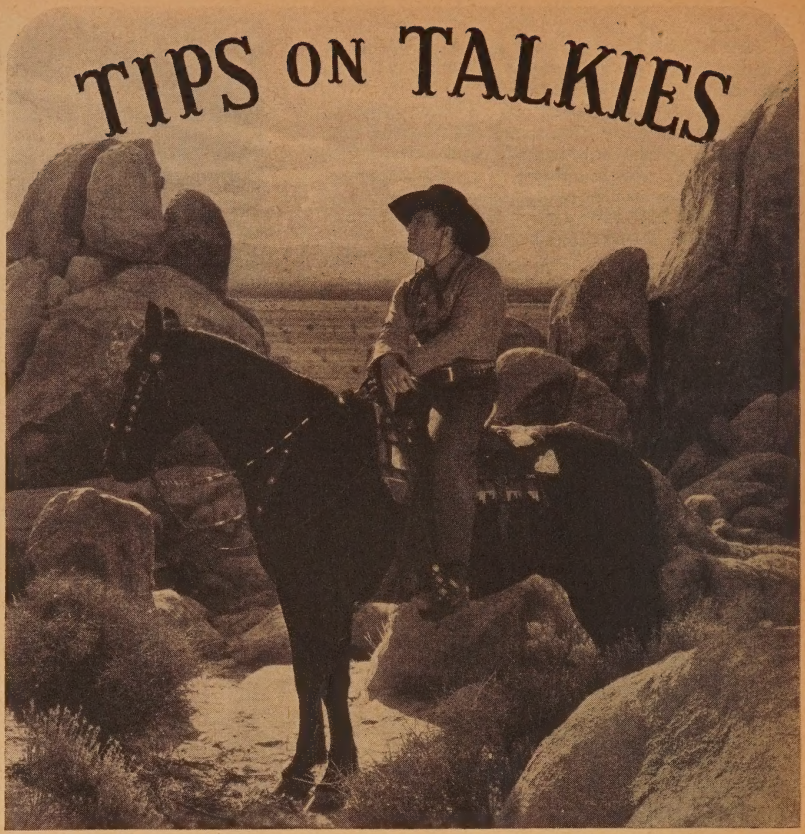
Another devoted couple (and we do like to run them what with all the publicity divorces get!) are the Warner Baxters at the Cocoanut Grove

in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" . . . he says "mama" . . .

Oh, so Franchot (cultured) Tone has really proposed to Joan (glamorous) Crawford, has he, exclamation mark . . . and Mary (gets 'em all) Brian isn't seeing Don Cook any more . . . they say it was quite a party . . . Dick (going big) Powell is the fair-haired boy with Mary again stop . . . don't ask us why but Polly (newlywed) Moran bought only white evening gowns for her trousseau stop . . . the most panning reviews Hollywood has seen in a long time fell to the lot of Ruth Chatterton in "Female" stop. . . Adolphe (sixty suits) Menjou drove in from Palm Springs to be an inspiration to Veree (snappy dresser) Teasdale in a scene from "The King of Fashion" . . . after the scene was completed he got in his car and drove back to the resort . . . that MUST be love exclamation mark . . . a society deb is sending flowers to Jack Oakie every day . . . what do you make of THAT, Watson, question mark.

Jackie Field's Oyster Bar . . . on Hollywood Boulevard . . . is the new place to see the stars . . . Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler consume simply gallons of erster stoo . . . and even Mae (town toast) West drops in to tear a herring stop . . . the Scavenger-Party idea has apparently hit Hollywood . . . anyway Sardi's would like to know what-in-heck happened to their $300 door mat . . . when he can spare time from his duties as yell-leader at Santa Clara college Jackie (grown up) Coogan will appear in a series of twelve collegiate comedies . . . the first is "Love in September" . . . Jackie will work only during vacations stop . . . and this is a conversation between two scenario writers . . . "who was that with you at the football game?" asked one . . . "that was my wife," said the other . . . "Oh, yeah," queried the first, "how did you get away from your girl friend?" . . . Cecil (Bathtub) DeMille's hope for an Antony to play in "Cleopatra" lies in Noo Yawk where he shouldn't have MUCH trouble, considering what he's looking for . . . after all what he wants is a man who's like a great St. Bernard dog . . . with a chest on which he could camp an army . . . with wit and eloquence and personality to sway the populace of a nation in a twenty-minute oration . . . but virile and romantic enough to drink his own soldiers under the table . . . and of course be able to win the most desirable woman in the world WHEW . . . he sure knows what he wants . . . but will he find it question mark . . . at the moment it looks like June (much talent) Knight's next heart beat will be for Russ (Ca-rooner) Columbo . . . they met on the set of "Love Life of a Crooner" . . . their new picture together . . . he looked at her and she looked at him and immediately the air was charged . . . WOW . . . now Eddie (June's up-to-this-minute love) Buzzell and Mary (Russ' yen) Brian are probably wondering what it's all about . . . stop . . . she won by a haircomb . . . we mean Bette Davis who was heading toward an exit . . . she pulled her trump and won herself a new ticket with Warners . . . isn't it strange that Gene Raymond can fly an airplane but can't drive an automobile question mark . . . and is Stephen (Monogram found him first) Gross being torn apart for screen tests by all the major companies . . . from Lunnon comes the word that the best box office bets out thar are Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, Wally Beery and Clarke Gable . . . what means all this tennis playing that's going on between the Great Garbo and her director Mamoulian . . . can it be romance, question mark . . . and that's all for another month stop.

TIPS ON TALKIES



(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

After Tonight (RKO)
Constance Bennett glamorous and beautiful in a trite drama about a woman spy who falls in love with a young captain on the enemy side. Gilbert Roland gives the role plenty of romance. The picture will interest you only if you like Connie Bennett and are not fed up with spy dramas.

☆

✓Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men (RKO)
A comedy-drama about a hard-boiled girl (Wynne Gibson) and a mama's boy (Charlie Farrell). The girl comes from the gutter, the boy has been tied all his life to his aunt's apron strings. The story deals with how the girl transforms the boy into something more than a mama's pet. You'll like it.

☆

✓Ann Vickers (Radio)
Irene Dunne's performance overshadows everything else about this picture. She makes Ann intelligent, understandable, feminine. If you read Sinclair Lewis' book on which this is based, you may feel that the character has been sentimentalized too much, but still you'll thrill to Irene Dunne's performance. Beside it, the capable performances of Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot and even Edna May Oliver seem slightly pale.

☆

✓Beauty For Sale (M-G-M)
A typical Faith Baldwin story, told against the background of a beauty parlor. The setting is gorgeous, the story obvious. It's about three girls, and what they do about the men in their lives. Florine McKinney is reckless; Una Merkel is practical and Madge Evans is romantic. Madge falls in love with a married man, and doesn't know what to do about it. The niftiest performance in the picture is given by Alice Brady as a tongue-wagging, poodle-petting, rather dizzy wife. Pretty smooth, too, is Otto Kruger's characterization of the husband.

☆

✓✓Bombshell (M-G-M)
An inside story of the workings of Hollywood, done to the tune of plenty of laughs that'll bring shekels to the box-office. It's a story of the private life of a movie star, with Jean Harlow playing a gal who dramatizes her life off and on the screen. If you follow the gossip in Movie Mirror, you'll know that plenty of the incidents in the picture are based on real happenings that still have Hollywood gasping. Lee Tracy is a roaring dynamo as a press agent who knows how to hit the front pages.

☆

✓✓Bowery, The (20th Century)
You owe it to yourself to see this. It's a rich and lusty picture of the good old days of the Bowery. And what a cast! Wallace Beery as Chuck Connors, George Raft as Steve Brodie, Jackie Cooper, and Pert Kelton, that tough little egg who stole "Bed of Roses" from Connie Bennet. "The Bowery" has swell local color, atmosphere, and melodrama. It's as rowdy as a sailor on vacation.

☆

✓Brief Moment (Columbia)
The story of what happens when a rich boy marries a cabaret girl. The plot isn't new, but still the picture's pretty entertaining, thanks to nice direction and to some sincere acting by Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond.

✓✓Broadway Thru A Keyhole (20th Century)
This is the picture plotted by Walter Winchell, for which he received a punch in the nose from Al Jolson. Winchell has sworn that the picture isn't meant as an expose of Ruby Keeler's private life, but just the same the picture'll profit by all that advance publicity. Constance Cummings plays the rôle of the chorus girl who's loved by a racketeer. As the racketeer Paul Kelley hits the audience like a load of dynamite. Altogether this picture packs a wallop like Jack Dempsey before he met Gene Tunney.

☆

✓✓Design For Living (Paramount)
Here is sex, highly spiced by Monsieur Lubitsch, and treated with a light hand and a sense of humor. If you call yourself sophisticated, test your sophistication out by seeing how you like it. It's naughty and gay and spicy, with Miriam Hopkins doing a grand job as the girl who's in love with two men who are both in love with her. The greatest surprise of the picture is probably Gary Cooper, outshining even Fredric March, in a rôle that is very different for him.

☆

✓✓Eskimo (M-G-M)
A swell picture for those who like this type of thing. It paints a vital picture of an almost primitive race of people. Van Dyke spent months in the heart of the Arctic filming it, with an all native cast. The picture is utterly authentic and offers thrills and heart interest. By all means let the children see it. They'll learn more from it than they would from any geography book.

☆

✓Female (First Nat'l)
An entertaining story about a business woman who invites handsome young men in her employ to dinner to discuss business. Only, once they get to her apartment, she forgets all about business and becomes utterly, utterly feminine. And

(*Continued on page* 84)

by
DORA ALBERT

Personally Recommended

✓✓The Private Life of Henry the VIII

The most vivid historical picture I've ever seen, and that includes even "Disraeli." Charles Laughton's performance is magnificent.

Also

✓✓Berkeley Square

✓✓The Bowery

✓✓Footlight Parade

✓✓I'm No Angel

On the other hand I was disappointed in—

After Tonight

I didn't think the plot strong enough or interesting enough for an actress like Connie Bennett.

speak for yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Ouch!

What's wrong with the movies? Can you imagine a crack like that? Why, everything's wrong with the movies. They aren't giving us enough good clean boy-and-girl love, They aren't giving us enough musical comedies. They aren't doing this—they aren't doing that. BAH!!!

Listen to me, you cynical, hard-boiled, selfish public! What would you do without the movies? Go ahead and gripe, but I wager we'll find you at your theatre next week, just as before. If you don't like one type of picture, go to another. If you get too much sex, don't go to Mae West's next picture. Go to Janet Gaynor's. If you don't like the soul-stirring drama found in "Heroes for Sale" go to the Wheeler-Woolsey comedy.

Public do you know what is the matter with you? The movies have been too good to you. They've given you every type of picture you ever asked for. They've sweat blood, paid thousands of dollars out for "new types"—gone stark raving mad—just to give you what you want. And what do you do? You give them a kick in the anatomy (lower deck). You tell 'em they aren't giving you enough variety. What you ought to get is seven years in a good clean asylum. Quit howling and thank your lucky stars you have the "Movies." Pull in your tongue. Atta boy! Three cheers for Movieland.

Evelyn David, Cameron, Missouri.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

For the Unusual

Why protest the over-emphasized make-up, dyed hair, thin figures and extreme costumes of the stars? What if Joan uses too much lipstick? What if Garbo is angular? What if Harlow is bizarre?

Why do we go to the movies anyhow? Isn't it to escape from humdrum reality, from colorless people and dull surroundings? We go to see strange countries, to experience vicarious emotional thrills, to admire glamorous, exotic women—in short, to see something different from that which we see around us every day.

What makes the outstanding stars fascinating? Beauty? It abounds behind department store counters. Charm? It surfeits every college campus. It is something more than these two attributes. It is the odd, the unusual, even fantastic details of their appearance that make the stars recurrently lovely. Consider Garbo, Hepburn, Crawford, Harlow. "Unnatural" looking, all of them. Hepburn doesn't look like the stenographer at the next desk. Garbo doesn't remind us of the cute co-ed across the street. Mere "natural" prettiness is what makes the Mary Brians and Dorothy Jordans colorless after a few pictures. They have no peculiarities of appearance to pique our imaginations and refresh our jaded eyes.

As for clothes—the more unconventional, the better. Let Shearer and Crawford wear their daring costumes. We can see more conservative models on the street any day.

May "unnatural" looking stars and ingenious fashion designers continue to make the movies an exciting escape from a monotonous, work-a-day world.

Alice Simpson, Seattle, Wash.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

To Marie Dressler

—"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch"—

That, I think, is the secret of this great woman's appeal. She has not lost the "common touch"—hers is a priceless gift, this power to touch so deeply, the human heart. Kindly, courageous, philosophical, her life has been spent in bringing sunshine into drab lives; sharing her wisdom and kindliness with the millions who love and honor her.

Years mean nothing to a soul like hers—ever youthful, gallant and undaunted. Life's greatest accolade is hers. She makes the world a better place.

Mrs. W. P. Jackson, Columbia, Tennessee.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Gary, the Romantic Has at Last Succumbed to Love — and How Charmingly He Talks About It!

by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

NOW it's Gary and Sandra. . . .

Gary and Lupe . . . Gary and Dorothy, Countessa di Frasso. . . . These, with others, belong to the past. In their own time they were important enough. But their time has gone. They were phases in Gary's life. Just as he, no doubt, was a phase in theirs. Romantic phases. Glamorous, colorful phases.

So far life owes Gary Cooper nothing. I doubt it ever will. He'll take the things he wants as he goes along. And being a curious mixture, half the long, lean, inarticulate ranchman from Montana and half young gentleman about town, top hat at a jaunty angle type Gary always will be aware of the great variety of things from which there are to choose.

Right now Gary wants marriage. Not that he wants to settle down. He doesn't at all. That's the last thing in the world he wants, as a matter of fact. And the last thing in the world he intends to do. He says, in that slow, gentle way he has, "I don't expect marriage to change my life at all."

It won't, I venture to say. Except to make it richer, fuller.

Gary wants marriage, first of all, because of Sandra Shaw. He liked her tremendously the very first time he saw her. But he waited eight months before he put that big diamond on her finger.

He was entirely frank about it.

"I was skeptical," he told me. "For her sake. For my sake. For our sakes, I wanted to be sure."

I saw Gary while he was in New York for the première of "Design for Living." He was stopping in a tower suite at the Waldorf. Further up Park Avenue Sandra or Veronica Balfe, as she really is named, was living with her mother. On the writing-table in the Regency drawing-room lay Gary's top hat. The night before he and Sandra had been dancing at the Casino. She called him on the telephone. I couldn't help overhearing his "Hello, Sweet," soft as it was. And I knew how she must feel there on the other end of the wire, her heart trembling. I knew how others had felt. In Hollywood Gary has a Reputation. In his quiet way Gary has more charm and attraction than a dozen smoother gentlemen who fancy themselves with the ladies.

The women in Gary's life, who he admits were phases; the Countessa di Frasso, Lupe, the wild woman, and the the aristocratic Veronica Balfe, who played bits in movies under the name of Sandra Shaw

Today Gary is older and wiser than he was when he first came riding out of Montana.

"You know how it is," he said, leaning in the doorway. He prowls around while he talks. "You meet someone, man or woman, and you're keen about them. Terribly keen. You see them as a certain personality. You like their color. You're stuck on their point of view or their humor. You make it up in your own mind that they're one thing. Then gaps start appearing in the personality you've given them until you must admit to yourself that once again you've hoped for too much, that once again you're mistaken.

"I do that anyway. So—even though I liked Sandra more than a little the first time I saw her I practised caution and patience. For her sake. For my own sake. For our sakes. I wanted to be sure."

Gary Cooper talks about his Marriage

However, when the gaps didn't appear in the personality Gary found Sandra, when every day she proved even more companionable, when every week she seemed even more lovely, well . . . he went out and bought a ring, a darn beautiful ring. Sandra wears it proudly.

Secondly, Gary wants marriage for a good, practical reason.

"Marriage," he says, "helps you keep your perspective. And if you're working in pictures anything that will do this for you is fine. Marriage gives you roots, responsibilities. They're both excellent things to have."

And, let me add, they're both things that Gary wouldn't have thanked anybody for several years ago. As I said before, today he's older and wiser. Even while he remains very young. When you live as fully as he has lived, when an equal zest for life interests you in many things, you learn rapidly.

The women in Gary's life tell so very dramatically, so very colorfully of the phases which he has undergone as an individual. . . .

The Gary who loved Lupe and the Gary Lupe loved was the boy who not too many years previously, about to leave Montana for a school in England, had flung himself upon the ground and dug his hands into the earth that he might make a wish. For there was in that country an Indian legend to the effect that you could have whatever you wished if you could get close enough to the earth, close enough to Nature. And Gary wished that he might soon return.

Lupe then was even more unrestrained and tempestuous than she is today. She was the child of an opera singer and an officer in Mexico's insurrectionist army. She had no diplomacy or guile. She treated the moguls of the studios with far less consideration than she showed those who, in turn, worked for her. Suddenly overcome with her adoration for Gary in public she would push back her chair, run to him, and rumple his hair with her brown, childish hands. While he accepted her impulsive demonstration with indulgence . . . and a secret delight.

Their love was as wild and riotous as waves rising at sea before a storm, as wind travelling across the mountains. To have seen them together in those days is to remember them.

Hollywood still likes to tell about the huge eagle Gary gave Lupe one Christmas when everybody expected him to give her rubies or diamonds. And Hollywood lowers its voice, a little awed, when it goes on to tell how no one in the Velez menage, except Lupe, even dared slip pans of water or food under the bars of that eagle's cage, it was such a vicious bird. And how Lupe, knowing no fear at all, always confident the bird "Garree" had sent her would do her no harm, used to laugh with delight because she could reach between the bars with perfect safety.

There are those who feel Gary's mother was responsible for the break-up, for him and Lupe not marrying. They flatter Mrs. Cooper in my opinion. I doubt that any outside force could have influenced either of them at the time. I have good reason to know that they themselves realized that the emotion they shared was not the patient love that goes with marriage, the business of building a home, and the responsibility of having children. They were wise in their love. They accepted the thing they shared as part of their youth, as something they must not attempt to cram down into any set, conventional pattern. And they didn't have too much time for the future in any event. The very day, the very hour they were living together they found enough.

With all due respect to Johnny Weissmuller, with all due respect to Sandra Shaw, I doubt either Lupe or Gary ever again will experience an emotion equal to that which they knew together, an emotion as exciting, or as disturbing, or as beautiful. Such an emotion doesn't come more than once, and too seldom even once. . . .

When Gary and Lupe split and he went traipsing off to Africa to hunt big game he was ill and underweight. On his way, however, he stopped off to become well acquainted with London and European drawing-rooms. Can't you imagine the stir he caused over (*Continued on page 72*)

MODERN MADONNA

OVER night, in Hollywood, city of canned romance and gelatin glamor, Joan Bennett has been transformed from an ordinarily beautiful young woman with good features, clear skin, nice eyes, into a radiant beauty.

The first glimpse of Joan Bennett in "Little Women" is truly remarkable.

About to become a mother for the second time—she may be a mother by the time you read this—Joan in the first shots of the picture gives the illusion of some one just blossoming out into wide-eyed womanhood. She has a quality of rare beauty.

When you consider that Joan has been married, had a child, been divorced, had an interlude of attention from other men, endured the limelight, was injured and lay in a plaster cast in the hospital for months, married again and is now about to have a second child, this is all the more remarkable. Joan is a modern young sophisticate.

How can she look so lovely? Not only on the screen is this loveliness apparent, but as you see her in Hollywood. At the first Mayfair party of the season which she attended with Gene Markey, she was, from the standpoint of her radiant beauty, the belle of the ball.

Do you remember the Madonna of old? Do you remember the portrait of the young mother holding her child, looking devotedly but resignedly into the eyes of that child? You saw a feeling of renunciation in that motherhood, a giving up of everything for her child. You saw a faint sadness, martyrdom in the sweet face.

Joan Bennett doesn't look resigned. She looks gloriously happy and alert and alive. The camera which is so quick to capture ephemeral changes within one was the first to capture this new quality of beauty in Joan. It caught it in "Little Women" when Joan knew, but told no one, that she was to have a baby.

Did Joan's knowledge of her forthcoming "blessed event" affect her work in "Little Women"?

"Well," she admitted to me, "I was very, very happy. I didn't know that I was doing better work than usual, but if I did, I have an idea my happiness helped."

"Didn't you," I inquired, "want to stay home, stop work and plan for a baby? Did the knowledge that you were to have a child make you want to give up everything for it?"

A sentimental question, perhaps, but I wanted Joan's answer because I believed in it was the answer to the Modern Madonna which she represents. The answer to the Modern Young Woman who finds time to shoulder the responsibilities of home and job and handle them competently. Who can look at her babies and beyond them.

"No," she said, "the more I can do to make myself a happy, busy and interesting person makes me a better mother and a better actress. As long as I looked well and felt healthy, I saw no reason why I shouldn't continue to work."

The Mayfair party at which Joan looked so lovely that people were nearly rude enough to stare, was given on December 2nd, just three months before the baby is due to be born.

Did she renounce an evening of good fun with her husband, Gene Markey? No, she continued being a companionable wife to a charming husband. She dressed beautifully and went to the dance.

And that, you must know, is the spirit of the modern young woman, the Modern Madonna who isn't martyred in her happiness, but alive and alert to it.

Joan has the idea that being a good mother, being a good wife, and being good on the job can be combined, and all of them can be fun.

It is one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood, the union of Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, perhaps because Gene is so intelligent and because Joan learned from one unhappy marriage

Recently her husband said to her, "Next year, let's go to Europe. The baby will be born in February. Let's go in the summer. We can leave nicely then. We'll travel and see places."

Joan was in conflict between her rôles of wife, mother and actress.

"I thought," she said, "of my baby. It would be five or six months old, just in its most interesting babyhood stage. Babies are so much fun to watch the first few months of their lives. Every day is a new day and a new step. But I didn't want to say no to Gene because he has wanted this trip for a long time. We shouldn't make it this year because of the coming of the baby. That was obvious. And we could never take a new, tiny baby on trains and steamers, subject it to strange climates and strange foods.

"So I thought up excuses. I told Gene about the high rate of exchange, the possibilities of war, the unsettled conditions in various European countries. Then I had a bright idea. I remembered that the Empress of Britain left on January first for a three months' round-the-world cruise. I talked this up, how it might be much more fun to travel around the world than just in Europe. The baby (I said to myself) would be eleven or twelve months old by that time and could be left more easily. And its growth and changes in the months between eleven and fourteen are

-Hollywood Style

Joan Bennett is a Beautiful Example of How a Girl Can Combine a Career, Marriage and Maternity

by
MURIEL BABCOCK

Joan, as Amy in "Little Women," doesn't look like a mother of a five-year-old, and an about-to-be mother of a second baby, does she?

not as amazing and as interesting as when younger.

"I don't think Gene was anxious to plan to leave the baby at that age any more than I, but we didn't discuss that. We just decided the cruise would be the most fun."

Was that being a Modern Madonna? I think so. Joan didn't hesitate about the trip with her husband, but she tried to arrange it so that she could give the most to and have the most from their child. And she would by that time deserve a vacation.

A part of this philosophy is based on Joan's early experiences. When she was married to her first husband, John Fox, she went back to work when her little daughter whom she calls affectionately "Ditty" was only five months old. She missed part of that babyhood. Before Ditty was seven months old, Joan had to leave her to go to New York to take a job in "Jarnegan," Richard Bennett's play. She sent for her daughter as soon as she could.

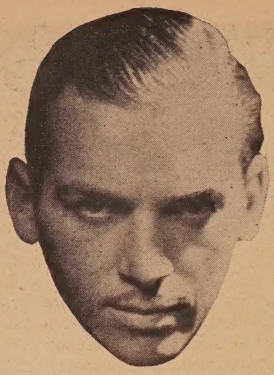
The child was in the charge of a nurse brought from California, an older woman whom Joan trusted implicitly but who didn't know New York and who became confused in the traffic and the rush of the city.

"I used to worry myself sick particularly on matinee days when I knew the nurse might have to go out for something," Joan told me. "I was so afraid something would happen to the nurse and Ditty would be left alone. Between acts, I used to run to my father's dressing room and telephone madly to see if everything were all right. Maybe I was silly but that's the way you are about little babies.

"Am I a good mother to Ditty? I think so. Perhaps I don't have as many hours with her as do some mothers with their youngsters but those I have I plan to make count. And I know that she is properly fed, clothed and cared for. A doctor regulates her diet. She does everything on schedule. If your hours with your child are limited you value them so they have to count. They take on preciousness.

"As a companion, she will need me more when she arrives in her teens. Then I think a girl should definitely have her mother's companionship. I plan to retire ten years from now when she is fifteen—if I am not retired involuntarily before that time—to be with her. I want to be in the house when she comes home from school. I want to know her friends, both girls and boys. I want to be her companion. I want to take

(*Continued on page* 86)



FRANCHOT

DOUG. JR.

Joan Crawford's Men

by SUSAN TALBOT

THERE are twelve men in Hollywood whose lives Joan Crawford has made better. There are, perhaps, more about whom nothing is known, for Joan seldom mentioned the great kindnesses that she has lavished upon her friends like Mediterranean sunshine.

It is a fact that most of the people she has helped have been men, but when you know Joan Crawford it is not so strange. A few women have felt the warmth of her beneficence. There was, some years ago, an unknown but intensely vital girl called Ann Dvorak for whom Joan prophesied a career and—not content with mere faith—did everything in her power to get her good screen rôles. Before that there were Sally Blane, Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young, a trio of talented sisters, whom Joan called her cousins. They were not related to her at all but their paths in Hollywood were made easier because people thought they were. And, more recently, there was a small, emaciated child who applied for a job as Joan's stand-in girl. Now a stand-in should be as near a prototype of the star for whom she stands for lights and camera focus, as possible. This girl looked nothing like the Crawford. She was shorter and of a different coloring, but when Joan saw the tragic look in her eyes and was told that the girl had not eaten regularly for weeks she insisted that she be hired—and she was.

However, Joan has learned, through many experiences, that women are jealous of her and that—with one or two exceptions—their loyalty is no stronger than milk. She has attempted to help girls who have, after they were famous, turned upon her and exposed her to the venom of their tongues.

Vital, dominant, brilliant creature that she is, she is invariably a target for women's double-edged knives. She has done enough foolish things in her life to be a target worthy of their steel, but the wounds they have made are not easily healed and she soon found that from men she could expect more loyalty.

And though you might never believe it, there is, in her character, a wide maternal streak. She mothers everyone she knows and likes. She mothered Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with such intensity that one of the first questions he asked when he realized that their separation was an actuality

was, "But who will buy my shirts and send my clothes to the cleaners and pack my bags when I go away on location?"

She is mothering Franchot Tone, now, taking almost more interest in his career than her own, heartsick when he loses a screen rôle he had wanted, delighted when he is praised for a good job.

It is a natural kindness combined with this fierce maternal feeling that has caused Joan to brighten the lives of so many men—men from various walks of life, in various stations of society.

There are two boys in Pomona College who have her to thank for their chance at an education. And it came about because she was told something they had done, which touched her heart. Perhaps you already know the story.

Don and Bill Danielson, two brothers, hitch-hiked from somewhere in the middle West to Hollywood. They arrived without any money, caught a meal where they could and slept under a thin blanket on one of the brown hills that enliven the Hollywood landscape.

At last one of them got a job at Jim's beauty parlor sweeping up the floor and doing general janitor work at night. That brought enough for the two of them to eat on, but they still had no money to pay for their room.

One night, as they were sweeping the floors, they found a dollar bill on the floor of the shop. It looked very large to them and might have brought them unheard of luxuries, but they were honest lads and the next morning they turned the dollar over to the cashier because it did not belong to them.

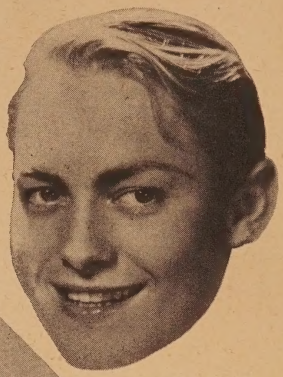
One of the girls in the shop told Joan Crawford the story. It was all she needed to know. Instantly her pocketbook was open, they were sent to Pomona College, and amply provided for without knowing—until months later—who was their benefactress. Last Christmas she invited them to her home—and how their eyes shone with the miracle of it all! And again this Christmas, she had them to see her, took them to lunch and let them go shopping with her. At one shop she found them admiring a little radio. She asked them if they had one. Of course, they did not. But they have one now—the very instrument they had admired.

Then there was her prop boy. He is not alive to tell of his gratitude, but his family sings her praises. The lad had helped her, last Christmas, when she had all the workers of the studio at her dressing room for a big party. That night as he was driving home late he was struck by a car

and rushed to the hospital. He kept calling for Joan. In the middle of the night she was notified and went to him, called in the greatest surgeons that money could buy and had an operation—his skull had been fractured—performed. But his life could not be saved. She learned that his small earnings had been supporting a family in Florida. Instantly she took that responsibility herself—and sent his two sisters to school.

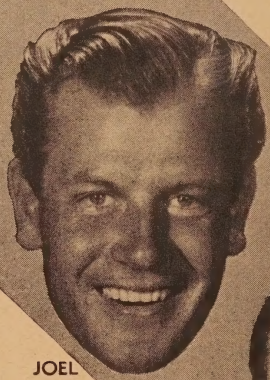
But it is not only money that Joan gives. And these humble lads are not the only ones she has helped. Whether he knows it or not Clark Gable owes her a debt. He had been playing only minor rôles—that of a milkman in a Constance Bennett picture, for instance—and hoping that his big chance would come. But the light of his hope was slowly dimming. He had tried for so long and so unsuccessfully, until Joan insisted that he have a part in one of her pictures, "Dance, Fools, Dance." It was that film that brought Clark to the public notice and it was in "Possessed"—in which she insisted that he have the lead—that his full powers were realized.

RICARDO



RICHARD

GENE



JOEL

MONROE

BOB

When they began working together Clark was downcast by the run of bad luck he had not had time to forget. Joan talked to him for hours—gave him the full fire of her own enthusiasm and ambition. She took Clark under her wing—as she had taken the Danielson kids and the little prop boy.

Working in the wardrobe department, in a very minor capacity, was an earnest youth whose eyes were filled with star dust every time Joan came to the department. He begged to be allowed to serve her, found small things he could do for her, and—once—when he brought her something from the wardrobe department to her dressing room, told her of his ambitions—that he was not always going to be an errand boy in the wardrobe, that some day he was going to have a better job. The better job came more quickly than he expected. Joan got him a chance to work in the publicity department and that led to his being promoted to the editorial staff of a magazine. But she did more than that. She made him her friend—a close and dear friend—and he has learned that he cannot admire anything in her presence—except, perhaps the beauty of her eyes—that she does not get it for him.

"Mama Joan" is what Joel McCrea calls her. When he was a struggling young actor and she, too, just beginning that long climb to stardom, the two of them used to sit in her kitchen and eat fresh Spring onions and talk and talk and talk. Here Joel poured out to her all his troubles, all his fears. And Joan, who is constantly burdened with troubles and fears of her own, listened and advised and behaved quite like the clucking old mother hen she is.

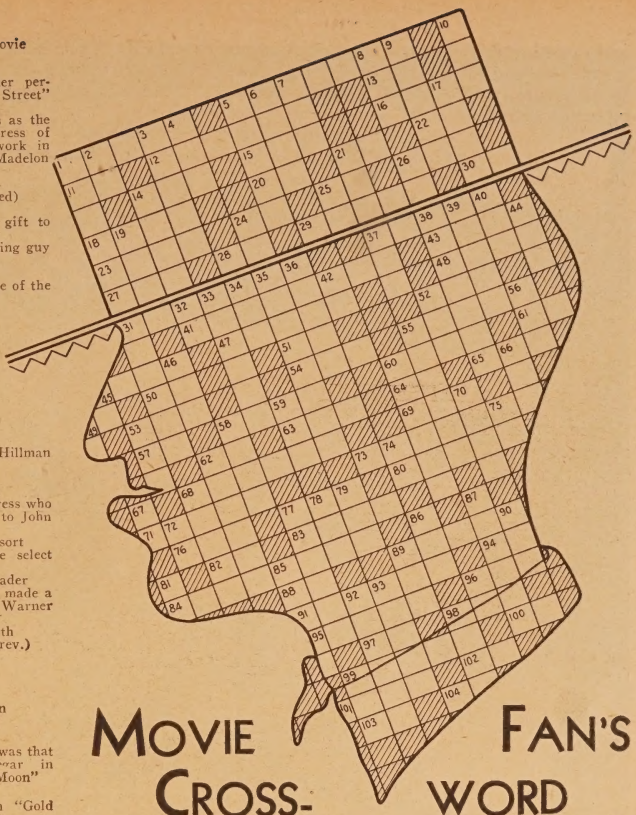
How many boys she has stretched her wings over! Richard Cromwell will tell you, with almost no urging at all, that if it had not been for Joan Crawford he would not be in pictures today. It was in rather a different way that she spread her radiance over him. He felt that first vital tug when he saw her shadow upon the screen. She inspired him so tremendously by her very vitality that he decided instantly that he knew what he wanted to do—he wanted to become an actor. He never dreamed then that he would meet her but she heard, somewhere, that he admired her, and introduced herself to him one night at a movie. When she saw how eager and sincere he was she went out of her way to have him dine at her home, to accompany her and Doug to operas, concerts, theatres. And (*Continued on page 74*)

ACROSS

1. "Tugboat Annie"
5. Harry Bannister's Ex
11. What Clara Bow became famous for
12. The "Masquerader"
13. United Artists (abbrev.)
14. Bebe's husband
15. Affirmative
16. Faithful
18. A Joan Crawford starring vehicle with William Gargan
20. Is (Spanish)
21. Towards
22. The most sought after person in "Bureau of Missing Persons"
23. A mythical monster or giant
24. A form of the verb "to be"
25. A conjunction
26. "Elmer the Great"
27. A color
28. A preposition
29. One of the four mad Marx brothers
30. A famous cowboy star (initials)
31. Charming French actor in whose likeness this puzzle is made
37. Author of "Laughter in Hell"
41. To compel to take a loss
43. Rowing implements
45. Team-mate of Robert Woolsey
47. Female impersonator and the owner of a Hollywood night club, who died
48. A secret plan or plot
49. A personal pronoun
50. For example (abbrev.)
51. Neuter pronoun
52. Marion Davies' latest characterization
53. When she's good, she's very, very good, but when she's bad, she's better
54. Elongated fish
55. To immerse
57. "The Barbarian" (initials)
58. Lee Tracy is her press agent in "Bombshell"
60. His first name is Jack
61. Negative
62. Proceed
63. Possessive pronoun
64. The great Mammy singer
65. A conjunction
68. Cinema actress given unfair court trial recently
69. Horse (slang)
71. She lured Spencer Tracy from Colleen Moore in "The Power and the Glory"
73. Surname of two sisters who are both stars of the screen
76. Hastened
77. A wooden pin
80. Had not (contraction)
82. She was Lee Tracy's secretary in "Blessed Event" (initials)
83. Russian actor
84. A western state
88. A preposition
89. A former screen actor who is now leader of successful dance band
91. The land of the fjords
94. Personal pronoun meaning you and I
95. Wife of Rex Bell
96. A form of the verb "have"
97. Towards
98. "- - - capita"
99. Her surname is Gombell
100. To perform
101. He made the song "Learn to Croon" popular
102. Into
103. She plays in comedies (initials)
104. An advertisement (slang)

DOWN

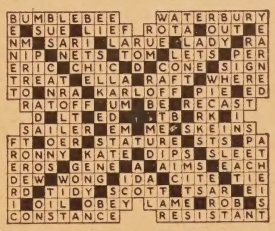
1. The most popular movie magazine
2. A preposition
3. You won't forget her performance in "Back Street"
4. An age
5. She won first honors as the outstanding actress of 1931-32 for her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"
6. Beverages
7. Highways (abbreviated)
8. Simpleton (slang)
9. Sweden's glamorous gift to American films
10. He is the fastest talking guy on the screen
14. Feathered game
17. German dare-devil ace of the air
19. To grow old
21. Prefix meaning three
24. In case
25. Exclamatory remark
26. Katharine Hepburn plays the role of ——— in "Little Women"
31. She and Eddie Hillman have separated
32. Upwards
33. To make over again
34. Stage and screen actress who was once married to John Gilbert
35. Popular Mexican resort
36. Word describing the select group
37. Popular orchestra leader
38. She and Paul Lukas made a "Grand Slam" for Warner Bros.
39. To give vent to mirth
40. Periods of time (abbrev.)
42. Not out
44. To catch sight of
45. To exist
46. A golf term
49. A possessive pronoun
52. Chum or companion
53. Mistress (abbrev.)
55. Her latest portrayal was that of Mrs. Rimplegar in "Three Cornered Moon"
56. To finish
58. She made a hit in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
59. To ventilate
60. The "cheerful little earful"
62. The last name is Farrell
66. No
67. An exclamation of surprise
68. His appeal is that of the "civilized brute"
70. He spent a "Brief Moment" with Carole Lombard
72. Comparative ending
74. A hesitant interrogation
75. She teams with Zasu Pitts in screen comedies
77. A weapon
78. A leading character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
79. A gaseous mixture used for fuel
81. A note of the diatonic scale
85. She was "The Woman Accused"
86. Famous leader of dance orchestra now in pictures
87. "He loved a woman"
89. The cry of a sheep
90. Yea
92. Classification according to grade
93. Incorrect
96. Pronoun
98. Cleared a debt
99. Halfway



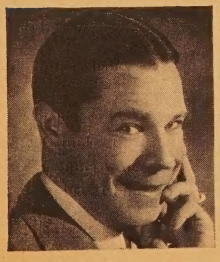
MOVIE FAN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

This month's puzzle contest is won by Miss Ginger Short, 74 East Hollister Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before February first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Work this puzzle, and see if you can create a better one. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle


BUMBLEBEE WATERBURY
E SUE LIEF ROTA OUT E
NM SARI LARUE LADY RA
NIP NETS TOM LETS PER
ERIC CHIC D CONE SIGN
TREAT ELLA RAFT WHERE
TO NRA KARLOFF PIE ED
RATOFF UM BE RECAST
D LT ED ATB RK I
SAILER EM ME SKEINS
FT OER STATURE STS PA
RONNY KATE DIPS SLEET
EROS GENE A AIMS EACH
DEW WONG IDA CITE TIE
RD TIDY SCOTT TSAR EI
I OIL OBEY LAME ROBS
CONSTANCE RESISTANT

26 Across



58 Across

95 Across

99 Across

YOUTH ROMANCE
Jesse L. LASKY'S
I am Suzanne!
MELODY
Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND
LESLIE BANKS
PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES
Directed by Rowland V. Lee
Romance — tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment — a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.
FOX

That Little Thing Called LOVE

This being a February issue with the thought of Saint Valentine in every girl's mind, MOVIE MIRROR chose the loveliest love scenes it could find for you. These two handsome young people are Harriette Lake (remember her a couple of years ago playing small parts?) and Richard Cromwell who will play opposite each other in Columbia's big special, titled simply but feelingly, "Let's Fall in Love." By the time the picture is released Harriette's name, says ole Massa Columbia, will be Ann Sothern

joan crawford
clark gable

Back together again and does that mean a hot time in the home town the night "Dancing Lady" is shown at your local theatre! Clark is completely recovered from his recent illness and eight pictures have been announced for him in the next six months. Joan has had her vacation in New York and has returned to Hollywood eager for work again. But no matter what roles either of them play, they are never more exciting than when teamed together

fredric march
miriam
hopkins

Miriam is in New York for a stage play. Freddie has signed a new (and oh, how big) contract with Twentieth Century but when this scene was taken they were locked in love for Paramount. They make a glorious couple, these two, for both are debonaire and yet romantic, intelligent yet sentimental. They starred in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," followed with "Design for Living" and here collaborate in (whatta title) "All of Me"

Warren William and Jean Muir

Sophisticate and sweet young innocent—and the picture is called "Bedside"! (Now don't be like that! It's the story of a doctor!) Warner's have great faith in the future of little Miss Muir and, of course, they've always believed in Warren

Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald

The screen's two most accomplished songsters will play together in "The Cat and the Fiddle," which has the most heavenly music and an utterly charming story. Probably Jeanette will find the romantic charm of Ramon very different from the Gallic wit of Chevalier

george raft
helen mack

This little Mack girl with her shy grace, her different little face is actually more sought after than many genuine Hollywood beauties. She has that something! The dark and daring Raft is alluring to many women but stays close to one, Marjorie King. Helen and George will make a different pair of lovers in "All of Me" for Paramount

THE first day Sally Rand arrived at the Paramount Studios, she walked in carrying a suspicious looking package under her arm. Everyone expected to see her famous fans, but when she unwrapped it, the contents proved to be a few pieces of the finest luster ware. They were in the shape of sea-shells and so fine they were almost transparent. Sally may make her living by juggling fans—but she gets her fun out of collecting china.

AFTER reading this, she'll know how she got her job at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Joan Crawford heard her sing over the radio and immediately called Gus Arnheim and told him of the discovery. Several nights later, Joan and Franchot Tone were dancing in the Gold Room. There was the girl, singing on her new job. And it turned out she was the daughter of Mary Carr, veteran character actress. So far she has never met or does she know that she owes her present break to the kindness of a movie star.

Is Hollywood blocking their career? Interestingly enough, neither Adrienne Ames nor Bruce Cabot have been cast in a single picture since their love marriage

THIS is the way they do things in the movies. Robert Young was on location in the mountains playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Trigger." Just as they were ready to take a scene, the roar of an aeroplane overhead drowned out their sound. The plane landed and out jumped Director Henry King. He informed Bob he was going to play the lead opposite Janet Gaynor in her next picture, handed him the script with the marked lines—and was off in the air again headed for the studio. It was the first inkling that Bob knew he was even being considered for the coveted role.

POOR Claudette Colbert! An infected sinus has given her no end of trouble, pain and expense. The worst part of it is, the only doctor that can give her relief is in New York. Whenever the pain becomes too unbearable, she ·mps in a plane and flies to New York for a treatment.

INSIDE

by PETER ABBOTT

IT was breakfast time and little Dickie Moore's mother sat across the table, beaming. "My little man's face is full of character today," she whispered. "It is not," cried Dickie. "I washed it twice and even used soap."

Want to know how Hollywood sirens dress when they're being just themselves? Here's Lilian Harvey, wearing corduroy slacks, trench coat and beret

THIS actually happened at the Chicago World's Fair! Joan Crawford's mother, Mrs. Anna Le Sueur, had been sent there by her famous daughter to take in the beauties of the exposition. In one of the exhibits were autographed photographs of all the famous stars of Hollywood.

"That's a picture of my daughter," said the proud mother to the saleslady. Just then two sweet young things came in and went into raves over their favorites.

"You see that woman standing over there," whispered the saleslady and pointing to Mrs. Le Sueur. "Well, she's Joan Crawford's mother!"

For a moment the young ladies were abashed, then looked very wise. "Oh, yeah!" cracked the first one. Then, turning to a picture of Charlie Chaplin, she continued: "—and he's my father!"

IN a very quiet corner of a very inconspicuous dining room, we were rewarded with our first public glimpse of the mysterious and elusive Anna Sten. And for the benefit of you girls, she was wearing elbow-length black satin gloves, the tops edged with monkey fur.

PAUL KELLY was doing a long song and dance on the thrills of parachute jumping. "There's nothing like it," he raved. "It doesn't take any nerve and once you try it,

STUFF

with PHOTOGRAPHS by HYMAN FINK

you never can get enough. It's that thrilling!"

"How many times have you jumped?" someone asked.

"Oh, I haven't started yet," exclaimed Paul. "But I'm going to, just as soon as the studio gives me the okay."

MAE CLARKE, seen constantly these days with Sidney Blackmer, Lenore Ulric's charming "ex," admits that the curious, when Sidney is not present, seem eager to quiz her about her feeling toward Lenore.

The honest Mae, whose sense of humor delights Hollywood, replies, "She trained him to beautiful tolerance, but it is really a little irking to my sense of dramatic climax when, after I have created what I consider a glamourously furious "scene," Sidney quietly and calmly says, "Now Mae, don't you think you're getting just a LITTLE bit moody?"

INCONGRUITY—thy name is Hollywood!

Not so long ago, tragedy came into the life of Jean Harlow. Where once gay parties filled the dark canyon home that was Paul Bern's wedding gift to his bride, only the ghost of yesterday's memories were left to take their place.

Today the doors have been thrown open. Once more life and laughter reign supreme. Elliot Roosevelt, son of the President of the United States and his happy bride have become the newest tenants!

WHEN Katharine Hepburn decides to give her friendship to someone, she lives up to everything the word implies. Recently, while on location at Idylwild, word came to her that her good friend Laura Harding, had been taken seriously ill. The company called lunch and Katie was in her car. Heading for Hollywood, she drove over fifty miles, to see if there was anything she could do.

THIS may be a boost for the local chamber of commerce. Then again it may be just to let you know that Norma Shearer, besides other things, is quite physically fit. In the heart of November, Norma, clad in a one-piece bathing suit, sits on the sands of her Santa Monica Beach home and reads new scripts.

In a town of glitter and bombast no relationship is more beautiful than that existing between little Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. Al's now back in pictures, working on "Wonderbar"

MONA MARIS is still laughing over something that happened in Honolulu when she was working in "Cane Fire." A native boy had been fitted out with wardrobe and given a rôle in the picture. Came the day when she was to lure him with her feminine wiles. But at the psychological moment, a wife appeared on the scene. Not only did she put her foot down on Mona vamping her husband, but she stole his clothes and locked him up in a room at home. Peace was restored when irate wife was convinced that it was all for the sake of art.

ONE more like this one and we'll all go back to work! While acting in the Lilian Harvey picture, Gene Raymond contracted a bad headache. "Has anyone seen my anacin?" inquired Gene. "Yes," came a voice from the rear, "She's over at United Artists making a picture for Sam Goldwyn!"

Joan Crawford brought her two proteges, Don and Bill Danielson, into Los Angeles to do their Christmas shopping. The boys are being put through college at Joan's expense

YES, Colleen Moore was having liver trouble! And no matter how many times she'd order chicken for the evening meal, her favorite part was missing. Finally, she called up her butcher and made inquiries. It

seems they were always sent but Dan, Major Domo of the Moore kitchen, also had a weakness for the same food. That night Colleen ordered chicken again. Just before she sat down at the table, she sent a note in to Dan. "How about a fifty-fifty break on the livers?" she wrote. P. S. She got 'em!

WE thought this one was just one of those things that someone makes up and blames on someone else. But we have William Gargan's word that he was there when it happened.

They were on location in Honolulu. All day long Bill and Mary Boland had been crawling on their stomachs through mud and slime for scenes in C. B. DeMille's "Four Frightened People."

In the middle of the last "take," when everyone was practically exhausted, Mary Boland sat bolt upright in the mud and said: "Do you think the old-fashioned waltz is coming back?"

KATHARINE HEPBURN blames one of her best scenes in "Trigger" on a month-old baby. So sure was she that the little one could not be made to act, she was all prepared to do the scene a dozen times before getting it right. But the first time the baby followed direction so perfectly, Katie got all inspired and even outdid herself—which is saying somethin'.

Another shot of people as you seldom see them, this one being of Polly Moran most comfortable in her reading glasses, broadcasting with Charlotte "Alice" Henry for NBC

NILS ASTHER was looking forward to finishing work in Ann Harding's picture so he could sleep late and have breakfast in bed. Came the finish of the picture and Nil's big moment. But when his servant brought the tray to the room, "Duke" his Great Dane dog, refused to allow the servant to cross the threshold. All the coaxing in the world on Nil's part would not budge the dog. Finally he had to get up and call him off. By this time he was out of the mood, the food was cold and Nils had to eat in the breakfast room.

THE flip of a coin decided whether Nils Asther or Paul Lucas would emote through "Candlelight," with his upper lip shorn of its masculine beauty. Lucas lost, and now Nils is twirling his moustache in triumphant satisfaction.

THE fans have a new racket in Hollywood. For years they've been collecting autographs and writing for pictures. Recently at a preview, one stepped up to Marlene Dietrich and presented her with a card. On it was neatly typed his name and address with a request that she send an autographed photograph to his home!

PAUL MUNI has gone nuts! Well, at least he's pretty crazy on the subject. He never thought he could like one place long enough to settle down. But the talkies and the climate have convinced him otherwise. So recently he purchased a California ranch and will devote all his spare time to raising mammoth walnuts.

ONCE upon a time there was a story that Joan Crawford was prone to copy other glamorous stars. Recently, Joan created a new hairdress, by braiding the hair that always fell before her eyes. At a recent party given by Helen Twelvetrees, Martha Sleeper and Bette Davis arrived simultaneously. Both girls were sporting the new Crawford coiffure.

IT is reported the first words uttered by Isabel Jewell, when she received the news of Lee Tracy's escapade in Mexico, were, "It never would have happened if I had been with him." All of which substantiates the rumor that the little Jewell is the only person who fits into the Tracy setting when he isn't quite himself.

A wag suggests that they change the name of "Viva Villa" to "The Wet Parade."

IN reply to a telegram from Universal officials telling her what wonderful notices she was getting on "Only Yesterday," Margaret Sulla-

Yesterday's greatest lover and today's are the best of friends. Here are Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable making a merry foursome at the Little Club

van wired back: "I thought the only notice I would get would be in the obituary column."

JOAN BLONDELL had been casting a favorable eye on one of those portable dressing room bungalows for some time. But the fair Blondell is also a frugal gal and didn't like to put out the large amount required to own one of these contraptions. One day she stopped by the set to see Jimmy Cagney who was making a Hollywood picture. There, being used in the scene, was a bungalow perfectly equipped in every detail. By the time they had taken Jimmy's final closeup, Joan had made all arrangements with the front office to get the portable for her private use.

THIS is a story about a farmer instead of the farmer's daughter! The "Carolina" company was on a farm location shooting scenes with Janet Gaynor and Robert Young. Director Henry King had been working for hours trying to get a hen to cackle. Finally, in desperation, he called the farmer over. "Can't you help us out?" he pleaded, "we've been trying to get this blankety-blank hen to cackle and we can't get a sound out of her." "I'm sorry," said the farmer, "I'm afraid a rooster is the only one that can help you out in this case." Then he went back to his hay.

PERSONAL nomination for Hollywood's most genial host goes to that swell actor, Mr. James Cagney. Recently, Jimmy rented a house. His friends liked it so well they urged him to buy it. So Jimmy signed his name on the dotted line. Now, even though he himself, doesn't drink, he's knocking out a wall, enlarging the room into a bar, and adding all the comforts, so his friends can enjoy themselves.

THIS comes to you personally from William Powell: "I am very fond of Margaret Lindsay," says the suave William. "But we are not engaged and have no intention of being. However, I am particularly interested in a girl from my own home town."—and then true to Philo Vance form, he refused to say another word.

REMEMBER in the good old days when May McAvoy was playing those rôles now allotted to Jean Parker, Mary Carlisle and those other wide-eyed babes? And remember Robert Agnew, who used to play opposite May and affect those love-sick hero rôles? Well, "Bobby" has not been on the screen for many a day. But he's carrying on and is assistant to Busby Berkeley, the dance director who is responsible for those Warner Brothers extravaganzas.

There's nothing too good for Jack Oakie's mother. It was his birthday, so he took her to the preview of his latest picture!

THERE'S one bit of decorating in the home of Joan Bennett that wasn't put there by a Haines or Adrian. It is a tiny doll, propped up in a tiny bed. It is dressed in blonde curls, glasses and has its foot all tied up in a splint. It was presented to Joan by her husband Gene Markey before he was her husband. Gene had it copied exactly after his future wife when she broke her foot while working in a picture.

DICK ARLEN, Bing Crosby and Jack Oakie spent the afternoon with Gary Cooper in his dressing room at the Paramount Studios. Gary slept for an hour or so, got up, looked around the room for another half hour, stretched and strolled out of the door. Bing watched the departing host then turned to the other two guests and said, "Gabby old bat, isn't he?"

More and more stars are going in for radio appearances. Sidney Blackmer, Mae Clarke, Johnny Mack Brown and Muriel Kirkland all hit the air waves together for RKO-NBC

WE won't tell you his name, but every star in Hollywood knows him. His paper had sent him out to the studio to get a picture and story from Hepburn. He got his story but Lady Katharine refused to pose. "Listen here," he said, summoning up all his courage, "I've got to make my living just the same as you do. My job is to get those pictures and it's up to you to pose for them." Without a word, Hepburn meekly consented.

YOU can see yourself as others see you, if you happen to be lucky enough to get into Joan Bennett's dressing room at home. The entire walls and ceiling are made of mirror. Not only that, but the powder boxes, makeup jars and even the tiny match boxes are in a reflecting mood.

A FRIEND was talking to that funny mans, Andy Devine. "Well, Andy," said the friend, beaming, "you have a new contract, a new car and a new wife—all in one month.

Is there anything else you could possibly want?" "Yes," croaked Andy excitedly, "I've always wanted to own a toy sailboat!"

THIS one is especially printed for the critic who said that Nils Asther is temperamental. Dozens of people who work with him say he is one of the nicest and most accommodating of all the actors. But Nils is conscious of his Swedish accent and has nearly learned to overcome it. When visitors come on the set, he gets excited and the minute this happens, back he goes into his mother tongue. Maybe this will clear up any rumors that he refuses to act when people come on his set.

Franchot Tone, erstwhile New Yorker, now belongs to Hollywood. When he came out here a year ago, it was with the understanding he would remain a year and then return to his first love, the stage. But in that year, Franchot met Joan Crawford. Apparently first love can be replaced by second loves. Now Franchot has signed his name on an M-G-M contract that will keep him in the film city for five years to come, at least.

Some look Mrs. Max Baer nee Dorothy Dunbar is giving Maxiel She came to Hollywood after the premiere of Max's picture to discuss a reconciliation, but it didn't work

The popular Bebe and Ben Lyon gave a simple afternoon party which brought out such distinguished guests as Isabel Jewell, Arlene Judge, Connie Talmadge, Sally Eilers and Tommy Meighan

WHO do you think was the first Hollywood citizen to see Charles Laughton's brilliant performance in "Henry The Eighth?" None other than Greta Garbo. When she heard they had a print of it on the lot, she called off production at four P. M. instead of five. Taking immediate members of the "Queen Christina" company with her, they all went in and enjoyed the talkie in the studio projection room.

NOW wouldn't you just know that the father of Mickey Mouse and The Three Little Pigs would be like this? Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, who are starting a scrap book for baby Mary, were anxious to get Walt Disney's signature. Not only did they get his signature, but he went to all the trouble of drawing the Three Little Pigs and had them singing "Hooray for Mary MacArthur!"

IT'S hard to believe these things happen in Hollywood, but they really do. For two and a half years Robert Young has worked in the same studio with Lionel Barrymore. Their dressing rooms are almost adjoining, yet neither has met the other. Recently, Bob was loaned to play opposite Janet Gaynor. The first day he walked on the set, he saw Barrymore was in the picture, too. "Guess we had to be sold down the river to get acquainted," remarked Lionel as they shook hands.

EVER since Joan Crawford heard there might be a possibility of her doing the "Merry Widow," she has been hard at work on her singing lessons. Not only does she practice several hours a day, but at the end of every week, she makes a recording to see how much improvement she has made. But until she feels she can show great results, she is going to continue with this procedure. Then she is going to give an audition for Irving Thalberg. And judging from Joan's previous splurges of ambition, she'll get the desired results. Has that gal got energy!

Black-Eye-For-Cupid Department

Mrs. Frank Albertson wants to go back being Virginia Shelley all over again, just because Frankie criticized her too much.

Doris Kenyon, the five-months-old-bride of Arthur E. Hopkins, wants the knot untied because he's a horse breeder and she's a music lover.

H. B. Warner didn't have time to give the Missus a goodbye present. So it came in the form of a divorce when she returned from an eighteen months tour of the Orient.

Remember Ann Rork, daughter of the late Sam Rork? She gave up her brief career for marriage. Now she's giving hubby those very icy stares.

She charges that her husband threatened to kill her and himself when she told him of her divorce plans. But then Doris Hill has been the heroine of so many screen melodramas she evidently knows how to handle a good suicide situation.

Jimmy Murray has made Cupid very sad. Once heralded as a great discovery in King Vidor's "The Crowd," Jimmy is now losing his second wife, "Miss Florida," who in private life, was Marion Sayers before she married Jimmy.

Two stars and one mother, Elissa Landi, the Countess Zanardi-Landi, Elissa's mother, and Katharine Hepburn at the United Airport all ready to fly East together

Marie Dressler serves Governor Rolph of California with the first piece of her big birthday cake while Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M looks on

Ol' Doc Stork's Department

Mrs. Jack Haley presented her husband with a six pound baby boy.

Mrs. Reginald Denny is shopping every day for those pink and blue things.

Rice an' Old Shoes Department

"She's Dorothy to you and 'Devine' to me," said Andy Devine, as he led eighteen year old Dorothy Irene House to the altar. It's Andy's second and Dot's first.

Neil Hamilton, wearing his costume from "Tarzan" rushed from the set to stand up with his good friend and secretary, Donald McKay.

Hayworth Bromley, studio executive, evidently liked the ideas of Marion Dix, screen writer. They were married last May but kept it a secret for business reasons.

The Spencer Tracys still go their separate ways. But now and then they meet on the polo field and discuss everything but divorce.

Ann Westcott signed the necessary papers when her husband Gordon Westcott told her she was ruining his career.

Rumors flew thick and fast because Polly Moran and her brand-new husband sort of quarreled at a party in the Colony Club. But we have their word for it they were only clowning.

She's just nineteen. Her husband taught her to smoke and drink, so she's asking for a divorce and $750 a month alimony. Such is the outcome of the three-year-marriage of William T. Ince, son of the late Tom Ince, and Ada Williams.

***MAURICE CHEVALIER** may be difficult on the set and hard for people to understand, but away from the world of sound stages, he is kindness and consideration personified.*

Young DOUG Speaks out!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., much criticized, and written about, talks for the first time since his divorce

by JERRY ASHER

BEING a friend of a movie star has its advantage and disadvantage. And because of a sincere and appreciated friendship with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., it has taken exactly six months to get his permission to write this story.

Much has been written about this charming young person. Yet, since his divorce from Joan Crawford and his departure for Europe, little has been known about him. The bits of news and few articles that have come to light have most of them been unauthentic. Preferring the solitude of his own company and the seclusion of his own thoughts, Doug has retained a polite silence. It was only after great persuasion and because of the unfounded rumors of his changing his nationality, that he's been prevailed upon to speak of the circumstances leading up to his temporary desertion of Hollywood.

Just a year ago, this writer accompanied Doug to New York to see his mother, who had been ill. The trip came as a surprise—one of the many things Doug does because he enjoys making people happy. In spite of the fact that our friendship had been going on for five years—that amount of time is like five minutes as compared to spending five days and nights in a drawing room with Doug.

Had we never taken this trip, I might still know Doug as Hollywood knows him. Some of my revelations were startling. It was unbelievable that this could be the person I thought I knew so well.

At the time of our trip, the marriage of Joan and Doug was pretty well on the rocks. Being a close friend to both, naturally I sensed it. But because they are nice people, they did not discuss their personal affairs in front of me.

I knew there were things on Doug's mind, but his entire trip was devoted to making my first visit to the big city a memorable one. I marvelled at his tremendous knowledge and the wide scope of his interests. He taught me how to play the game of chess—but it was not a technical game to Doug. It became a great romance to him—his characters moved about as people in real life . . . they assumed personalities and each had a story to tell. He worked on his novel and read parts of it aloud. He told about characters in history, drama and literature. He spoke of them in glowing terms—intimately, as if he had known them. He worked on his drawings and modelled in clay.

When Doug was interested in these things he was as serious as the most ancient scholar. But when two madcap friends of his boarded the train in Chicago, the balance of the trip was spent in singing boisterous songs, telling off-color stories—throwing discretion and care to the winds. It was the most amazing trip of my life. This young Fairbanks spoke glowingly of Kings and the "farmer's daughter"

At the bottom of the opposite page is young Doug himself and on this page, top and bottom, he is shown as Czar Peter III in the British production of "Catherine, the Great"

almost in the same breath. Here, indeed, was a modern Jekyll and Hyde.

Hundreds of stories have been printed about the separation of Joan and Doug. A great many of them were written by people who did not know them—people who wrote from imagination, at the expense of personal sacrifice.

Doug and Joan were in divorce like they were in marriage—friends. When we took that trip both of them must have known that it was near the end. Yet, Joan packed every one of Doug's things and wrapped them separately in tissue paper, as she likes to do. Doug wired her from every station. There were baskets of his favorite fruits and jars of caviar cheese put in the compartment long before the train had pulled out. Joan received flowers from Doug every day, prearranged before he had even bought his railroad ticket.

The respect and admiration they have for each other has never ceased. Both of them were hurt and perhaps a little embittered. Youth bleeds freely when a wound is inflicted—perhaps more so than middle age when the skin has begun to callous.

But because they were both young and modern—and sensible, they immediately continued to live and build just as they had done from the start. Joan being under long term contract naturally remained in Hollywood. Every move she made, every word she said—almost every thought she had, mysteriously appeared in print. The world knew what she was doing or saying almost before Joan knew it herself.

(*Continued on page* 68)

Queen Christina GARBO

EVERYONE on the set was nervous. They knew that on "Queen Christina," depended Garbo's career.

She had been away for many months. While visiting Sweden, new favorites had arisen. Who could tell whether or not the public's taste had changed and how it would react to Garbo now?

And then in the midst of all this doubt and uncertainty, Garbo had, for whatever reasons may have actuated her, made the strangest, most quixotic gesture of her career. Knowing that John Gilbert was a broken, defeated, bitter man to whom no company in Hollywood was willing to give a real chance, she had refused to have any other leading man but him. She had made a supreme gamble on a picture that was a terrific gamble already.

No wonder everyone was nervous on the Garbo set, from the prop boy to Director Mamoulian.

The Garbo set is always closely guarded, and no outsiders are ever allowed. That is true of any Garbo picture, but in the case of this picture precautions were doubled. Yet people did slip in. Max Baer, through the aid of a pugilist doorman, this reporter, and then as you shall see—

For instance, one particular day one of the most spectacular scenes was being taken. The great throne room was filled with extras in wigs, costumes and beards and Garbo, the queen, presided.

Just as Director Mamoulian was starting the action, he noticed a figure in a blue bathrobe, large hat pulled over his eyes, crouching on one of the benches. The figure didn't look quite right.

Picking the boy out of the crowd Mamoulian called him over and gave him a few lines to read. The boy, still keeping his hat over his eyes, started to read with what was supposed to be a Swedish accent.

Mamoulian looked closer, pulled the boy's hat off, and discovered Johnny Weissmuller. Johnny had slipped in from his own set, to hide among the extras in the hope of seeing Garbo.

All eyes turned to Garbo. Everyone waited for the inevitable storm.

Then from the throne came a titter, then frank, unashamed laughter. Garbo laughed till the tears almost sprang to her eyes.

Johnny was sent back to his jungles, but from that time on the tension on Garbo's set was relieved, and rehearsals for the picture progressed.

Garbo rarely rehearses for a (*Continued on page* 33)

VS

Katharine the Great, HEPBURN

(AS THEY ARE ON THE SET

IMAGINE if you can, a rustic camp buried in the heart of the San Jacinto Hills. There are no telephones—no street cars—no powerful searchlights announcing a Hollywood première. There are no steam-heated apartments with showers of running hot water. The only form of shelter is a rude cabin.

Keens Camp is just a three hours' drive from Hollywood and yet it is a little rural world untouched by civilization.

Here Katharine Hepburn went on location for "Trigger."

The days started young for "Kayhep." With the sun rising early, the company were already on their first scene at six in the morning. Katie was usually the first one on the job. From "Sunset Cabin," as her place was called, she got the first glimpse of the sun from her vantage point on the hill. Then she'd come racing down the crooked paths and greet the company with a big "Hello."

For her characterization of "Trigger," daughter of a drunken mountaineer father, who finds herself endowed with the power of faith healing—Katie created a costume all her own. A plain gingham dress was relieved by a shoulder shawl—usually worn in the night sequences. Cotton stockings managed to come wrinkling down, long before the first scene was shot. Her high top button shoes were the same ones worn in "Little Women." Katie loved them and because they didn't show in that picture, she determined to wear them again.

But just before the cameras started grinding, she began tugging at the buttons. "Think they'd look better if some of them were missing," she said half aloud and half to herself.

Her hair was combed in a mass of ringlets and curls. This was done by her hairdresser—the one touch of civilization on the location trip.

The daily shooting schedule ran like clock work. Katharine was tireless in her work and agreeable at all times. Gone were all the pretences and temperament she had shown to intrigue interviewers. If something came up that she didn't like, she would argue her point, but never disagreeably.

Because they had to be up so early, the company usually retired not later than 8:00 P. M. Dinner was served in the main lodge with Hepburn always eating with the rest. Luncheon was usually served from a truck with everyone forming a breadline. Katie always (*Continued on page* 33)

"Kayhep" as "Trigger"

She continues to be increasingly amazing, this sophisticated, dashing, daring, different Hepburn girl. "The Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women." Four pictures featuring four very different characters, but Katharine Hepburn was magnificent in all of them. And here she is, as she will be in "Trigger" her next picture, playing a wild girl of the mountains who is a faith healer

(Continued from page 30)

picture, but so much was at stake in the case of this particular picture that the first four days before the actual shooting of "Queen Christina" she did rehearse. She arrived on the sound stage wearing slacks, usually navy blue ones, with a yellow sweater. Over her head she wore a tight-fitting skull cap with a tennis visor to shade her eyes.

Every day was exciting on the Garbo set. With the set so closely guarded all those who are permitted to work with Garbo feel as if they were in the presence of royalty.

Madge Evans found that out. Just at the particular moment when Madge decided to call on her friend Una Merkel, Garbo's doorman decided to slip away and get a glass of water.

Una was working on stage 21 and Garbo on 22. With the two sound stage doors adjoining, Madge opened the wrong one. Before she knew what was happening, strong arms were bearing her back towards the entrance.

"What is the meaning of all this!" she cried. "I'm Madge Evans and I've come on the set to see Una Merkel."

"Oh yeah?" came back the reply. "You mean you've sneaked on the set to see Garbo."

Even with the strictest precautions, these things are bound to happen. And the person who is completely oblivious to them all is Garbo herself. There is perhaps no person in the picture business who makes fewer demands and less fuss than she. I know that's contrary to all Hollywood legends, but it's the truth.

This woman who could ask for the moon with the assurance that M-G-M would try to get it for her, seems afraid to impose on other people. She will sit uncomfortably on some rickety stool rather than ask someone to bring her a chair. She converses with the person sitting closest to her and expresses thanks for the slightest consideration or deference shown her.

She continued to be considerate of John Gilbert throughout the making of "Queen Christina." From sheer exhausted nerves and a bad cold, he was ill for several days. During that time, Garbo did scenes in which he did not appear. Then when she herself was taken sick with a cold, she worked on Sunday —a heretofore unheard of procedure.

At one time during the making of the picture Garbo blew up on her lines. This rarely happens and when it does she says nothing, but hangs her head like a disobedient child.

One day Eddie Gargan, Bill Gargan's brother, was supposed to say, "Ah, the Queen has a new lover this year." But Eddie, who comes from the stage, spoke from force of habit: "Ah, the Queen has a new lover *this season.*" And Garbo burst out laughing. "That's funny," she said. "Too bad we cannot leave it in."

For contrast, there was one day when Garbo was supposed to laugh for a scene in "Queen Christina" but couldn't force herself to do it.

The scene called for her to come riding along on horseback. As she watched a party of men trying to get their coach out of the mud, she was supposed to laugh. But no matter how hard she tried, her laughter rang false.

Calling the group of extra men into a huddle, Director Mamoulian whispered something into their ears.

Once more the cameras started grinding. Garbo rode up to the camera for a close-up. She watched the struggling men, who were not actually being photographed for this scene. She called to them and they turned on her in one body. Sticking out their tongues and wiggling their ears, they made the most grotesque faces possible. At first Garbo was stunned. Then she roared with laughter, and the scene was perfect.

How will the undisputed Queen of pictures, Garbo, the Grand, take the rise of Katharine, the Great? Well, across the page is Greta, vivid and beautiful in these lovely shots from "Queen Christina"

(Continued from page 30)

lined up with the others unless Adalyn Doyle, her stand-in, who is now with Twentieth Century (through Katie's efforts) would get it for her.

In the picture with Katharine is Robert Young, who plays the part of a young engineer. He was thrilled at the idea of playing with Hepburn.

"One night," he told me, "I was invited to Joan Crawford's house. She ran a picture called 'Bill of Divorcement.' I'll never forget that night. After witnessing Miss Hepburn's performance, we all just sat there speechless."

"I hoped that some day I might be in a position to tell Miss Hepburn how grand I thought she was. Naturally, I was pretty excited when I learned I was going to be in her picture. Before it started, I was on the lot getting fitted for my clothes. Just as I came out of the wardrobe building, I ran smack into her.

"One of the boys from the studio was with me and started to introduce us. I tried to think of all the things I had always planned to say, but not one of them would come.

"'Hello,' said Miss Hepburn, 'I'm on my way to take a shower.' Then gathering up the full skirts she was wearing in 'Little Women,' she disappeared. That was our meeting."

On location Katharine Hepburn is not only friendly with all the other members of her company, but she shows absolute fearlessness.

From time to time the company would be disturbed by gunshots in the distant hills. Finally, Katie began to make inquiries. She learned that the surrounding hills were full of mountain lions. Because of the constant slaughter of cattle, the government pays $50 for every female lion and $35 for every male lion killed by the farmers. Many of them devote most of their time to shooting mountain lions.

The knowledge of prowling beasts failed to frighten Katharine from walking in the hills. Members of the company were even afraid she might take it upon herself to earn a little of the money offered by the government.

There was another time when Katharine Hepburn had every reason in the world to shake with fear. But Hepburn-like, she laughed it off.

Every night the company would drive nineteen miles to Hemet to see the rushes. Katie always drove her own car at breakneck speed. Never wearing a hat, she'd allow the wind to rush madly through her hair as she rounded the dangerous mountain curves.

One night she missed a sharp turn in the road. Her brakes shrieked and the car quivered on the very brink of a huge precipice. A fraction of an inch more and she would have plunged to her death. She told the company about it afterwards and then refused to discuss the matter further.

Katharine showed a far more even temper than you might imagine. She didn't go from extremes of depression to extremes of elation. If she had any dark moments, she kept them to herself. Always kidding—she razzed herself more than she would have dared razz anyone else.

Her sense of humor was buoyant and delightful. No matter what happened, she never lost her temper, but inevitably saw the funny side of the situation.

One day during the shooting Katharine was doing a scene with a baby kitten. In the middle of the scene the thing happened that often happens to baby kittens! Katie's dress was ruined and so was the scene. In order not to hold the company up, she sprinkled herself with Yardley's lavender water and then asked for the cat. She sprinkled him generously with a cheaper grade of toilet water—saying that Yardley's was much too good for him!

Is Lee Tracy

Illustration by CARL PFEUFFER

AN international Bad Boy who deserves just exactly what he got . . . or a martyr to an involved set of circumstances which will never see the complete light of day? Which is Lee Tracy?

His M-G-M contract has been cancelled. It has been whispered that the Personality-Plus Kid is being shown the backdoor of the movies. One of the greatest entertainers the screen has ever known is in serious danger of never making another motion picture, nipped off in the brightest bloom of his screen success.

The "reasons" made headline material in the newspapers of two countries! They brought a letter of apology from Louis B. Mayer to the Mexican government "for the disgraceful conduct of one of our players during the filming of 'Viva Villa' in your country!" A weekly news magazine printed in no mixed words the revolting details of the things Lee Tracy is supposed to have said and done while standing on a "balcony" watching a parade of Mexican cadets. The week the magazine appeared on the stands Lee engaged the services of one of the finest lawyers in Los Angeles to enter libel suit against the publication. But friends close to him, who really have his interest at heart, advised against it.

"A libel suit will keep this affair before the public for months" was the gist of their

The great (unrehearsed) balcony scene from the Tracy-Mexican drama. But what happened before that to make the Mexicans so angry?

Taking the Rap?

Here are the Facts Behind the Quarrel Between a Producer, a Star and the Mexican Government

by DOROTHY MANNERS

remarks, "While you are waiting for legal vindication which might take from six to twelve months your career would be necessarily suspended. Let it blow over . . . let it blow over!"

Tracy was not easily brought around to this philosophy. It was only pressure from within, the argument that it was for the good of the whole industry not to keep a "motion picture scandal" on the front pages through a law suit, that finally brought him around to dropping the libel charge.

Understand that this is no propaganda brief for Tracy. He got uproariously drunk in Mexico City and he admits it. He further admits that "like all drunks I got loud and noisy and yelled things." He *does* deny every other specific charge made against him. Tracy's statement is this: "In the first place there was no 'balcony.' There was a window with an iron grill which extended high above my waist. The hotel room was on the *fifth*, not the *second* floor. There was no flag draped over the fifth floor window grills. I was not nude. I was wearing the lower part of my pajamas . . . but not the jacket. I did not thumb my nose at a flag. What I actually did was to square my two hands in a fake "camera shot" at the procession. You know the gesture. Cameramen often do it when they are attempting to 'block in' a certain scene. My thumbs were closer to my eyes than my nose. it's true that I hollowed . . . but it was just rowdy drunk hollowing. I said nothing obscene!"

Irving Pichel, who was the only room witness to Tracy's cavorting bears him out in detail in this story. Pichel heatedly denies a story in which he was quoted as saying Tracy's conduct was "disgraceful." He says what actually happened was this:

He had gone to Lee's room to ask him for the bullfight tickets for that afternoon. He knew Tracy was too drunk to attend the event but he wanted to get the tickets which were in Lee's possession for the other members of the troupe. Just as he entered, the parade of the Mexican Military cadets started in the street below. There was a great blare of bands . . . trumpets . . . and martial music. Tracy, in a rowdy, but not ugly drunk mood, tried to shout above the din for a moment. Then, drunkenly, he began to resent the racket. "Who started that din" he yelled, "I can't hear myself think!" Pichel says Tracy was wearing the lower but not the jacket part of his pajamas. It was at this time he reeled over to the window.

His appearance there was the climax to a series of heretofore untold incidents concerning the "Viva Villa" troupe in Mexico which may prove what a great many people already believe . . . *that Lee Tracy was the victim of a rap that had to be taken by somebody!*

Let's review several pertinent events which happened as far back as the original story conception of "Viva Villa"!

It was an undertaking that was loaded with international dynamite from the beginning. The figure of *Villa* is, to the great mass of the people of Mexico, what the figure of George Washington is to Americans. To their eyes he is the great national hero, the beloved champion of the poor and oppressed. But to a certain elite and exclusive group of Mexicans *Villa* was a far less glamorous national figure, a lawbreaker, a rowdy bandit! When the scenario writers of M-G-M began to weave the story into form they were troubled in the presentation of the character by these two opposing national conceptions of the hero. They knew that to please the masses of Mexico, *Villa* must have a preponderance of heroic color, dash and lawlessness; and yet there was that terribly important (*Continued on page* 81)

His Son- and Jack Holt

Being a Father Is the Reason that Jack Holt Is So Very Different from the Man You Would Expect

by HARRIET PARSONS

"I DON'T know," said Jack Holt, lounging comfortably back in his pet easy chair. "Maybe I'm in a rut—but somehow I can't see that it really matters as long as I like the rut!"

An amazing remark. Particularly amazing from a man who throughout his career in pictures has played virile, adventurous, buccaneering rôles, and who, what's more, has voluntarily gone through experiences in his off-screen life that were much more thrilling, dangerous and dramatic than anything he has ever been called upon to enact for the movies.

I was mad at Jack. I was awfully mad at him. For one solid month I had been trying to track him down to get an interview. And had got instead one of the prettiest little runarounds you could hope to find. "Mr. Holt is away on his vacation," the publicity department would say. "He's out of town and we can't even reach him by wire. But the minute he gets back—" And the next day someone would casually mention having seen Jack at some eating spot in the heart of Hollywood.

The truth of it was that Jack was sitting calmly in his Santa Monica house not more than twenty minutes drive from the studio. He wasn't out of town, but he was vacationing all right. With such a vengeance that he wouldn't even answer the telephone.

"Who does this guy think he is—Garbo with a mustache?" I would say belligerently. But I might as well have been reciting Hamlet's soliloquy to an empty theater at high noon for all the good it did me. The publicity gang was in a worse spot than I was. They knew their recalcitrant he-man was just around the corner laughing his head off. But for all practical purposes he might have been sitting on an ice floe in the Arctic Ocean.

In the beginning I wasn't particularly interested in the story—but after a while it got to be a game with all the odds against me. "He's a swell guy—but he's bad copy. Even if you get to see him you won't get a story that's worth two cents," my writing pals told me. But by that time I was going to see Jack Holt if I had to have him subpoenaed.

Came the day when his vacation was officially over and the studio had the right to talk turkey to him. An appointment was made for one o'clock the following day at the studio. But when the long awaited morning dawned I was apprised by the agonized publicity department, who were by then fit subjects for Matteawan, that Mr. Holt had called up in a feeble voice and announced that he had suddenly developed flu. A trip way in to the studio in his condition was out of the question, he said. In fact he wasn't at all sure he'd live.

Shortly after came another call. In the meantime some forceful things had apparently been said to Mr. Holt. If I was willing to make the trip down to Santa Monica he would see me at his home. I was willing. By that time I was willing to take a jaunt to the Gobi Desert if necessary.

Holt met me on the porch of his attractive hilltop home overlooking the Uplifters' polo field. He greeted me in husky, strained tones. In a voice scarcely above a whisper he invited me into the living room. In the same voice he feebly ordered the dogs inside. Three times he spoke to them in that hoarse whisper with no results. Then anger got the better of him and he let out a bellow that blasted the ether. I laughed. Jack laughed. And from that moment neither of us made any mention of the Holt flu attack.

Possibly you've gathered by now that Jack Holt didn't want to be interviewed. He had stalled, fibbed, dodged as long as possible. But once he was finally cornered he was a thorough sport about it. A more gracious, affable subject than he I have seldom, if ever, encountered.

You see it isn't that Jack is "doing a Garbo." Nor that he has anything to conceal. It's simply that he has nothing to say. Nothing, that is, that he considers new and startling enough to make good copy. And small wonder. In the eighteen consecutive years during which he has been a motion picture star he has been pretty well interviewed out.

He'll talk freely enough. About his life and career. About his fourteen-year-old son, Tim, and his plans for the boy. About polo, football, repeal, war. Even about his recent divorce. But he doesn't see that there's anything in what he has to say on those subjects which could possibly make an interesting interview.

As a matter of fact Jack Holt is one of the most interesting figures in Hollywood. Yet somehow he's entirely lacking in that quality which makes front page stuff. Everything he does he does with a sober saneness that divests it entirely of glamor. Even when, after seventeen years of married life, he suddenly got a divorce early in 1933 it caused scarcely a ripple in the papers. Honestly, I almost believe if Jack committed a murder you'd find the account of it back among the ads.

It's the same way with his characterizations on the screen. He plays hardy, fearless gents who go through the most harrowing experiences and face death without turning a hair. Yet somehow, for all their hectic, colorful adventures, you feel they're solid, substantial citizens at heart—reliable, level-headed guys. Because Holt actually *is* that kind of guy.

And in that similarity between what the man is and what he portrays on the screen lies much of the secret of his success. You never feel that Jack's acting. As a matter of fact he isn't a particularly good actor. But you believe his characters. Because the things they do—even their most daring feats—you feel sure Jack (*Continued on page 79*)

Jack Holt can fly a plane, tame a bronco, play polo, ride and swim like a god. He's been eighteen successful years in pictures, but you'll just begin to know him when you read Miss Parsons' provocative story on him across the page

Oh-h! the PAIN of

Showing the Sad, Sad Plight of the Stars Who Can Leave Their Famous Partners but Not Lose Them

SO the little movie star wept real tears on the witness stand. The reporters described the gown she was wearing, and the photographers worked away with their flashlight guns. The judge listened sympathetically or was bored stiff as the case may be. Anyway the little movie star got her divorce. The marriage that no man was to put asunder had broken into more pieces than a jig-saw puzzle. Presumably the paths of husband and wife were to separate forever more. Presumably, I say.

In any other town in the world a divorce means a separation, but not in Hollywood. The ink is hardly dry on the decree before the ex-husband runs into his ex-wife at the Brown Derby at lunchtime. That night the ex-husband, accompanied by the little blonde that caused all the trouble, sits across the aisle from the former wife and her current, big, heart palpitation.

Hollywood, during the past year, has been in the midst of a veritable holocaust of divorce. If some of the divorcees don't hurry and annex a new ball and chain the lawyers will have to go to Reno. There just won't be anybody left in town to get a divorce, unless it's Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason. They've stayed happy for twenty-six years. It's sort of pathetic, this Hollywood divorce business. All in all it doesn't seem worth the trouble and expense. You can't get rid of a husband or wife in Hollywood unless you bury them. Maybe a doctor can bury his mistakes, but there are still laws about murder.

Just the other night at the prizefights a little scene was enacted that had all the drama and pathos you could ask for in a dozen tear-jerking scenarios. A famous Hollywood studio executive was sitting in a ringside seat. Directly back of him was his ex-wife, and their young son. The husband and wife did not speak, but during the hubbub of the fight, the man's hand reached back and gripped the boy's hand.

That marriage had been dissolved some time ago. Nothing but bitterness and hurt were left, but Hollywood wouldn't let them separate. An old wound was not allowed to heal.

But it's amazing how friendly these divorces are as a rule. More like a Sunday school picnic. You'd think that in a town where there are more high-geared temperaments to the square inch than anywhere else on earth that divorce would be accompanied by lurid charges and a few well-aimed soup tureens. Just as well that it's friendly, too. It's getting to the place where you can hardly give a dinner party for twelve without getting a couple of exes around the table.

The Sally Eilers-Hoot Gibson divorce was more friendly than a lot of tea parties. When Sally returned from England she went directly from her plane to call on Hoot. They're still good friends, even after Sally has changed her name to Mrs. Harry Joe Brown. And there are no hard feelings between Sally and June Gale, who may be the next Mrs. Gibson. The two girls had lunch together the other day. Maybe Sally explained what Hoot liked for dinner.

Hoot was right on hand with congratulations when Sally returned from that secret elopement to Yuma. You haven't

Gay gadders-about in the divorce courts, Hoot Gibson with June Gale, Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory, Lombard and Powell, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers.

Hollywood Divorces

by MARQUIS BUSBY

forgotten that Ina Claire was one of the first to send a telegram of congratulations to John Gilbert when he married Virginia Bruce.

There certainly was very little bitterness in the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. divorce case. A few nights after the divorce Joan and Doug were out stepping together at the Beverly-Wilshire. They talked together and danced together. When the evening was over Doug accompanied Joan to her car. He kissed her hand, and watched her drive away before he got into his own car. The next night Joan was dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with Franchot Tone. Apparently Doug has never harbored any hard feelings toward Franchot. Joan had them both to dinner at her home, shortly before Doug left for England. There was a slight difference in the old seating arrangement, however. Doug no longer sat in his accustomed place at the head of the table.

The world still remembers that Joan was prepared to make a cross-continent dash to Doug's bedside in New York, where he was seriously ill with pneumonia. During those days she was in constant touch with Doug's mother. In other words they were divorced, but they weren't separated.

Although the newspapers moved heaven and earth to make snappy reading out of the Carole Lombard-William Powell divorce they failed to find any trace of scandal. Carole denied steadfastly that she was interested in any other man, and Bill stated that he had no future matrimonial plans. When Carole returned from Reno her escort at several parties was none other than her former husband. They hadn't had such fun together since the old days when Bill came a-courting. And I've never heard that Bill turns off the radio when Russ Columbo sings. Russ, you know, has a lot of new feeling in his voice since he met Carole. Neither does Carole go into a big freeze when she sees Margaret Lindsay. Bill and Margaret go out stepping when it isn't Bill and Carole.

It's a good thing that these things ARE kept on a jolly basis. Otherwise the wear and tear on innocent bystanders would be something terrific. Think how people would feel if Gloria Swanson was really mad at Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis all at once. Well, maybe she's a little put out at the Marquis for hanging his title on another motion picture star, but relations are cordial between Gloria and her other formers. However, it doesn't do, you know, to invite Gloria and Constance Bennett to the same shin-dig.

Just the other day Gloria dropped into Sardi's with Michael Farmer for a bit of luncheon. Wallace Beery was there, too. They all bowed politely. Of course Gloria's husbands are awfully good friends. They even have lunch together. I've often thought that I would like to listen in on the conversation. Probably Gloria has had the same thought.

Sometime there's a little strain in these divorces—you do find human emotions in the colony, after all. For instance, there was the night at the Miramar Hotel, in Santa Monica. At one table were Johnny Weissmuller, and the new Mrs. Weissmuller, Lupe Velez. At another table were Bobbe Arnst and an escort. At still another table were Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw. The Weissmuller-Arnst divorce was not accomplished without hard feelings, you know, and Gary and Lupe are anything but pals nowadays. The air was electric with possibilities, and the atmosphere was just a few degrees above zero. (*Continued on page 70*)

And on this side, Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller, Ken Murray and Sue Carol, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers

MYRNA LOY Talks on MEN

The Little Montana Siren Says It Is the Men Who Have Been Kind to Her

by MAUDE LATHEM

THIS is the first time in her entire life that Myrna Loy has ever discussed men, marriage or love.

She has been perfectly willing to talk on Technocracy, Prohibition or the Einstein theory, but she has consistently said: "Stay away from my private life."

Even more is known about the sphynx-like Garbo than is known about Myrna. In the early days, before Garbo was put under a ban of silence, she talked freely about her emotions—even her reactions to particular people—her hopes and her ambitions.

But no interviewer has ever before heard one word from Myrna about these things. The publicity department has agonized over her. While they would keep Garbo in absolute seclusion, they wanted Myrna in the limelight. They wanted her views on every conceivable subject: beauty, charm, personality, sex-attraction, etc., but to no avail. Myrna said nothing. There are no obstacles to interviewing her. She is cordial and easy in manner and appears perfectly willing to talk on any subject. Interviewers do not realize until they reach home that she has tactfully avoided every subject she did not wish to discuss.

Prior to this interview, the longest sentence Myrna has ever uttered on the subject of men was in response to a columnist's query about her ideal husband.

"He must have a sense of humor," was her laconic reply.

This little red-headed girl from Montana plays the ultra-sophisticated woman from any part of the globe, though she has never traveled even to Chicago or New York. Besides this, she has given us the most mysterious women who have ever intrigued the cinema public. We finally breathe a sigh of relief when she admits she has had experience.

"Of course, all great actresses have had tremendous emotional upheavals. Not necessarily numerous ones. In fact, one does not have *numerous great* emotions. They are rare. One experience is enough."

And she had almost made me believe, along with everybody else, that there were no men in her life!

With a twinkle in her eye that softened the rebuke to my intelligence, she replied:

"With imagination, you should have known that I could not convincingly portray women of great emotional intensity and subtle intellectual experiences without a close knowledge of them. One could not know womanly reactions by merely swallowing a love potion.

"Certainly all women want to be loved. Women may not discuss their affairs of the heart but no matter what they tell you, an individual love-life is the most important consideration on the part of every woman, from the time of Eve to the present moment."

(*Continued on page 77*)

Myrna Loy never talks for publication. Hollywood says she is "bad copy." So MOVIE MIRROR is proud to present this story in which Myrna reveals the romances that have influenced her life

In One Picture the Whole World has Fallen in Love with Her—But—

"I HATE Everything"

says MARGARET SULLAVAN

by DORA ALBERT

"I HATE Hollywood," said Margaret Sullavan enthusiastically. "I hated making 'Only Yesterday' because we were cooped up for three and a half months working on the same picture without any rest or relaxation. I hate executives who try to make you change the color of your hair or who advise you what to do about your teeth. I hate hairdressers who sit on the set and paw your hair and change the way it's combed every five minutes. As soon as I finished making 'Only Yesterday' I got out of Hollywood as fast as I could. It's my first picture, and between you and me and the lamp-post, I wouldn't mind if it's my last one."

While Margaret Sullavan is enthusiastically berating Hollywood and everything in it, Universal is singing hosannas of praise about the girl. No one has so unanimously won the praise of the critics since Katharine Hepburn.

But when I saw her, Margaret Sullavan hadn't seen her own picture yet.

"I hope I get up guts enough to see it," she told me. "I know I'm no great shakes as an actress, but at least I've never had to see myself before. What an awful feeling it would be to watch myself on the screen and have to admit to myself that I'm lousy!"

Margaret Sullavan is unlike any newcomer to pictures that I ever met. With her soft gray eyes and her naturally blonde hair, she looks like a magazine cover girl. She talks for the most part in a limpid Southern voice, but on occasion she uses language that no girl on a magazine cover would ever be allowed to use. She also expresses sentiments at times that are totally unlike those of a girl who looks like the heroine of a modern love story.

In Hollywood she fought shy of interviewers. When Universal asked her to see this person or that, "What could I say to interviewers that would be printable?" she demanded. "I hate everything about this place except the climate."

Finally a man from the Universal office, realizing that she would see no outside interviewers, approached her sheepishly. He hemmed and hawed and then finally blurted out, "Miss Sullavan, in what way would you like to be made love to?" What Miss Sullavan said to that can not be printed.

He asked her then what her beauty hints were.

"I wash my face before going to bed and brush my teeth twice a day," she told him.

"When the article appeared," she told me, "it was the most elaborate thing you've ever read and told all about the creams and lotions I used."

Still another interviewer managed to see Miss Sullavan. She launched at once into her hymn of hate.

"I hate pictures," she told him.

"I can't print that," he protested.

"Why can't you print that?" she challenged, and went off into another tirade.

"And when that article appeared," said Miss Sullavan, "I sounded very mild and ladylike. I don't see why writers ask for interviews in the first place. When they write, they color everything with their own (*Continued on page* 74)

Hollywood Midseason Fashions

TREMENDOUS trifles are outstanding in their importance as the stars work and play in a brilliant array of beguilingly smart outfits which are accented by the newest and swankiest little gadgets ever heard of. Furs and fabrics *have* to stand still for at least a month before springtime threatens them, but their high fashion notes are ever new.

Travis Banton, Paramount's famous designer, says this is the most "gadgety" season he has ever seen! He is giving plenty of preference to *feathered accessories.* Ostrich around the long cuffs of gloves; even feathers around the edge of a filmy handkerchief which is the only note of color accenting a plain black or white evening ensemble. Frequently, Banton uses a bertha of uncurled ostrich as the sole trimming on a perfectly plain long crêpe dinner gown.

Another clever item originating from his busy salon is the use of a sequin scarf, like a bandanna, to dress up a simple evening gown. That really is worth jotting down, for loads of us could take advantage of such a tip and drag one of last winter's evening gowns into this conspiracy.

☆ ☆ ☆

CAROLE LOMBARD has revolutionized the corsage era! From these new formal gowns which tie *up around the necks,* Carole was inspired to try wearing flowers *as near the face as possible.* She tied the drapery of her newest dinner dress up around her neck and pinned a corsage of orchids right under one ear! You'll never guess how ravishing the effect was until you try it yourself. Sometimes she puts them right in the back of her neck, when her hair is curled high. And in case you haven't heard about it, there should be no greens, lily-of-the-valley or tinsel ribbon attached to anything as beautiful as orchids. Their stems should be bound with green or white, even black when the costume is black, too. But aside from a little wiring which enables you to twist the corsage around a finger and carry it while dancing—they should be unadorned! This goes for gardenias, too, according to Hollywood's fashion dictates.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Tyrolean turban is hard to wear, but Hedda Hopper can do *anything in the spirit of fashion* and still look dashing. She has one of these little Alpine hats in beige antelope with a brown quill which goes *right up through the top of it.* She says it's the "craziest" hat she ever owned but she "loves it" just the same.

☆ ☆ ☆

BEFORE Joan Crawford left for New York she stocked up on what she calls "tremendous trifles." One of these is an umbrella with a Scottie dog handle. On every spoke of the umbrella are little baby Scotties. Oh yes, the one on the handle opens his mouth and holds your bag or your gloves if you will trust them to him! Imagine!

☆ ☆ ☆

ELISSA LANDI has a new "trick" umbrella, too. Hers has a swanky red holder with a crystal horse's head as a handle and it collapses into a short object which will fit into any ordinary handbag when one *is using* the umbrella. The rest of the time the umbrella in its slender red case looks like a smart walking stick. This is one marvelous example of

Sharon Lynn's evening cape of quilted scarlet satin showing the newest "Chinese" influence is ultra smart

Hedda Hopper wears the new Tyrolean turban in beige antelope with feathers sprouting right out of the top of it

Norma Shearer, on a little severe brown velvet turban, wears a single high gold feather

the practical and the chic coming to a grand understanding!

☆ ☆ ☆

THESE mirrored "theses and thoses" are becoming more and more popular. Harriette Lake, whose name has been changed to Ann Sothern, Columbia's newest star, has a mania for them. Her very favorite accessory is a wide bar of mirror which she pins on the front of the white kerchief she always wears under her coats. She has a cute habit of pushing her chin down into the scarf so that she can look into the bar of mirror and see if her lipstick needs "fixing," and in that way she makes the pin useful as well as ornamental.

☆ ☆ ☆

SYLVIA SIDNEY is "going in for" sports clothes in a big way this season. *Brown and red* are her favorite tones of color and she has just started an entirely new fad which out-scores scarfs and kerchiefs. She ties a *gold silk cord* around the plain, high-ish necks of her woolen frocks and believe it or not it has terribly cunning effect. So—take it from Sylvia—you'll be up to the moment in class if you tie a bit of cord about your neck.

And more feathers — in this case scarf and muff of bronze cocque feathers. Marion Nixon favors them for plain dresses

whether you're guilty or not of stealing her stuff! Notice her little knitted Cossack cap, too, with its bright red perky feather.

☆ ☆ ☆

PEGGY SHANNON opened all her Christmas presents early and found one which she adores more than anything she has ever received in such a small package. Between scenes at Columbia in her current picture we caught her admiring this pet gadget. It's a *suspension mirror* in an alligator bag. Peggy is hipped on the subject of purses anyway, and this one has her simply thrilled. You see the mirror pulls out at whatever angle you need it and does away with that old fear of dropping either the bag with all its contents or the mirror which will be sure to break! No wonder Peggy loves it, who wouldn't?

☆ ☆ ☆

FLORENCE DESMOND is one of the newcomers to Fox Films and she has a reputation for marvelous imitations of all the Hollywood stars. You've heard of her, of course! She *also* has a reputation for wearing loads of stunning black dresses and her latest fad is one worth noticing. A white lace fichu, just like Grandmother wore, which can be worn over any plain black frock with an instantaneous effect of perking it up and making it dressy enough for the most important date. Tiny pearl buttons and a handy little tie of black velvet help Florence's fichu to spell s-m-a-r-t, and if you knew how successfully charming she's considered in Hollywood, you'd hasten to follow suit.

☆ ☆ ☆

MARY BRIAN has gone crafty with the cutest beret of the season! She liked it so much she *bought two* and made the second one into a bag. You can see how simple it is to copy and at any notion counter you can buy a little clasp for the purse. I can't give you the actual figures but about a dozen of Mary's pals in Hollywood are proudly wearing these beret sets because Mary saw to it that each of her dearest friends received a set on Christmas. How she ever found the time to make these between dates, I don't know, but having just finished "Shadows of Sing Sing" at Columbia, I imagine Mary had to make her fingers fly between scenes, in order to be ready for Santa Claus.

Cute trick. Mary Brian likes berets so much she buys extra ones, puts on clasps and makes them into bags to match her hats

Joan's hat shop

RIGHT next door to the Wilshire Theatre out in Beverly Hills where the swankier previews are held is a little shop now called the Rilla Marie but soon to be called Joan's Hat Shop, and with very good reason.

For here it is that the glamorous Crawford buys all her hats—and all is dozens and dozens a year. The shop is run by Joan's sister-in-law, whom you see standing behind Joan, there in the picture on this page.

The little sister-in-law's name was Kasha Harolid. She was working in pictures when she met Hal Le Sueur, Joan's brother. They were married and Hal didn't want Kasha to continue her picture work. She hated being idle and when a friend told her about the Rilla Marie shop, Kasha and another girl decided to go into business, Joan sponsoring Kasha's interest. The shop was re-decorated in blue and white, Joan's favorite colors.

The hat Joan wears in the standing portrait is all black, one of the new off-the-face styles that are so hard to wear—but see how scrumptious it looks on her! The hat Joan is trying on before the hand mirror is one of the new baby bonnets.

ORDER THESE NEW HOLLYWOOD PATTERNS NOW

642—It all depends on what material you choose whether this frock is for street or afternoon wear. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38. 15 cents

594—Many a screen star knows she looks best in tailored clothes. Why not choose a bright color for it? In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38. 15 cents

628—Make this gown to your feet, or shorter as shown, and notice those smooth shoulders and lovely sleeves. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38. 15 cents

606—This and another entirely different blouse are in one pattern. If made in satin it will dress up your suit. In sizes 32 to 42. 15 cents

Movie Mirror's Hollywood Pattern Service
Hollywood Pattern Co., Greenwich, Conn.
Please find enclosed.....Send me Hollywood Nos. Sizes

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Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered by mail, separately, 15c.
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Has the Blonde Era EXPIRED?

THE question of the beauty hour in Hollywood! Are brunette beauty and darker hair at last coming into their own? In every beauty salon throughout Hollywood breathless consultations are being held between hair specialists and their celebrated blonde customers. Only a year ago every camera man in Hollywood preferred to photograph these shining golden heads. But now what?

One amazing story comes from Paramount about one of their newest younger stars. Jacqueline Wells is her name. A contract hung in the balance between her interview with the production heads of this big powerful studio and the result of her first camera test.

Jacqueline Wells is a natural beauty, as blonde as ever was a real blonde! But her test was a failure! Her natural blondeness was so colorless through the lens of the camera that the lights couldn't do anything for her and it looked as though her picture career had ended before it began. But as it so happened someone in the studio who had heard about this lovely girl had a happy inspiration about her case. This person advised Jacqueline to *insist* upon another trial before the camera the following week and in the meantime Jacqueline was the busiest girl in Hollywood! She went to the very best hair dyer in town and gave herself up. She demanded that she be made *different!* She knew that her failure as her own blonde self was mostly because the woods were already too full of blondes. So she had her hair *toned down; darkened just enough* to take her out of the real blonde class and place her under the heading of the titian-haired type.

Today Jacqueline Wells is on the list of Paramount players and great things are predicted for her. Had she remained "just another blonde" she would be a failure today in Hollywood. That really is *hot news* from the land of the beautiful, isn't it?

Carole Lombard wears this classically severe coiffure to suit her new (and very old) Greek gown

The Answer to Your Pleas.

What with hundreds of letters flocking in from readers of MOVIE MIRROR for a *new hairdress* I was very nearly on a spot. Even though there's a new one every other minute in Hollywood, I had almost exhausted my supply.

But Lila Lee crashed through with a perfect knock-out just in time for this issue and it's yours for the asking! Lila has named this coiffure the "Modern Halo."

This is easy to copy and is the kind of hairdress which simply cannot fail to enhance feminine beauty. Short or long hair can be dressed in this manner, but of course the shorter the

Sally Blane wears the new "Alice in Wonderland" bandeau and the new brush curls Hollywood is favoring

If you want a positive proof of how a new style hairdress can change you, look at Patricia Ellis below and at the right

At left Pat Ellis goes in for girlish simplicity. Here she pushes her hair off her ears, clusters it low on her neck

At the bottom of this beauteous quartette is Lila Lee whose interesting new headdress is described on this page

newer. The ends are curled softly and combed out. The top hair is combed over into one wave over the right eye and allowed to fall to the eyebrow. Then there is a choice of methods for the pleated coronet. Either you locate that switch you sentimentally saved when you bobbed your hair or you braid the longest section of your top hair and pin it into place like Lila's. Of course, the switch idea can be more versatile, for that can be wound entirely round the head, pinned here and there for the sake of good old safety. This is particularly fetching for evening wear but equally appropriate for the less important hours, too!

"New Thought" in Hairdress.

Carole Lombard has a brand new system of choosing *her* hairdresses. She believes that they should be styled according to the gown or dress with which they are to be worn. This sounds a little difficult, but it really isn't if you give it enough thought.

For instance, with a new Grecian evening gown which is high in the front and has a darker draped silhouette in the back, Carole illustrates this idea. She simply follows the feeling in the gown by brushing her hair very sleekly back from the temples and ears. It is braided tightly, just *one twist* of the braid, though, in back, and held that way with either a clasp or hair pin. Her curls are treated in Hollywood's latest fashion, that is, *brushed out,* into fluffy softness and looks very girlish.

It isn't hard to see how well this styling idea has worked with this particular costume, is it? Try figuring out a new one for *your* favorite frock and see how it works for you!

Are Curls and Ringlets Youthifying?

Poor Mary Brian! She has such an awful time trying to find beauty tricks which will make her more sophisticated and less the sweet girl she just can't help being. Mary is really a natural beauty, but she claims she can't play the kinds of parts she dearly desires to play. Some of you readers of Movie Mirror may have just that same difficulty, that is, being the type you desire, so I want to tell you what Mary has most recently discovered about herself.

She blames curls for stamping her as an ingenue! She says curls around the face, even in the neck, are so soft and feminine that most girls cannot resist them. But she says there are no two ways about it, *they do youthify.* She says the best way to achieve a more worldly coiffure is by brushing the hair away from the face and spraying it with some good brilliantine. Then with a comb you can pull flat waves just far enough over the ears to suit your face. Now all you need is a languid manner and the "prop" cigarette, and you're a siren! (You know Mary doesn't smoke, ever, but she hates being reminded of it!) Isn't that typical of youth?

FAMOUS

WHENEVER an impressive, white-haired woman of fashion is wanted they send for LOUISE MACKINTOSH, but she loves to play "old hags" better than anything else. She has been on the stage and screen since she was sixteen, and never has played anything but character parts in all of her career. She was born in Boston and was married for eighteen years to Robert Rogers, the comedian. They were never separated until his death seven years ago.

She came to Hollywood three years ago to visit Elsie Janis and her mother. Mrs. Janis died a few weeks after she arrived and Elsie begged her to stay. She's been here ever since.

You saw her in "Up the River," "The Right to Love," "Laugh and Get Rich," "The Squaw Man," "The Phantom of Paris," "Hush Money," "Finn and Hattie Abroad," "Happy Dollars," "The Inside," "Tars and Feathers," "Cavalcade," "Hell Below," "I Love That Man," "Hold Me Tight," "Mama Loves Papa" and "The Little Giant."

She can remember a long part by reading it once. She always is beautifully groomed and spends her spare time driving and going to concerts. Her hobby is a collection of beautiful fans. She thinks that "the one fatal thing is to get into a rut," so she makes frequent trips to New York to see the shows. Avoids seeing herself on the screen, because it makes her self-conscious in her next part. She intends to keep right on acting until she "dies in harness."

HE was a famous character comedian on the stage, but Hollywood never has let him play anything but smiling cops since he arrived in 1927. ROBERT EMMET O'CONNOR was born in Milwaukee and started on the stage when he was thirteen years old. He was a leading man at sixteen, and made his first film in 1901. In 1909 he became the first leading man Essanay ever had. Then he went back to the stage for sixteen years. During that time he never played a cop, but after he did the smiling Irish policeman in "Dressed to Kill," Hollywood couldn't see him in any other role.

He tells writers and directors just how cops should act. If they won't listen to reason he turns down the part. He refuses to manhandle men he is supposed to be arresting and he won't wear derby hats and big shoes. He knows all about cops through his uncle, Lieutenant Michael O'Connor, who served on the Milwaukee force.

He gets tired of playing cops, and can't remember all of the pictures in which he has appeared but here are some of them: "The Public Enemy," "Frisco Jenny," "Picture Snatcher," "The Kid From Spain," "Out to Win," "The Great Jasper," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Lady of the Night," "Bed of Roses," "Blonde Venus," and "American Madness."

Between pictures he "loafs." He hasn't a single hobby. He and Mrs. O'Connor may travel when he retires, but he KNOWS he won't retire to a ranch. His one back-to-the-land movement cost him $3,000.

BESIDES being a very busy actor, he is a sculptor and an author. IVAN SIMPSON started on the London stage when he was twenty by playing five parts in one show—a doctor, a clergyman, a clerk, a doctor and a young man about town. He has played many parts in support of George Arliss on stage and screen, but his first picture part was fifteen years ago with John Barrymore in "The Dictator."

He thinks that Shakespearean parts are the best training in the world for the stage, and that Barrymore's advice to him when he first stepped before the camera the best rule possible for the screen. Barrymore told him, "You'll be all right if you just avoid acting." He insists that an actor cannot be turned out in three weeks, or three months, in spite of the fact that he became an actor five times over in his first stage engagement.

His latest pictures are "The Phantom of Crestwood," "The Monkey's Paw," "The Past of Mary Holmes," "The Secret of Madam Blanche," "Lady of the Night," "Burnt Offering," and "Voltaire."

Between pictures he amuses himself by making portrait busts of fellow actors. He never sculpts women.

He has one daughter, a stage actress. In spite of the fact that he has perfected himself as writer and artist in his spare time, he claims to be lazy, but he is making no plans for retirement. He hopes to "keep my nose to the grindstone until it pleases God to give me the final call."

do You Know

FACES - but

SHE specializes in playing mean harsh-toned girls on the screen, but in real life HILDA VAUGHN is a charming, suave person with a soft, cultured voice. She was born in Baltimore. She left college after two years because she "couldn't wait to get to New York and starve trying to act." She was fired from her first part almost as soon as she got it. The show was in its first week on tour when Al Woods said, "Listen, kid, you're no ingenue and you never will be, so give up trying right now on this show. But you're going to be a swell actress, so get back to New York and start looking for a real job." For the next seven years she played leads and characters and villainesses . . . but never again did she play an ingenue.

She came to Hollywood just when the talkies did. She meant to stay for a short visit, but a director she had known in New York offered her the Cockney part in "Three Live Ghosts" and she has been busy ever since.

She has played effective parts in "Manslaughter," "It's a Wise Child," "Tailor Made Man," "Ladies of the Big House," "Susan Lenox," "No Other Woman," "The Phantom of Crestwood," "Dinner at Eight," "Today We Love" and "The Ad Man."

She is not married and never makes plans for anything, ever. Her dependents are two dogs. Between pictures she reads, swims and writes plays "for her own amusement."

She claims to be the only actress in Hollywood without a make-up box.

THE movies reached out for LOUISE BEAVERS in 1927 and they have given her more work than she can do ever since.

When she graduated from High School she took a nursing course because she liked the white uniforms. Then she fell sick, herself, and after that decided that she had seen enough nurses. So she spent three years as attendant in the dressing room of a famous photographer and four years as personal maid to Leatrice Joy. Singing in Sunday School won her a part in a minstrel show which was given one performance in Los Angeles. She was called the next day for a part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has been acting ever since.

She lives with her mother, but has not married because "a husband is just one more mouth to feed."

You saw her in "Coquette," "Wide Open," "Divorce in the Family," "Second Choice," "Too Busy to Work," "Wild Girl," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Ladies of the Big House," "Hell's Highway," "42nd Street," "She Done Him Wrong," "Pick Up," "The Big Cage," "Hold Your Man," "Midnight Lady," and "Shall We Tell Our Children?"

When she is not working she goes to shows. Someday she wants to take a trip around the world, but she never wants to leave the screen for long. "They tell me I get better as I get older," she says, "so I guess I'll be going to the studio in a wheel chair before I'm through, but I'll be going as long as there's a part for me."

HE came to this country from Italy as a stowaway when he was thirteen years old. HENRY ARMETTA'S first job was carrying water to a railroad construction gang. Then he became a valet in the Lambs Club in New York. There Raymond Hitchcock took a liking to him and put him in a play. He has been an actor ever since. When he first came to Hollywood he worked as an extra and in short comedies until Frank Borzage gave him a chance in "Street Angel." Ever since then he has been in such demand that his salary has doubled.

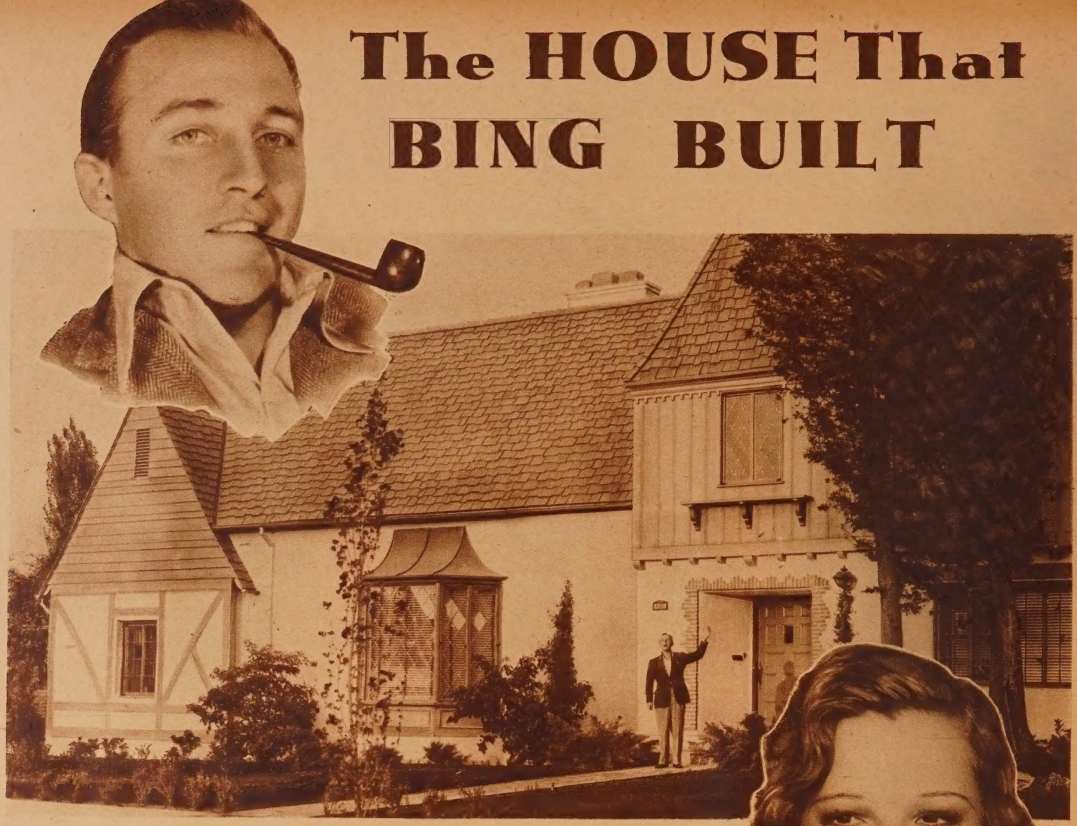
He is married and has a boy fourteen years old and twins, ten. Where he goes, the children go, which is why you don't find him in night clubs. He would rather take the family fishing.

Some of his more recent pictures are "Glory and the Girl," "Arsene Lupin," "Steady Company," "The Passionate Plumber," "Speak-Easily," "Prosperity," "Farewell to Arms," "Central Park," "O. K. America," "They Just Had to Get Married," "In the Money," and "Fra Diavolo."

He has just finished a scenario with himself in mind for the leading role. He loves to entertain his friends at dinner in his backyard where he officiates as chef when there is a baby goat or lamb to be barbecued. His children want to go on the screen, but he will not allow it until they have finished school, and he has forbidden them to stow away on boats. When he retires his ambition is to "havva lotta fun . . . havva beeg ranch . . . havva lotta cows and ship and peegs."

Their Names?

The HOUSE That BING BUILT



by Franc Dillon

THE Bing Crosbys' new home in Toluca Lake was finished. The last nail had been driven, the last daub of paint applied.

"You must have Harold Grieve decorate it for you," said the Richard Arlens. "He did ours, you know." "Oh, yes," chimed in Sue Carol. "He did my house, too, and you like it. And he did Lilyan Tashman's and Bob Armstrong's and Ernst Lubitsch's and I don't know how many more."

And so Harold Grieve, good-looking husband of Jetta Goudal, who knows what actresses like because he is married to one, in Hollywood parlance, was assigned to "do" the Crosby home.

"It's just a kids' house," he told me. "The charm of the house is due to its informality, pleasing color scheme and simple, comfortable furnishings, which Dixie and Bing were wise enough to want. When Dixie first came to me she told me she wanted a 'screwy' little house. Bing named a definite sum of money he would spend for the furnishings. But if I found a nice old piece of furniture that I thought would add character to a room, he always relented and insisted upon having it, regardless of cost.

"It's no palace," he added, "just a really comfortable home to enjoy after a hard day's work at the studio. It was fun doing it because Dixie and Bing were so agreeable."

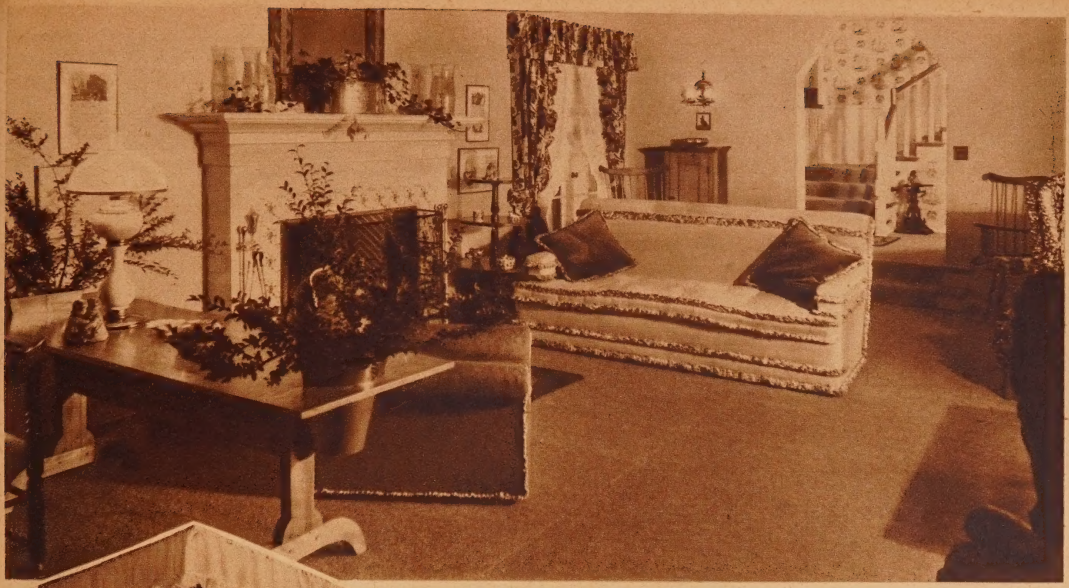
"Furnishing houses is his business, not mine," Bing said. "He wouldn't try to tell me how to sing. I couldn't tell him how to do his business. I told him to go ahead. Now it's finished and we like it."

Finished and furnished it is, down to the last cork screw and rolling pin, and housewarmed with a double christening for the Richard Arlen and Crosby heirs, followed by a hilarious barbecue. The furniture is assuming a "used" look and already Bing has purchased a lot next door and is having a tennis court built for outdoor sports.

"We're old settlers of Toluca Lake now," Bing said, as he drove me out to show me "the little cottage."

"Look at it!" he exclaimed proudly, as we drove up in front of the house and, to my surprise, whizzed right by. Suddenly he turned around in the middle of the block and proceeded slowly back. "Now you can see it from this side," he said and his face

Dixie Lee Crosby and her best friend, Sue Carol, in the Crosby bar which is papered with Bing's song hits



Isn't this a lovely living room? The draperies are green and white chintz, the davenport is white homespun with green fringe, the cushions are flame colored homespun

The four poster bed in the master bedroom has a spread and ruffles of white dotted swiss edged with white chintz with pink and blue flowers. The same materials make the bedroom draperies

beamed. "Cute, isn't it?" He stopped the car at the door and ushered me in.

Dixie told me afterward that he always drives by the house first so he can see it twice.

He called Dixie and she came running down the stairs, explaining that she had been playing with the baby.

"Where is he?" Bing demanded. "Let's all play with him," so the baby was brought downstairs and exhibited and made to laugh.

"He cries in bass," Bing said proudly. "Honestly he does," Dixie confirmed Bing's statement.

"Come on in here," Bing said and, although I wanted to linger in the attractive green and white living room with its spots of flame; its shining brass fixtures; its comfortable looking furniture, he literally pushed me through a door and into the "Playroom."

"This is my favorite room," he announced.

"He means the bar," Dixie added, but there was no bar in sight. Whereupon Bing pushed a button and up went a

The master bedroom fireplace has a chintz pattern tile around it and pieces of old china and trailing green ivy decorate the mantle

The nursery of the boss of the Crosby home, Master Gary Crosby, aged seven months. (Yes, named after Gary Cooper!) It's all in white and looks like a cake box with the alphabet painted on its sides

panel in the wall disclosing a well-equipped and, I might add, a well-stocked bar, built in one end of the room. "You see, we kept the lid on until the repeal went into effect," Bing informed me.

The bar is papered with covers of sheet music which have Bing's picture on them. "Looks like I'm stuck on myself," he said. And one gathers that there was one little item of decorating that

The kitchen is all in yellow tile up to and including the icebox, while the curtains are decorated with red radishes and beets

didn't meet with his full approval.

The white glazed chintz curtains at the windows have music stenciled on them and there is an atmosphere of relaxation in every chair and divan in the room. A fireplace adds a note of cheer and there are low tables for games and smoking accessories galore. Everything in the room has a sturdy, unbreakable look about it, even to a huge lamp on a heavy pine table which has what looks like a brass coal bucket for its base. The walls are panels of pine wood in natural color. The carpet, of clearflax, is good looking but not so ex-

The curtains of the library are covered with musical notes and little Gary sings bass already!

The dining room is pink and blue with the Yorkshire cottage chairs covered in pink and blue plaid linen

pensive that a cigarette burn would be a tragedy.

The den, adjoining the playroom, has a practical desk, shelves of books and a comfortable day bed and is a real business office where Bing can (and does) sign lucrative contracts to make records and pictures and sing over the air.

The dining room, with its Yorkshire cottage furniture, its handmade braided rug on the floor, simple chintz curtains and a screen covered with wall paper is a place where all food would taste superlative. And that's the kind of food the Crosbys have, for Dixie is a Southerner.

But it's the kitchen that would stir the pulses of any normal woman. The kitchen, that looks like the inside of a big yellow saucepan with its yellow tiled walls from the floor to the ceiling; its soft green linoleum on the floor; its yellow tile drainboard and sink. Even the electric refrigerator and stove are yellow and of course every pot and pan is yellow with here and there a touch of green. And the final touch is in the yellow organdie curtains with hand-painted borders of beets and radishes.

"My father built the house," Dixie told me proudly. "Ever since I can remember it has been his dream to build a house for me. He built one for himself and my mother first and that made him more anxious than ever to build ours. You see he wanted to correct all the mistakes he made in his own."

Dixie's father learned that building a house for his child was more of a problem than he had bargained for. Dixie didn't know what she wanted and Bing wasn't interested. In desperation he would telephone Dixie's best friend, Sue Carol.

"Will you find out," he would ask Sue, "if they want natural wood walls in the playroom or do they want it papered? And please, Sue," he would add, "find out about the niche for the radio, the nursery" and on and on about (*Continued on page* 90)

She goes along her own, undisturbed, beautiful way and continues to gather good roles, good notices and a big, fat salary. She looks like, and is, one of the most truly sophisticated persons in the world, but she was born in Oklahoma City. Her mother was an actress and Kay aspired to being a trapeze performer. Instead she was sent to a smart girls' school. She emerged just that, a smart girl. Kay's next picture for Warner Bros. is "Mandalay"

Kay Francis

BORN to be BAD

The Love Story of a Mother and Son Who Lived Outside the Law
A 20th Century Production
From the Novel by Ralph Graves
Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

"YOU mustn't take life so seriously. Nothing matters—very much." Letty said it carelessly. She was probably quoting one of the other models, or she may have read it somewhere. Letty did read, once in a while, when there wasn't anything better to do.

"Maybe not to you, but to me—it matters." Fuzzy went on polishing his glasses and sighed. "What will I do now, with my three tickets to hear Mischa Elman tonight? You promised you'd go—"

"I know Fuzzy, and I'm sorry, but really I can't go. It's business." Leaning over her dressing table, Letty critically investigated her make-up.

"Business! At night! Letty! What kind of a business is that night business. Take back your job in the bookstore. It's better even to be a bookseller than—a—night worker." Fuzzy's worry colored his voice.

"There's no use, Fuzzy. I thought out everything—a long time ago, when I left your shop. I've got Mickey, see? And I can't afford to be poor any more."

She raised her voice. "Hey Mickey, get some beer for Fuzzy."

A yell answered her from the kitchenette. "Okay, ma."

Letty watched Fuzzy amble into the other room, and then finished her dressing, working quickly, smoothly, with a practiced hand. She stood looking at herself for a long moment, hands on her sleek hips, lovely young head flung back at a provocative angle. Very nice, very nice indeed. "I'm gonna do you proud, Sam—Bring on your Detroit buyers—Here comes Letty," she murmured as she went into the other room of the small apartment.

THE CAST

Letty Strong	Loretta Young
Malcolm Trevor	Cary Grant
Mickey	Jackie Kelk
Fuzzy	Henry Travers
Max Lieber	Andrew Tombes
Doctor Dropsy	Howard Lang
Adolph	Harry Green
Alyce Trevor	Marion Burns
Lawyer	Paul Harvey
Butler	Charles Coleman
Truant Officer	Matt Briggs
Miss Crawford	Geneva Mitchell

Strange noises emanated from the kitchenette and suddenly a small boy emerged, carrying sandwiches and beer bottles, and wearing roller-skates. He maneuvered the edge of the rug nicely and came to rest beside Letty.

"Gee, you look swell. Where's Fuzzy?"

"He musta' gone. Guess I hurt his feelings. Forget it. I'll drop by the shop tomorrow and he'll be all right." Letty and her son divided the sandwiches and fell to with vigor.

"Say, ma, is Fuzzy kin to us?"

"I should say not, but he's all right."

"Sure, sure, how long you known him?"

Letty put down her glass of beer and regarded Mickey thoughtfully. How long had she known Fuzzy? Oh so long, so long. It seemed a thousand years ago, that day that she never thought about if she could help it. Mickey had been born in the back room of Fuzzy's gloomy little bookshop. Incredible to believe, to remember such kindness—the dreamy, scholarly bookseller, and the desperate waif from the streets. "Just as long as I've known you. I met him the same day, in the same place I met you, in his book store."

Mickey's interested questions were forestalled by the doorbell.

"There's Sam now."

Sam it was, with the Detroit buyer. She knew all about that buyer.—Gotta land him with a coupla gross of number 164, the taffeta model, and play nice with him too, he was a big shot. The perfect customer's girl, that's what Sam called her when she pulled down big orders for him, and extra money for herself.

"How ya baby? I want

Mickey swore how badly he had been hurt. He was very pathetic and only one small thing kept him from winning the case

you to meet a pal of mine, Max Lieber from Detroit."

"How d'ja do, Mr. Liebah."

Mickey noticed this guy was falling for Letty even faster than the others. He improved the opportunity by chiseling money for the movies from Mr. Lieber and departed. It was old stuff to Mickey.

Adolph, the lawyer

IT was old stuff to Letty too, but it certainly supplied the wherewithal for Mickey and her. And she was bringing Mickey up the way he should go, putting him wise to life and what you had to know to get ahead. He was a smart kid. Look at the way he lifted beer off that truck right under the driver's nose, and he fooled the truant officer a good third of the time.

Coming back to the apartment one afternoon, she saw him playing with a bunch of boys, during school hours too, the little devil! Mickey was on his beloved roller-skates, and while Letty watched, he was being towed at a rapid pace by a boy on a bicycle. Then came the accident.

It happened so fast. In the noise and confusion, Letty had little time to think, mercifully, till they had Mickey safely at home, with the doctor assuring her that there was little damage done. Fortunately, the milk truck that ran him down had thrown him clear. All Mickey received was a bruised head and leg, and a good scare.

The next day, when the doctor called, he looked him over again and confirmed this. "There's absolutely nothing wrong, just a few bruises. Let him get up."

Letty was paying him when the insurance adjuster from the dairy company was announced. She put down the house phone and turned to the doctor. "Here's the money. Will you give me a receipt for it so I can get them to pay it?"

Fuzzy, the good guy-

But at the words "insurance adjuster," a worldly gleam came into the doctor's eye. He gave Letty an appraising look, and said: "You know, on second thought, I feel it my duty to advise you not to be too hasty. These large concerns with millions and millions should be made to pay something for the suffering and shock to the little fellow, not to mention your own discomfort, my dear. Now my nephew Adolph is a lawyer. He's had considerable experience with traffic cases."

"So that's the way it is," Letty said slowly and gave him an equally worldly look. And that was the way it was, right up to the time the case came into court.

Letty put on a beautiful act for the adjuster—broken hearted mother, pathetic little child run down by the great corporation's truck, worried doctor, suggesting dire results from Mickey's "injuries." It was a bit of luck that the driver of the truck had been the President of the company, Malcolm Trevor.

He was the young (and incidentally very attractive) aggressive type of executive who checks on every detail of his business, and that fateful day he had been going over the route of one of his trucks. But if he was affected by Letty's charm, he was no fool about money. This was no infatuated buyer from the sticks, and Letty would have done well not to trust so confidently to that charm of hers.

YET it would have lulled any girl's fears to watch the jury watching her, and Mickey. Dear, poor Mickey! He sat in the witness chair, a really tragic figure, with his little leg in a cumbersome cast, and answered the lawyer's questions in a dazed, tearful bewilderment. Yes, he *had* liked to play, and roller-skate and go to school. He missed school most of all, though his head ached so much now, and he thought he had forgotten how to read and write. Very sad case.

Adolph, the doctor's nephew, the one who had had experience with adjustment claims, steered his witnesses carefully, and finally rested his case, asking two hundred and fifty thousand dollars compensation.

The company's lawyer got up and said in a conversational tone that the boy and his mother were most certainly entitled to compensation—(here, Mickey pinched Letty and Letty pinched back. The thing was in the bag!)—provided the case was as represented. But if the judge would permit, they had some motion pictures they would like to show the court, pictures sworn to by competent witnesses as taken *after* the accident.

Letty knew Fuzzy was her true friend and that she could work him for more than he was worth

The pictures thrown on the improvised screen were very clear ones of Mickey. Mickey roller skating, playing baseball. Mickey standing on his head for the edification of a crowd of children. The jury was not edified, nor was the judge.

"In all my years as a jurist, I have never witnessed such a flagrant abuse of the Court," thundered the voice of the Bench, "and I can find no words too severe to label a woman who can permit her child to be dragged into such proceedings, teach her child to lie."

THEY took Mickey away from her, of course. Neither her pleadings nor Mickey's tears availed with the authorities. Mickey went to a Home where he hated it. Letty swore she would get him out, and finally appealed to Malcolm Trevor, and persuaded him to see the judge.

Malcolm Trevor, the adopted father

But again the judge was firm. "I can't do a thing like that. It's a case of right or wrong. She's an attractive woman, I know, but she's not capable of raising a child decently. He's full of the devil, hard as nails and only seven! I must admit he's smart as a whip, a tough little brat, but what will he be at twenty? Would you like to see him?"

Mickey remembered Mal perfectly. "You're the guy we all thought was a sucker. What became of those movies? They were good. Can I see 'em again?"

He fascinated Trevor. While they talked he reached a decision. He suggested to the judge that Mickey be paroled in his custody, and the judge agreed. It was a splendid opportunity for the child, to live in Trevor's beautiful country estate, under such care. As for Mickey, he rather liked Mal, admired him immensely because he had put one over on them.

It was a change, a bigger change than Mickey knew. He enjoyed the swimming pool, and the swell food, and he liked Alyce, Mal's wife, a lot. She was a sport, teaching him to swim and everything.

Then too, he early discovered the butler to be a sensitive soul, and made his life a misery. No butler, with excellent references and a full knowledge of his responsibilities enjoys being called "Unionsuits" and "droopy-drawers" by a dreadful boy.

Without any preachments, slowly, never obviously, Alyce Trevor began to mould the child. She undertook it because Mal wanted

The matrons came to take Mickey off to reform school. Immediately Letty began to plot how to get even

her to, but soon Mickey himself beguiled her. He became less and less the child of the streets. She taught him fair play, and that it was not always "smart" to get the best of the other fellow. She was making him into the kind of person Letty might have been if—things had been different.

IN the meantime, Letty was not idle. The first time she came to see Mickey, she had everything set. As she explained to him, she had let the Trevors have him because it was easier to snatch him from them than it was from the Children's Home. "Tomorrow at four, I'll be waiting for you outside the main gate."

Mickey, the little boy

"I gotcha, ma." Mickey replied, but something of the old conspirator's enthusiasm was missing. Nevertheless, when the time came the next day, he prepared his escape in a masterly way.

First he locked Alyce in her own bathroom. Then he carefully stripped his room and hers of what he felt he would like to take with him, including an expensive boudoir clock for Letty. Then he hiked for the main gate with his loot in a pillow case over his shoulder and was caught trying to climb the wall. The gardener marched him back to the house, where Mickey steeled himself for the worst, at the very least, a beating.

Mal told him: "It's all a matter of how you think. There's nothing wrong in taking things you feel you need, or in going to see your mother. It's the idea of sneaking, of trying to be clever about it. You don't have to be clever with us, Mickey."

Mickey couldn't believe it. "And you're not sore at me because I copped that junk?"

"No, I don't blame you for taking a lot of nice things to your mother. That's a pretty good idea, only you don't have to sneak them."

Little by little they got their feelings through to Mickey. The brazenness faded from his face. Gee, these people were swell. He could see how they meant, about not sneaking, and you didn't have to sneak with people like these. Aw sure, he'd promise not to run away. They didn't even threaten him, just asked for his word of honor. Besides Mal had said he had promised the judge, and if Mickey did run away, he'd be letting Mal down.

And not all Letty's sneers and jibes could make Mickey break his word. Then she tried to force him into the taxi she had waiting, and there was a scuffle, and it all ended up with Mickey and Letty facing Mal, Mickey very miserable and Letty defiant. Mickey was sent out, and Letty turned on Mal:

"Aw cut it, will ya? I ain't interested in what you think is right or wrong. The kid is mine, not yours."

Malcolm looked at her soberly: "Letty, you're bad, bad all the way through. You're a beautiful bad girl."

Letty thought she saw an opening. "What's that, a pass?"

"You can't come here again," he said unsmilingly.

Letty lost her temper. It was too much, take a baby away from her, would he?—make him not want his own mother!

Letty was through with love, back to the old life with its diamonds and fall guys

Mickey found himself strangely moved by a foster mother and father who actually trusted him

Letty's voice rose to an hysterical pitch and she flew at Mal. He gripped her shoulders, her lovely face was so near his, before he quite knew it, he had kissed her. That was all Letty needed. It was her cue, the rest was plain sailing. Men were all alike, though this guy had certainly had her guessing for a while. She hesitated for a second and decided on her course of action. Mal was dismayed to feel her go limp in her arms. She had "fainted."

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor had been awfully nice, Letty had to admit to herself, and it made her feel a little mean. Alyce had put her to bed and sent up delicious trays, and brought in a victrola and tried to make her comfortable. Nevertheless, (*Continued on page* 91)

movies of the month

A glorious production studded with glorious performances is "Little Women" which stars the magnificent Katharine Hepburn

THE month is distinguished by "Little Women." This production will affect the whole motion picture industry, bring back a whole group of theatregoers who haven't been attending many talkies lately, and undoubtedly start a picture cycle. It is the picture of the month—and the year! In sharp contrast, but very worth seeing, comes Jimmy Cagney's "Lady Killer" and "The Vinegar Tree," with Alice Brady. The latter is sophistication in high degree, but very amusing; the former is that broad, daring, dashing comedy in which Cagney excels. Otherwise, the month is a bit disappointing with its star vehicles that turn out to be not quite as good as hoped for. "Dancing Lady" is the finest actual production Joan Crawford has ever had. It's grand; this goes for Clara Bow's "Hoopla"; for Marie Dressler's "Christopher Bean" and for Eddie Robinson's "Dark Hazard." All these are worth seeing for fine performances, but they all do have story trouble.

✓✓"Little Women" (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Jean Parker, Paul Lukas, Douglas Montgomery, Edna May Oliver and Henry Stephenson.*

It's About: *Four girls, their lives and loves.*

This is the most charming, best acted, and beautifully directed picture we have ever seen! Those are very big words, but MOVIE MIRROR honestly feels that "Little Women" rates all of them. Never before have we seen the complete spirit of a beautiful book so captured.

Some people may feel it's too sentimental, but if you want a picture which makes you both laugh and cry, which touches your heart and stirs your imagination at all times, no production could do it more than this one.

If there has been any doubt of the greatness of Katharine Hepburn, this picture dispels all of it. No two performances could be in greater contrast than her Eva Lovelace in "Morning Glory" and her Jo in "Little Women." Jumping from a most modern girl to a hoyden of the civil war days, seems an almost impossible leap. Yet Hepburn triumphs again and makes a living, breathing person out of a story book character.

Second only to Hepburn is Joan Bennett's *Amy*, which is a revelation. And Jean Parker's *Beth* a very beautiful performance. In fact, the entire cast deserves praise. So, too, does Hobe Erwin who designed the sets. George Cukor's direction is superlative.

Your Reviewer Says: If you miss this picture you miss the treat of a lifetime.

For Children: Oh, yes, indeed.

"Blood Money" (20th Century, U. A.)

You'll See: *George Bancroft, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler, Judith Anderson, Blossom Seeley and others.*

It's About: *An expose of the bail bond racket, a beautiful society girl who has an underworld complex, and a high-powered bail bond broker who eventually meets his Waterloo.*

Something went terribly wrong on this one, and it was probably miscasting. With different actors in the leading rôles, it could have been an exciting melodrama, for there is a good story involved.

But when a sweet and simple girl like Frances Dee is made to portray a thrill-hungry debutante who steals for the joy of it and falls in love with gangsters, everything gets twisted and you can't believe a single scene you see.

George Bancroft makes his return in this, but it won't do him very much good. Neither will it help Judith Anderson making her talkies debut. A very fine actress, she just doesn't get a chance here.

Your Reviewer Says: You might as well pass this one up.

For Children: Better not take them.

✓✓"Dancing Lady" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Fred Astaire, Ted Healy, Art Jarrett, Robert Benchley, Sterling Holloway and many others.*

It's About: *A burlesque beauty who tries to go Park Avenue but gets thwarted by love elsewhere.*

How do you like your Joan Crawford? You can have

her any way you want her in "Dancing Lady." For those who have pleaded that Joan return to the type of rôle that made her famous, you see her as a vivacious chorus beauty—and how that girl does sing and dance. In the more serious moments she gives brief flashes of the dramatic heights to which she has climbed.

An amazing person this Joan Crawford. She is the only dramatic star who has the figure to wear abbreviated costumes and the talent to go with it. She has never appeared more beautiful. With each succeeding picture her genuine warmth and utter sincerity express themselves more vividly. This is the first real good story she's had in a long time. She does plenty with and for it.

After his recent illness, we see a slimmer and more handsome and always talented Clark Gable, in his rôle of the hard-boiled dance director. Franchot Tone is miscast playing the cad, but does better than anyone else could have.

Art Jarrett and Nelson Eddy put over the song numbers. Ted Healy and the stooges are the comedians.

Your Reviewer Says: It's grand. Everyone in it is grand. It's the old Joan Crawford with a new bag of tricks that will send you away cheering.

For Children: You couldn't offer them better entertainment.

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire are all swell in "Dancing Lady"

Clara Bow works valiantly but "Hoopla" still falls a bit flat

"Hoopla" (Fox)

You'll See: *Clara Bow, Preston Foster, Richard Cromwell, James Gleason, Minna Gombell.*

It's About: *A hard-boiled carnival barker, his innocent young son, who joins up with the show and a snake-hip dancer who vamps the boy.*

One of the nicest things about this picture is the memory it brings back of the silent version, called "The Barker." With such players as the late Milton Sills, Dorothy Mackaill, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Betty Compson, it was one of the finest pictures of its time.

Maybe this reviewer is wrong, but it seems that much of the color and personality of the original characters were lost in the talkie version.

Clara Bow, with all the old fire and soulful eyes, gives a pleasing performance. She might have appeared to greater advantage, however, if the audience had not been conscious of her scanty costumes and continuous undressing.

Preston Foster seemed handicapped in trying to live up to the responsibility of looking old enough to be the boy's father. Richard Cromwell, as the son, gives a charming and sincere performance. Minna Gombell and James Gleason are excellent in small rôles.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like all the excitement and ballyhoo of carnival life, you'll enjoy this one.

For Children: A little too blunt to do them any good.

"The Right to Romance" (RKO)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza, Irving Pichel and others.*

It's About: *A celebrated plastic surgeon who is so busy making women beautiful she amputates all romance from her own life. Finally, she trades her uniforms for clinging gowns, marries a charming young playboy and finds love.*

In this day and age of super-specials, how nice it is to see a picture that is presented exactly for what it is supposed to be! Director Al Santell had no false illusions when he took this one in his capable hands. He knew it to be a simple story, no great dramatic moments, yet interesting and entertaining.

Ann Harding, in her rôle of the beauty doctor who gives women new faces and a new lease on life, is exceptionally pleasing. Some of the most beautiful closeups on record

belong to her and she is not burdened with giving this rôle her usual dramatic heartbreak.

Perhaps no one has shown such remarkable development as Robert Young, who plays the rôle of the charming playboy, whose youthfulness leads him to an unfortunate marriage with the beauty doctor. He is becoming one of our most poised and capable leading men.

Nils Asther is allowed to show his finer qualities as the doctor who secretly loves Miss Harding.

Your Reviewer Says:

The Four Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup." It's just what you expect and recommended if you want dizzy nonsense

One of the nicest ways of spending a pleasant evening.

For Children: Okay.

✓✓"Only Yesterday" (Universal)

You'll See: *Margaret Sullavan, John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Benita Hume, Onslow Stevens, and many others.*

It's About: *The great love of a girl for a boy. She meets him but once at the start of the War, then spends the rest of her life bringing up "their son," whom he knows nothing about.*

Like a breath of invigorating air comes Margaret Sullavan in her initial talking picture. She reminds one a little of Barbara Stanwyck, resembles Anita Stewart, the silent picture star; at times delivers her lines like Tallulah Bankhead—but best of all, is a decided and distinctive personality herself. She has a rare warmth and sincerity that will endear her to talkie audiences.

The story is beautifully told and compelling in interest. It concerns a girl and boy at the start of the War. They meet but once and he leaves for the battle front. She goes to New York where her son is born. He returns a hero, but does not even recognize her. Heartbroken, she lives for her child. Every New Year she sends him a telegram, and finally, one night they meet. He falls in love with her, takes her to his apartment, but never knows who she is. The ending is sincere and very lovely.

Direction of John Stahl who thoroughly understands this type of story, is very fine.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the most beautifully sentimental pictures of the year.

For Children: They won't have much chance to laugh, but the picture couldn't possibly hurt them.

"The Right to Romance" is Ann Harding's starring picture but Bob Young steals it from her

Zowie! For a wild, fast comedy, "Lady Killer" is one of the most amusing in months

"Christopher Bean" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Russell Hardie, Jean Hersholt, others.*

It's About: *A faithful servant who fights to retain the paintings of a dead and unappreciated artist, left in the attic of her employer.*

Give that grand old gal Marie Dressler the rôle of a faithful servant in the home of an unappreciative physician's family; fill up the attic with valuable paintings left there by a deceased painter, who was secretly married to her—and you have all the drama you can handle in one picture.

In this picture, taken from the play by the same name, Marie Dressler is marvelous. The rôle is similar to her one in "Emma," and she puts all her many years of grand trouping into every scene.

Lionel Barrymore, as the crabby old physician, is the other extreme from his tender Kringlein in "Grand Hotel," but equally grand. Beulah Bondi, one of the sweetest of humans off screen, plays

one of her "nasty" roles as his nagging, scolding wife.

Other members of the cast are excellent. Helen Mack is good to look at pictorially and artistically. M-G-M are wise in gradually building up Russell Hardie. You are conscious of his sincerity and fine ability every moment you see him.

Your Reviewer Says: This picture has everything that makes for bigger and better laughs —a few tears and swell entertainment.

For Children: You'll make them happy by taking them.

"Dark Hazard" has its moments but they are rather few and far between

"Dark Hazard" (First National)

You'll See: *Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell, Robert Barrat, Gordon Westcott, others.*

It's About: *The ups and downs of a gambler whose stakes include a wife and baby.*

Please, Mr. Warner Brothers, Edward G. Robinson is certainly worthy of much better material than you've given him in this picture. Always capable of a swell performance, he seems lost in a maze of events and countless sequences that eventually end right up where they started from. Somehow or other, nothing really ever happens in this picture.

The story is exciting in spots, especially where the dog races enter into what little plot there is. Everyone in the cast shows up to advantage, but Genevieve Tobin wins top spot for best performance.

Al Green, who is responsible for some of the finer Warner productions, didn't come up to the mark on this one. This reviewer feels that the great weakness of the picture was in the story material handed a director and cast who usually ring the bell.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the standard of Edward G. Robinson pictures.

For Children: Nothing to hurt them.

You will want to see "Only Yesterday" for its romance and also because of a new personality, Margaret Sullavan

"Lady Killer" (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Mae Clarke, Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton, Douglas Dumbrille, Raymond Hatton.*

It's About: *A big shot gambler, who becomes a bigger shot movie star and gets his underworld and studio world careers all mixed up with each other.*

Here's one for the natives! It's filled to over-flowing with hokum and more hokum. It gives you a glimpse of the underworld and the lowdown on how pictures are made. In all fairness to the third largest industry, it shows pictures being made as the out-of-towners imagine they are. But the day is long past when directors read a scene and the characters hear their parts for the first time in this manner.

Jimmy Cagney is superb! He starts in as an usher who is not so courteous to the paying customers, so he gets fired. He meets up with a pocket-book-dropping gal, who lures men to her apartment when they return her stolen property. Once there, she gets him in a card game with her "brothers" and does he get taken?

"Blood Money" suffers badly from miscasting but it has a good melodramatic story

Cagney catches on, comes in on their racket, but when they bump off a butler, he scrams for California. He gets into the movies and by writing himself fan letters, succeeds in becoming a star. But his old gang shows up and trouble starts big.

There is one mad sequence after another in this picture. Every actor and actress will especially appreciate the one

(*Continued on page* 83)

Strange that both Clara Bow and Lilian Harvey, on the opposite page, should both be Fox stars and both be sort of problem children. Clara of the wiggly hips and the alluring smile pulled an unexpected box-office dud in "Hoopla." It really wasn't her fault. The story had been done too many times. But where will she go from there?

clara bow

The little Harvey girl hasn't really been left out in the cold. Never had a girl been better treated by her studio (they even put ermine tails on her lampshades, which will give you an idea). And Lilian has worked very hard. But so far her American pictures have not lived up to expectations. Fox is hoping hard for "I Am Suzanne"

lilian harvey

Mae West's Life Story

In which Mae Talks About Love, as well as Sex, and Tells About the One Man She Really Admires

PART III

AND then, when I was thirteen, I cut loose from neighborhood stock and Handsome Hal Clarendons and all the other ordinary life of a girl in her early 'teens.

I went on the stage for myself—alone—in vaudeville. And forthwith, there began that long record of stage and human experience that has taught me, I believe, what audiences really want.

You see, even in the early part of the second decade of this century, I'd learned enough of what they want so that the sailors and soldiers and tired businessmen and bored husbands, who make up the audiences of those shows where they can get an eyeful of what they don't get on the job or at home, began to be acutely aware of a certain gal billed as "The Baby Vamp" in vaudeville and music shows.

"The Baby Vamp," as you needn't be any Philo Vance to know, was your own Mae West, strutting her stuff in her kiddie-widdie days. Mother had sent me, at her own expense, to Ned Wayburn's famous dancing school, where I learned the fundamentals of stepping and entertaining. But from Ned's on, I was on my own.

In fact, I soon discarded approximately two hundred percent of what I'd learned in dancing school. There, for example, they taught me to dance with my feet. How utterly silly! It didn't take me long to unlearn that routine, and to learn to move almost everything *but* my feet.

Early in my career, I was cast in New York musical shows with such tremendous entertainers as Ed Wynn and Frank Tinney. To steal any part of a show from a Wynn or a Tinney was a job that required thought. Thought—*and execution!* So I thought—I realized that to do my lines and my business "straight" meant that I'd just be a background for the Wynn antics, the Tinney lines. And being a background is an idea that never has appealed to me and never will—until I marry, and I'll tell you about that later on.

The result of my thought was what's now called "the Mae West Strut."

And forgive me if I say it, but it did things to people. Why, I honestly believe Ed Wynn and Frank Tinney'll admit that they themselves forgot their routines when I undulated across the stage, and became just part of the audience themselves. Mae West was finding herself.

And in addition to paying to hear Frank and Ed, audiences began to pay to "c'm up an' see *me* sometime!"

Here's another point, too, that I'll bet you don't know. Do you know that it was I, and not Bee Palmer or Gilda Gray, who introduced the famous "shimmy" dance? The others, like so many more, were among my imitators. They imitated well, and kept on with that stunt—and stayed vaudeville entertainers.

BUT I wanted more than that. I wanted more than just to be a big vaudeville or musical comedy star. I wanted to go beyond that. I knew there was more money to be had than $150 a week in vaudeville. I looked at four and five-figure numbers and said: "You can be had!" And wondered how to go about having 'em.

And then there came into my life the one man who, so far, has meant more to me than any other—except my father. That man is James A. Timony—"Jim" to me, "Tim" to many of his acquaintances.

Like every other actress, I met many men. Some of them were—h'mmm—interesting; others were just so much liverwurst. But none of them ever meant more to me than an evening's entertainment or so until I met "Jim." It was while I was with Ed Wynn in "Sometime." One evening, like so many other evenings, I was introduced to a new man. And something happened. Love?—oh, no. Certainly not love in the adolescent, romantic sense you primarily mean when you say love. It was the

by HARRY LANG

"love" that is compounded of respect and admiration and mutual esteem and recognition of qualities in each other. Why, you can say that two close men friends, two old business companions, "love" one another that way. I think that comes nearest to describing what Jim and I are to each other, even today.

Up to then, I'd been living the usual stage life. Making money fairly fast, spending it or lending it just as fast. It was the sort of career that would have ended like so many others have—with the end of beauty and the end of fame, poverty.

Jim changed that. Jim was, when I met him, a successful lawyer, a clever politician, a man who knew much of the show and entertainment world because in that field he exercised his legal talents. It wasn't long after I met him before I placed my affairs in his hands, as my personal advisor.

It was at the time a wonderful move on my part. But now, I'm happy to say, as time has worked things out, it has been a wonderful move for Jim as well. For soon our association became so mutually profitable that Jim found it desirable to drop his other associations and devote his entire time and attention to my interests. To this day, that association has never been strained. Not even when, not long ago, some idiotically misinformed magazine writer had published a story that said that Jim and I were man and wife.

I'm not married to Jim, or anyone else. Not that Jim wouldn't be a wonderful husband, but simply because I'm not going to marry yet. Some day the time will come. Some day I'll fall so head-over-heels in love, in all likelihood, that not another thing in the world will matter to me—fame, career, diamonds, adulation, wealth, anything. Then I'll marry. And when I do, believe me, the whole world will know it. There'll be no secret marriage for me, and you can dunk that in your glass of beer and believe it!

Well, with Jim's advice, and my experience, I became convinced that the great American public, despite its Comstocks and its assorted bluenoses, was somewhat aware of the existence of a natural state of affairs called, neatly, "sex." So, with Jim's encouragement, I wrote my first play—the drama of a woman who followed the British fleet, a constant sinner with a smile and a heart of gold. And when it came to titling the play, we thought and thought and thought—and finally named it "SEX" which was really the most obvious thing to do, by virtue of its being just that.

But just writing a play wasn't all that was necessary. It takes money to produce them. That's where Jim Timony first showed how tremendous, how real, how all-trusting was his faith and belief in me. Between Jim and my mother, the play was financed. And one night, at Daly's theater in New York, "Sex" with Mae West in the—well, I was almost going to say title rôle instead of leading rôle—opened.

At once it was a success. To the horror of the bluenoses, people semed to know what the one-word title meant. And besides, they knew what the lines and the action meant. Oh, it actually smoked in places, but so does life, doesn't it? And clergymen and legislatures don't pass laws against life, do they?

Nonetheless, "Sex" plunged New York into a furore of controversy. And with the controversy, the receipts grew. It became the smash success of the season. Even the British embassy became interested in the situations I'd written in about high-life in Trinidad, and started some sort of inquiry. For two years, "Sex" flourished, and I recalled the days when I'd said to myself that fat incomes *c'd be had.* And then something happened. Into the crevices of New York's political structure, crept a strangely disturbing force which was, let's call, a new morality. Mayor Jimmy Walker was taking a vacation and Acting Mayor "Holy Joe" McKee ordered raids on three plays. One of them was "Sex." The other two, if you care, were "The Captive" whose theme, if you don't know it, had to do with the abnormal affection between two women, and the other was "The Virgin Man" which, if nothing else, was at least a quaint idea.

We laughed off the arrest, I and the nineteen others taken in the raid. We believed, and so did Jim, that it was all silly and probably all a political gesture. But we didn't laugh when, on evidence that I still can't believe justified it, we were found guilty of presenting an indecent performance.

In this exciting chapter of her story, you'll find out the great influence of this man, Jim Timony, on Mae West's life

SO, on April 19, 1927, I took a dingy boat across a dingy strip of New York river, and found myself on what's called Welfare Island, in the middle of the East River—the women's workhouse of New York City. For ten days, I stayed there, serving my sentence. And too, I paid $500 fine. But when I left most, if not all of it, was repaid me in one single-line quotation. Warden Schleth of the prison said, as I departed:

"Mae West is a fine woman—and a great character."

To have that sincere statement from a man of Warden Schleth's character, I think I'd serve another ten days gladly. And it sums up, that remark of his, the idea back of what I want to say—that, although I have played on the stage and screen the sort of women that make bluenoses hotheaded, yet never in my personal life has scandal touched me. Match that, some of you who sniff at me!

Well, all I need say is that the conviction didn't scare me. It took more than a police raid and a silly verdict to make me change my mind about what people wanted. So I wrote "Diamond Lil" and I needn't tell you the hit *that* was. You saw the screen version under the name of "She Done Him Wrong"—that is, the same general idea. And now, unlike their first stuck-up attitude, critics hailed me as a genius, "the 400" took me up in a big way, and they all acted surprised that sex could be dealt with as openly as a cup of coffee.

(*Continued on page 73*)

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Pronunciation

Since gay Joan Crawford likes the man,
You may be sure he's hot,
But I will wager, movie fan,
She doesn't coo "Fran-shot,"
And if you love him like I do
You will not speak of dear "Fran-choo,"
I think it hurts the stars, like us,
To mispronounce their names so;
I know there's one who'll make a fuss
Unless you call him "Fran-show."

Phyllis Thompson, Utica, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

My Impressions of the Stars

Baby LeRoy—Genius munching zwiebach.

Dolores Del Rio—Moonlight on black waters.

Joan Crawford—Duse with dancing feet.

Lilyan Tashman—Caviar on toast.

Arline Judge—Madonna in a pinafore.

Miriam Hopkins—Elf playing sophisticate.

Sylvia Sidney—An April day.

Jean Harlow—A figurine of pale spun gold.

Joan Cross, Buffalo, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Seven Don'ts

With the New Year I would like to post a few don'ts for future productions:

1. Don't make pictures that depict trouble from the first to the last reel.

2. Don't offer any more radio stars on the theory that because they click through the loud speaker they must be a hit on the screen.

3. Don't make an aviation picture that has over one minute of engine noise or sky droning.

4. Don't take the camera into the bathroom.

5. Don't become so obsessed with camera angles and photographic beauty that you forget to tell a story.

6. Don't take a group of juvenile actors and give them a routine story about the younger generation.

7. Don't make a picture for Broadway alone. Remember there are a thousand little Broadways who demand consideration.

Eleanor Lefco, Winston-Salem, N. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Mae's Influence

There is more in the rapid growth of Miss Mae West's public than meets the first glance, and it is more than hips, hips, hurray. Miss West's present vogue is great. Her streamlines have revived old ideas of pulchritude. Her wise cracks have become gags for a hundred uses. Some are passing into the language. Children imitate her in their charades. She has brought back the full-fleshed woman and the fully clothed. If this sets a style she will dispose of the wheat surplus and put the fabric makers right back in the middle of prosperity. But most of all she has put the ladies in their place again. She has redrawn the distinctions. Diamond Lil is Victorian on the other side of the fence and the fence is up, but the spirit of the ladies may also be up. They may refuse to stay on their side. In that case it is again good night to the dichotomies.

W. L. Fung, Honolulu, T. H.

Hail Hollywood!

Each month as I read the inimitable Movie Mirror I marvel at the high artistic standard promised by the ambitious production program now being undertaken in Hollywood. The alluring Dietrich as Catherine the Great of Russia! Garbo, the glamorous, as Christina of Sweden, reunited at last with the romantic Gilbert! The bewitching Crawford in the type of rôle she portrays so well as the gay, vi-

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each.

Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

brant dancer in "Dancing Lady" with the masterful Gable as co-star! Shearer of the flawless technique as Marie Antoinette, the tragic queen of France! Swanson the incomparable as that divine genius, Sarah Bernhardt! Each one a gem of casting, a delight to the innumerable admirers of these stellar favorites.

To further brighten the cinema skies, such new stars as Mae West, Helen Hayes, and Katharine Hepburn, have risen to shine and shed their radiance from the silver screen.

Yes, Hollywood is experiencing her renaissance, and with the coming show season, she will emerge the glamorous and fascinating Hollywood of old, instead of the dull, mechanical factory she has so closely resembled the past few seasons.

New Hollywood, I salute you!

James R. Carswell, Alberta, Canada.

Our Mirror—Hollywood

What would we do without a Hollywood and the glamorous stars—those people who mirror life for us, who interpret human nature in its most impressive form and effectively present to the world the greatest lessons of character—in short, what would we do without those self-possessed human beings who are the most vivid personalities of history in the making?

Think of the tireless directors and producers who are often responsible for the success of such outstanding lives and who do more for American Youth in the emotional field than any institution of learning in our nation.

It takes courage, real courage, consistent ambition, perseverance, and hard work to succeed in a screen career; so there is no wonder that those who have attained the greatest heights are prepared to present life from many standpoints and also to entertain with that glamour that is not equalled by any other form of amusement.

Then let us shout our praises for such a frame as thee, O Hollywood—for the characters who color your picture, and for the pictures which paint our ideals—ideals of beauty and rare knowledge in the intellectual, the spiritual and the emotional world!

Clara B. Hutchins, Ennis, Texas.

Sez You!

Most movie fans are concerned about "who's who" in pictures. There's a reason. For years wily minds of filmdom sought to amass fortunes. And they succeeded. How? By simply educating the movie minded into believing that the "who" element was everything in pictures.

Remember when you tried to win $5,000 for picking a name for an actress? That idea got every movie fan interested. Remember the discussion on the "beautiful but dumb" and the beautiful who were not dumb? Remember how often we read about the "best dressed" actress in Hollywood? And our interest, at any time, was never permitted to sag.

Now we have the "big mouth"—the fastest talker, the one with the racy voice. And among the latest "who's" are Primo Carnera and Max Baer.

When are we going to get real honest vitamin entertainment?

The vitamins we're getting now are:

A—Applesauce for Art
B—Bust development for Beauty
C—Cauliflower gents for Character men
D—Dialogue for Drama
E—Exotic affectation for Emotion

William Fishwick, Detroit, Mich.

Another Version

Gone are the days when feminine pulchritude and male handsomeness provided the would-be stars with an open sesame to filmland fame and fortune. No longer does the corn-fed bathing beauty from Pumpkin Center or the curly-haired athlete from Siwash University scale the dizzy heights of Hollywood, armed only with the bludgeon of physical perfection.

The palmy days of P. T. Barnum are history; John Public is no longer beguiled by the spiel of the ballyhooer. He is interested primarily in value received, and has long since come to the realization that "easy on the eyes" is all too often hard on the ears and sundry other senses.

Carl Pennington, Jacksonville, Fla.

Isn't It A Shame!

CLEVER GIRL . . . SWELL SENSE OF HUMOR . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Patricia is as witty as Broadway, and her laughter is as lilting as a goldfinch's song! She's grand company. But—there's a "but" about Patricia!

On skiis and on skates, Patricia skims along like a snow-bird! She's sparkling—amusing—she's fun! But the "but" about Patricia spoils many a "date"!

Men hear about Patricia—and ask to meet this witty girl. But they listen—they look—and they leave. For the "but" about Patricia is her teeth!

Why has nobody told Patricia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—can rob a girl's teeth of their sparkle—can rob her smile of its charm!

A dentist would tell Patricia to clean her teeth and massage her gums—with Ipana, which tones the gums as well as brightens the teeth!

Soon enough—with Ipana—Patricia would be attractive again when she laughed and when she talked. Patricia would be popular with men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Do you—like poor Patricia—have tender gums and dingy-looking teeth which ruin your looks when you laugh or talk?

Your dentist knows a lot about gums! He knows that they need massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste!

He knows that today's foods, so deliciously creamy and tender, do not exercise the gums or give them the stimulation they must have to stay hard and healthy. He knows that unexercised gums tend to become flabby and often to bleed.

Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth—that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea—that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

Don't be like Patricia. Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, and begin to care for your unhealthy gums as well as for your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana, and with a little extra Ipana on your fingertip, massage your gums. Your teeth will brighten as your gums become firmer.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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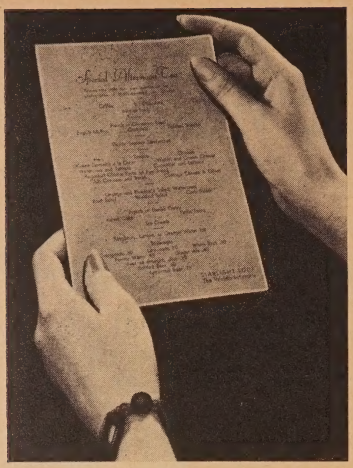

...and his eyes are saying—

"What Lovely Hands!"

In all the sum total of a woman's charms, what is more alluringly feminine than the soft loveliness of fair, smooth-textured hands!

Now, with Pacquin's, even busy hands may have the beauty men adore and women envy. Because Pacquin's unlike most creams, doesn't vanish — it *penetrates,* carrying into the skin precious natural softening oils, so necessary to keep your hands youthfully smooth and supple. It counteracts the drying, oil-robbing effect of exposure to water or weather—the chief enemy of hand beauty.

Try Pacquin's for a week. You'll rejoice at the way it softens and whitens your hands—you'll find it *different* and pleasantly economical, because a little pat goes such a long way. *Don't try to hide your hands—use*

Pacquin's

In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to $1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Young Doug Speaks Out

(*Continued from page 29*)

But with Doug it was difficult. His contract with Warner Brothers was expiring. He had no thought of renewing it. His one idea was to get away—the sooner the better. Once Doug dismisses a thing from his mind, there is no place for it unless there comes a new use.

Therefore, he dismissed Hollywood. He offered no explanation. Perhaps in his anxiety to get going, he gave Hollywood a little too much credit for understanding.

Doug had always loved Europe. He was educated there and had made as many trips back as his life would allow. He loves the history, the color, the background of the Old World. The very smell of crumbling old castles inspired him emotionally. The pomp and dignity of the courts—the changing of the royal guard—their startling uniforms—all thrilled him to the depths.

At heart, Doug is a romanticist. Had he been born in the olden days when knighthood was in flower—when chivalry reigned supreme—he might have been the happiest boy in the world. Besides all this, there was his friendship and admiration for Noel Coward, his literary godfather.

THESE and many other reasons made him direct his footsteps toward foreign shores. When he had been married to Joan, he had been willing to give them up. But he had never thrown them out of his life. Now nothing stood in his way.

Things were just beginning to break for Doug in Europe. Letters to Joan brought detailed reports of the progress he was making—the plans he had for the future. There were to be so many months on that side of the Atlantic—so many months in Hollywood. There would be time to work on his books—time to act on the stage—time to play. Doug had almost got to the point where he had forgotten there could be such things as disappointment, boredom or failure. His life and career were shaping themselves just as Joan's back in Hollywood were doing.

Then out of a clear sky came the rumor that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had gone "pro-British." The rumors became a printed fact. No one had heard from Doug—no one had seen him. Yet he was credited with making statements of wanting to become a British subject, forsaking his American rights and citizenship.

At first, Douglas was too stunned to take it seriously. Then when he heard it from all directions, he was almost too hurt to go on. Being a terribly sensitive person, he shut himself away from everyone. He refused to affirm or deny.

Countless letters have crossed the sea begging Doug to justify himself. All pleading was in vain. He was too hurt to even care. Finally, as a last resort (and a subtle way of tricking him into talking) I appealed to Doug through his fans. I implored him to make a statement for them, because they still wanted to go on believing in him.

And because Doug is loyal and appreciative of young America, who have been so kind to him, he relented. Following are quotations from his letter. They are the first ever given by him since the false and unjust accusations came to light. May the publishing of the authentic Fairbanks quotes put to death for all time the cruel stories that have been circulated. His friends believe in him—his fans will more than ever after reading what he has to say.

Says Doug: "I left Hollywood because, after twelve years of going up and down the precarious ladder of a film career, I found myself tied up in knots and not doing the things, professionally, that I have always wanted to. I was still able to make money but the things I was doing lacked an honesty of purpose. I was waking up every morning thinking, sleeping, eating, talking, pictures. I felt that every move I made and everything I said would be published. Consequently, I became self-conscious and felt that not only my work but I, as an individual, was becoming artificial. Suddenly I ceased to care about success if it came at that price. However, I still felt the desire to do certain things in films but I wanted to do them in a setting where, when my day's work was done, I could at least think and talk of something else.

"I could never feel excited about myself as a romantic leading man and I felt that, if I was to do anything at all, I would rather make two films a year and have them big and important efforts and something for which I felt more suited. Also, I could do a play a year. I could be in a place, where, if I wanted to write or travel, I am only a few hours from more than a score of different countries where there are people who have entirely different conceptions and ideals of life, whose customs and language have nothing in common with each other and where life is still a pleasant though strange adventure.

"There are no bad feelings against Hollywood. Why should there be? My father and I do not say that this move will suit every one. It just happens to fit in our own peculiar scheme of things. We have no desire to move Hollywood away from itself. To begin with that would be foolishness. But, if pictures are an art and art is international, just stop to consider that all the greatest authors of the world don't live in Newark, N. J., nor do all the painters live in Greenwich, Conn.

"WE have formed this company which is in reality but a subsidiary company of United Artists. It is the foreign branch of an American company and it is machinery set up for those who feel the same as we, where each one is a part owner in the enterprise, where each film has unlimited time and thought put on it.

"As far as living anywhere is concerned, I don't like living anywhere and London is the great hopping-off place to the myriad places I have mentioned above. I have no idea in the world, and neither has my father, of changing nationality.

"Home will always be home and all the traveling in the world cannot change that but, when there are things to do, we attempt to do them where we feel they will be most effectively created."

True to his word, Young Doug is now returning to America to play the lead in "Success Story" for RKO. But after that will have been completed he will go back to London for another picture under the direction of Alexander Korda, of "Henry VIII" fame.

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Oh-h! The Pain of Hollywood Divorces

(*Continued from page 39*)

Then, too, I can remember a tea party where an executive was so unfortunate as to meet his former wife while accompanied by his current. Both ladies promptly retired into separate rooms and had hysterics. Incidentally the former wife makes things very unpleasant for any friends who dare to entertain the new spouse. And you *should* hear what those girls call each other. This is a case where it isn't wise to mix the new with the old—not if you want to keep a roof over your head. Neither is it wise to invite Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver on the same party. That was NOT a friendly divorce.

IT was a disappointment to a lot of people when the Max Baer-Dorothy Dunbar divorce turned out to be such a flivver. Good looking Maxie had become a famous figure in Hollywood and did not object to feminine adulation. The divorce promised to lend a new subject of conversation to the cocktail parties. However, Dorothy Dunbar secured a Mexican divorce, and no one knew exactly what the charges were. It may have been dandruff. Anyway within a few days of the divorce Maxie began to woo his former wife again. They have appeared together several times at the Clover Club, which seems to be Hollywood's favorite loafing place for the moment.

With Stephen Ames in New York, it isn't likely that Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot will be running into him very often. That was a jolly threesome while it lasted, and it had Hollywood agog for months. Mr. Ames' sudden and startling announcement that there would be a divorce ended that. They do say the end wasn't entirely friendly, so perhaps it is just as well that a continent separates Adrienne's first husband from her second.

Mary Pickford will find it difficult to avoid meetings with Douglas Fairbanks, once that gentleman returns from England. Both are stockholders in the United Artists studio, and have many other business interests in common. It will not be particularly pleasant for Mary to meet Douglas in society. She is still a bit embarrassed at meeting Owen Moore—and many years have passed since that divorce.

Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland are always meeting each other at this or that party, and they are the best of friends. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart go driving together, even if gossip does say that Sue will become Mrs. Ken Murray when the divorce is final. To make it even more confusing, Nick and Ken are friends, too.

One hostess received a strange refusal of a party invitation. She had invited the former wife of a well-known producer. They had been divorced for years.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but I can't come," apologized the lady. "You see, that night is our wedding anniversary, and we're going to celebrate at the Ambassador."

Usually the screen folk can stay mad at least while the divorce is being granted, but not always. Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn made up and got mad half a dozen times in this brief period. They were dining together at a night club at the time the divorce papers were being drawn. Their lawyer walked by the table.

"You may be out of a job," they chorused. But the lawyer didn't look particularly worried.

They tell me that Irene Martin, who rarely goes out, has yet to make a public appearance without meeting "Skeets" Gallagher and his wife, Pauline Mason. Irene was the first Mrs. Gallagher, and 'tis said they aren't too glad to see each other. It isn't particularly jolly when Clarence Brown meets Ona Brown, his former wife. On the other hand Alice Joyce, now Mrs. Clarence Brown, has been quite friendly with Tom Moore and his new missus. People hold their breath if Charlie Chaplin happens to meet Mildred Harris or Lita Gray. The Chaplin divorces were no love feasts.

A RARELY told anecdote concerns an unexpected meeting between Ronald Colman and Mrs. Colman. She had traveled from England to Hollywood to confer with her estranged husband, and had been unable to arrange a meeting. By a strange quirk of fate the one evening she attended a Los Angeles theater, Colman occupied the next seat. Neither enjoyed the show much.

There's an amusing story, too, of the famous screen lover who met his first wife in New York. The old bitterness had gone, and they were delighted to see each other once more. Things were drifting rapidly toward remarriage when the former wife asked a rather tactless question.

"Will you stop my alimony between now and the time we get married?" she asked, anxiously. And that was the end of THAT.

You can't get away from them. There can be Hollywood divorces from now until kingdom come, but separation is impossible. Mae Murray has been running into Robert Leonard for years. Now she'll have David M'Divani to worry about, too.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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SIXTH—That this dynamic Power is NOT TO BE FOUND "within," but has its source in a far different direction.

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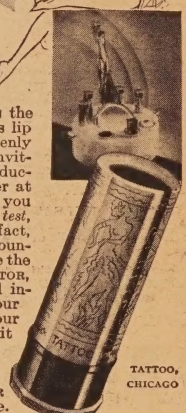

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TATTOO

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(*Continued from page* 70)

Marion Nixon and Eddie Hillman can't avoid each other unless they never leave their homes. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane have met innumerable times. The first Mrs. Clark Gable writes fan magazine articles occasionally about her ex-husband. They're very friendly articles, but I've often wondered what Clark thinks about them.

As time goes on Hollywood hostesses have figured out a little formula for parties. Immediately after the divorce it is wise to invite only one of the injured parties. When the wife marries again it is reasonably safe to invite the ex-husband, too. When both remarry there's really very little to worry about. It's all just one big happy family. Sometimes, the new wives and husbands don't feel exactly that way about it. The first Mrs. Glutz is seldom passionately devoted to the second Mrs. Glutz. It's a rare case when Constance Talmadge Netcher gives a *bon voyage* party for the first Mrs. Netcher.

I knew an even better one than that, however, and it happened a few years ago in Los Angeles. Willard Mack, the current Mrs. Mack and an ex-Mrs. Mack all appeared in the same stage play. Sitting in an orchestra seat was Pauline Frederick, and in a stage box was Marjorie Rambeau. They, too, had been Mrs. Mack at one time and another. That is the only occasion I know where one man has had four wives under one roof. But if these Hollywood divorces and marriages keep on, who can tell?

Gary Talks About His Marriage

(*Continued from page* 9)

there . . . in his way . . . in his quiet, noncommittal Montanian way?

There were several European ladies, social stars in continental circles, who sighed deeply when he sailed away.

In California the Countess di Frasso and Gary were to continue the friendship begun in her palace in Rome. Through Gary the Countess, formerly Dorothy Taylor, and an American heiress, became one of a select motion picture group, a good friend of Mary Pickford's, and a frequent house guest at Pickfair.

CERTAINLY between no two women could there be a greater difference than there is between Dorothy Frasso and Lupe Velez. The former is a cosmopolite, at home in the most famous and select European salons. A little raw in the beginning, it was natural that Gary should not seek anyone likely to remind him of Lupe. So on his rebound he found this woman who could introduce him to many new things, to a different life, and leave him little time to regret what had passed.

Gary, it is entirely reasonable to believe, had had enough of youthful and physical loveliness. Gary was intrigued and attracted by other things. Countess di Frasso could introduce him to the world of sports and fashion, of books, of art, of music, a world which has its own fascination, its own charm.

And now the pendulum has swung back somewhat, righted itself, found a happy balance. Now there is Sandra. . . .

Were you to see Sandra, you'd agree that she has some of the attraction of Lupe and much of the charm of Dorothy Frasso. She's young and lovely. Tall and slim. With flashing eyes and startling white teeth. Born and brought up in better than comfortable circumstances in New York, she is sophisticated without being hard. A dinner party for eight or twelve, as the case might be, will not throw her into a case of dithers. Besides handling a gun expertly herself, she's not likely to fly into a tantrum or go faint during a hunting expedition.

"She didn't like it much," says Gary, referring to Sandra's reaction to screen work. And he says this with obvious masculine satisfaction. Because it's Gary's very definite opinion that one career is quite enough for any family.

"Two people, both working in the studios . . . " his voice implying both hands held up in horror " . . . you can't swing that without a lot of luck on your side.

"Then, too, . . . not that there aren't dozens of charming, delightful girls in pictures, mind you . . . but, well, having a career to look after naturally makes a girl more aggressive and more ambitious. I'm glad Sandra decided against pictures.

"We're fortunate, I think, Sandra and I. We like the same things. We want the same things. It isn't likely we'll face a day when we'll suddenly discover we've become strangers, when she'll want to go one way, do one thing, and I'll want to go another way, do something else.

"Between pictures, when I'm able to fly to New York for a few weeks or go off on a hunting trip, well, Sandra'll be free to come with me. That's the way I figure marriage . . . you know, two people going along, working it out . . . *together.*"

Mae West's Life Story

(*Continued from page 65*)

"Diamond Lil" ran for five years—two on Broadway, three more on tour. I followed that with "The Constant Sinner." All this time, Jim Timony was beside me, advising me, taking care of all the million-and-one technical problems of stage play presenting and producing, leaving me free to write and act. Without Jim, I don't think I could ever have done it.

Too, Jim was my financial manager. If I'd been left to myself, I'd probably have spent the money I made as quickly as it came in—foolishly, on useless matters, or lending it. I've never been able, alone, to say "no" to anyone who needed a loan.

Jim invested my earnings, carefully, sagaciously. He left me my one extravagance—diamonds. But even diamonds aren't a bad investment—that is, unless you tangle them up with stick-up men, about which I'll tell you when I come to my Hollywood experiences.

At the end of the run of "The Constant Sinner," I quit the stage for a rest. I was not only financially "okeh," but actually rich.

But if you've read my story, you'll realize that two things that don't mix are Mae West and Rest. I began to fidget, to want to do something—something more than I'd done, something new, something different. I thought of writing another play, but Jim pointed out what I already knew—that the theater was in a bad way, and that even sex mightn't wake it up. So what?

Up to that time, I'd never given pictures a thought. To me, the theater—the legitimate stage—represented my life. I knew there was such a place as Hollywood, but I couldn't seem to be interested in it. However, it simply forced itself on my consciousness. More and more of the men and women I'd known on Broadway left for Hollywood to go into pictures. I had an idea, then, that all good little actors and actresses, when they die, go to Hollywood—and promptly lost interest, because I didn't see myself dead.

But again, Hollywood barged in on my consciousness. The moviemakers, themselves feeling the pinch, and knowing the records that had been set by my plays, began to approach me. I thought they were a bit crazy. I'd heard of what they call the Hays Code. I couldn't see where Mae West could even squeeze in between a comma and the next word in that Code.

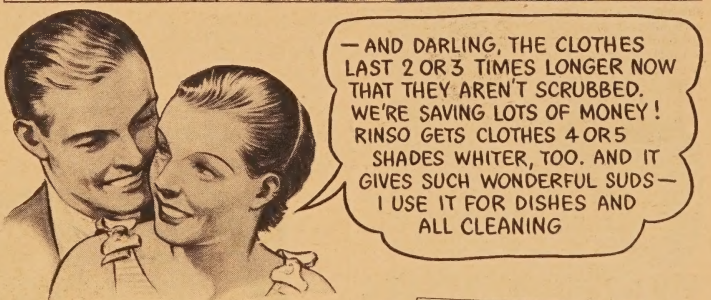
However, all these symptoms of what Hollywood was doing began to tell on me. Subconsciously I began to feel that maybe Hollywood offered the one thing I craved more than anything else—a new, bigger, and fresher activity.

So, in the spring of 1932, with Jim Timony's backing again, I said "Yes" to Paramount. And off I went to Hollywood, with Jim along to keep me from jittering like any school-girl over a new experience.

I wondered what was there for me. But I did *not worry*—that West self-confidence that came to me from my prize-fighting father who licked men bigger than himself didn't let me worry. I only *wondered* about the new place, the new people, the new life, the new restrictions.

It thrilled me when my first assignment was a rôle in a picture called "Night After Night," with George Raft.

(*To be concluded*)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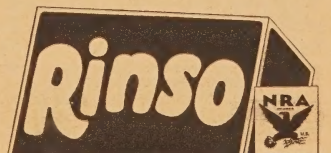

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Joan Crawford's Men

(*Continued from page* 14)

always she was willing to hear his troubles.

She heard that Gene Raymond was misunderstood in Hollywood—that people said he was ritzy and aloof, Joan knew what a sting the words carried so she sought out Gene Raymond and told him what was right for him to hear, that he mustn't let the town get him, that he must lead his own life and hold fast to his own ideals.

Robert Young might never be the actor he is today if it had not been for Joan. She discovered him wandering about the studio bewildered by an industry and an art that was too big for him. She found that he was taking himself too seriously—a habit that she has had to fight against—and she taught him to laugh at bad breaks and be thankful for the good ones.

MONROE OWSLEY had been deeply in love with her before he came to Hollywood. They had met on location at West Point. But much had happened between the time of their meeting and the young actor's arrival in Hollywood. Joan had become a great star. She was married to young Fairbanks. Owsley did not know whether she would want to remember him. But he soon found that she did. She even asked that he play in a picture of hers.

Ricardo Cortez was in love with her, too, but she mothered him, exchanged confidences with him and brightened his hospital room with flowers and gifts when he was ill. And now, there is Francis Lederer, a serious artist, trying hard to be serious in the movie village. He had admired her on the screen. He longed to meet her, but did not dare ask it. A friend told her that it would mean a great deal to him, a newcomer, to know Joan Crawford. Instantly a dinner invitation was sent him and her warmest friendship given him.

And—taking another jump on the social ladder—there is her chauffeur. When he came to work for her he needed the job badly and took it in spite of the fact that he was ill. Because he was afraid of being fired if he did not perform the duties assigned him he drove her for days when he should have been in a hospital. One day she saw the drawn, pinched look on his face. She asked him if he were not well and he collapsed before her. Immediately he was sent to the hospital at her expense. Not so long ago, his wife had a baby and was cared for out of Joan's bank account.

Excellent actor though Franchot Tone is, he might have languished in Hollywood for months without being "discovered" if Joan had not given him all the benefits of her patronage. That they are in love with each other there is no doubt. But that does not stop her from mothering him.

And these are but some of the men in Joan Crawford's life. There are more, too, I'm sure. It is as natural for her to mother and pamper and "baby" men as it is for a mother cat to lave her kittens.

What the girl really needs is a houseful of children of her own. But if she had that, there would probably be dozens of young men who would never get to college, never become screen actors, never be cared for when they are ill. And the funny part is that "Mama Joan" doesn't know she is doing her girl scout good deeds. She turns on that strong maternal fire because she is impelled to do so!

I Hate Everything

(*Continued from page* 41)

imagination. I don't see why they can't make the whole thing up instead."

"When I write," I said, trying to placate Margaret, "I try to follow the truth as closely as possible."

But Margaret Sullavan loves an argument.

"You shouldn't stick to the truth," she said triumphantly. "You *should* color the things you write about."

She is as unconventional and natural as the wind, and as unexpected as a blessed event which Walter Winchell has failed to predict.

She is also obviously a terrible tease, and sometimes says and does things through sheer perversity.

"At Universal," she says, "I made the lives of everyone around me miserable by being in a terrible humor all the time. I wanted to be out-of-doors, and there I was cooped up making a picture. I took my bad humor out on everyone around me. Finally my agents, Joyce and Selznick, sent for me and took me to task. 'Everyone on the Universal lot has been lovely to you,' they told me. 'Why can't you go around being pleasant?'

"The next day whenever I met anyone on the Universal lot, I started a little pæan of joy: 'I love papa Laemmle, I love Universal, I love all the little birds and bees and flowers.' I kept that up every day as long as I was on the Universal lot. After a while other people on the lot joined in the chant. I'd say, 'I love daddy Laemmle,' they'd chant, 'I love Universal,' and then they'd ask me what else I loved. It got to be a regular hymn around the place."

Hollywood thought Katharine Hepburn was nutty till Margaret Sullavan came along. On the surface, Margaret Sullavan seems just twice as nutty.

But underneath the surface there is a reason for all this eccentric behavior.

If Margaret Sullavan had accepted the ideas of those around her, she would never have gone on the stage. She would be living a life of ease in the South now, married to a boy of a good Southern family, her days confined to an empty cycle of pink tea parties and endless bridge games.

THAT was the kind of life her parents dreamed of for her. For, as you may know, she was born in Norfolk, Virginia, the daughter of a broker who was in fairly comfortable circumstances. Her parents were conventional Southerners who never dreamed of a career on the stage for their daughter.

I doubt if they ever understood Margaret, even when she was a child. They never understood her unruly, rebellious spirit. They never understood her hatred of the life of ease and all the creature comforts they offered her. I cannot imagine from what remote ancestor she inherited that attitude, but in Margaret Sullavan was born a spirit of independence and self-reliance that nothing could smother. At first she showed it in small ways. At the age of three she impatiently brushed her nurse aside and started taking her own baths. She laughed at the most sacred traditions of the town of Norfolk, in which she was brought up.

They pampered her and she did not want to be pampered. She was happy only in the open, swimming or indulging in other outdoor sports. If they had understood her spirit of independence, all would have been fine. But because they didn't understand it, she became difficult, wilful, ornery. When I asked Margaret what she was like as a child, she described herself with a five letter word beginning with "b" and said triumphantly, "There, I told you that you couldn't print anything I said, didn't I?"

Margaret did go to Sullins College but she hardly bothered with the routine college subjects. Instead she took courses in art and interpretative dancing, and elocution. The only academic courses she took were English and Latin, and those she took merely as a sop to her parents.

"At the end of a year," she says, "I left college, anxious to get on with my great career."

At that she winks one mischievous gray eye, so that you know darn well that her sense of humor extends even to her own ambitions.

She went to camp that summer, and in the fall she confronted her parents and told them, "I'm leaving home. I want to go on the stage. I'm not asking your permission to do it because I know you won't give it. But whether you give your permission or not, I'm going."

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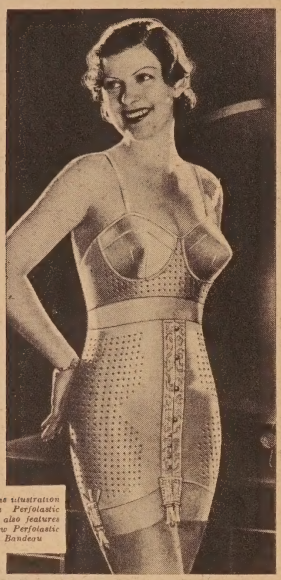

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She enrolled at the Copley Theatre School in Boston and studied stage technique. It was only natural that a girl like Margaret would get to know a great many university students who were also interested in the stage. They banded together to form the University Players, and they played stock at Cape Cod.

With this experience behind her and without the knowledge of her parents, Margaret went off to New York in the fall to look for a job. In a very short time, she lined up two opportunities—one as an offstage voice for the Theatre Guild, and the other as an ingenue with the Jitney Players. While she was trying to decide between them, her father appeared and dragged her home.

"I CAN'T imagine anyone dragging you home," I told her.

"You can't? I'm afraid I made life hell for my parents that winter. I went to endless teas and parties and I thought dramatically, 'Life is all over for me.' I made my social debut. You cannot imagine what a silly rite making your social debut is in Norfolk. There are no separate coming-out parties, but there is one grand ball to which all the debutantes are invited if their grandfathers were prominent. At that ball you wear a white dress and carry lots of flowers."

After her debut Margaret's parents persisted in hoping that she would marry a Southern swain, who would offer her the same pleasant, sheltered existence that they had offered. They should have known Margaret better. Nothing could still the fiery spirit in the girl. That summer she went back to the University Players. In the fall she got a job as understudy on the road in "Strictly Dishonorable." In six weeks she was playing the role for all it was worth.

While she was appearing in an amateur show at Princeton, a Shubert man, Stanley Logan, saw her.

"He presented me with the leading part in 'The Modern Virgin'," she explains, "because I had laryngitis and he thought my voice sounded like Ethel Barrymore's. When he presented me to Shubert, Shubert also said, 'Oh, yes, she does sound like Ethel Barrymore,' and gave me the job on the strength of it. For two months I practically killed myself keeping that laryngitis so that I would sound like Ethel Barrymore.

"After that the Shuberts signed me to a contract, and put me in nothing but lousy plays. I was in one play which lasted ten days and in another which lasted a week. Last fall I went into 'Chrysalis,' which lasted three weeks, and was perfectly terrible. That was followed by 'Bad Manners,' which lasted one week and was even worse."

During this time Margaret received numerous movie offers, but she was so infuriated at being given movie offers on the strength of such hopelessly bad plays that she turned them all down. Besides, most of the offers were for long-term contracts, and she didn't want to tie herself down to a promise to keep on making pictures for years and years.

Finally she appeared on Broadway as Paula in "Dinner At Eight," playing the role which was later played by Madge Evans on the screen. She was a tremendous hit in this. Universal, which had been having a hectic time trying to find a girl to play the leading role in "Only Yesterday," offered her the role. She read the script and was wildly enthusiastic.

"That," she told me, with characteristic frankness, "was before I came to Hollywood and realized how they could butcher a script out there."

That isn't, of course, the sort of thing that a newcomer to pictures should say. But Margaret Sullavan is flouting all the conventions of Hollywood.

There are many things about the girl that are hard to understand. The newspapers recently printed the story that she had been divorced for five months from Henry Fonda, of Omaha, Nebraska, whom she married in 1931. Margaret Sullavan not only denies that she was ever divorced from Henry Fonda, but she denies that she was ever married to him or that she even knows who he is. She says that she does not know where the story came from or where it started. Once before, she says, she was rumored married to a man with whom she had had lunch once. Margaret Sullavan denies that she has ever been married or ever been divorced. I do not know whether or not she is telling the truth or why she should lie about it.

ALL I can say is this. Whether or not she has ever married, I do not believe that Margaret Sullavan has ever met her match. I believe that the tragedy of sex is that women try to dominate men, when in the secret places of their hearts they really want to be dominated. Some day, I believe, Margaret Sullavan will have to go through that conflict, if she has not already done so. She will have to surrender some of that spirit of independence which is as precious to her as her life's blood or she will have to surrender love. She fought many a battle for her independence and always won. She has never really compromised with life. Yet love and marriage are the essence of compromise. So I wonder what is going to happen to Margaret Sullavan.

Myrna Loy Talks on Men

(*Continued from page* 40)

I reminded her of the fact that it was generally understood that she made up her mind, early in life, to let nothing stand in the way of her career; that men were a secondary consideration.

"*There wouldn't have been any career without the men in my life!* It has been a man, in every single case, who has helped me over the hurdle when the outlook has been the worst.

"Don't look so surprised. It's perfectly legitimate. Ever since the day I failed to get the part in *Ben-Hur* and Bob McIntyre said to me: 'Kiddie, I don't know who you are or what your circumstances are, but you were grand in that test and I'm going to give you extra work every time I can'—from that day on, some man out of sheer, disinterested kindness, has helped me along.

"But you may be surprised when I tell you that (with the single exception of Natacha Rambova, who did so much for me) *not a single woman has ever reached out a helping hand* during the eight years' struggle for recognition."

THIS was no surprise. Sally Eilers once reminded me that an ambitious player need not be comforted by the fact that stars were eager to help them, giving instructions about make-up, etc. Her comment was that a star did this only for people whom she did not regard as possible competition. Myrna has always been *possible competition.* Subconsciously, anybody could recognize the potential menace from the day she did that weird dance in *The Desert Song,* up to the time she played the respectable wife in *Animal Kingdom,* using the tactics of a mistress to hold her husband.

You have been told that Myrna Loy is the direct antithesis of all she appears on the screen. This is largely true, but never, for a treacherous second, be led into believing that she is the unaffected schoolgirl type. Even when she lays aside the habitual reserve, part of the mask persists—something remote and not self-giving at all. You know of the baby Mozarts who climbed the clavier and played when they were still too small to reach the keyboard, and that Macaulay parsed Greek at three. In some similar manner, Myrna Loy was born with the mysterious knowledge of the methods used by all the alluring women who have charmed down through the ages. No wonder Natacha Rambova said of her: "She has more than beauty. She has the poise of a priestess."

With this in mind, you will understand why she gave no recipes for love-technique. She doesn't believe that you deliberately make men fall in love with you. Therefore, she doesn't believe that any secret of charm or love-making is worth while. She believes that when love comes, it is the most all-consuming fire that ever touches your life. But she does admit that the most difficult undertaking one can ever begin is the *deliberate falling out of love.*

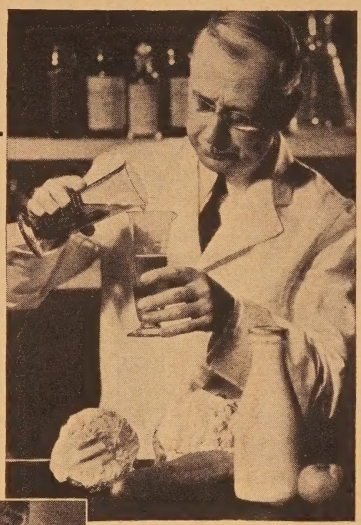
This sounds as if she might know about it.

"Yes I do," she said. "I did just that. I made myself forget a man whom I adored. I made myself put him out of my life, both for his own sake and for mine.

"He loved me, after his fashion, but he

Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New Advance in Relieving Fussy Stomachs



THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

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was gloriously, splendidly beautiful, and women cast their pearls at his feet, as it were. Why shouldn't he take women for granted? I hadn't read *Cynara* at the time, but that might easily have been his name, so perfectly does the description fit him. He did love me *in his fashion.*

"But that was not enough. When I give my heart again, I will at least think I am getting a whole-hearted affection. Perhaps if I *think* so, the results will be just as good.

"It's really loving that gives us the joy, isn't it, not the being loved? Have you ever thought of how many men have offered you love and it meant nothing to you? It was only when someone came along and aroused the latent spark in you —when you were indissolubly bound by thinking alike, when you vibrated in unison—that life took on a different hue.

"NATURALLY, we all do just what *Ann Vickers* did. You saw Irene Dunn in the picture version? I thoroughly appreciated the scene in which she comes to herself—when she realizes that she has given to the man she loves all the priceless traits with which she has endowed the sweetheart of her dreams all of her life.

"I did just that. The only thing is that we never know it at the moment. Sooner or later the realization comes. When it came to me it was as if I were in a different world, without ever going anywhere.

"No, I will not disclose, now or ever, the name of the man to whom I first gave my heart. I am happy that I did not make the usual pathetic endeavor to win him back. He did a great thing for me, in that the experience enables me to understand the love, the doubts, the anguish of all women during an emotional crisis.

"The men who have given me priceless encouragement along the way are Henry Waxman (photographer), Valentino, Bob McIntyre (casting director), John Barrymore, Rouben Mamoulian, Arthur Hornblow, Daryl Zanuck, William Howard and E. H. Griffith. You will observe, they are all connected with the profession.

"First, Mr. Waxman was willing to photograph me, without pay, after he had seen me dancing in a Fanchon & Marco chorus, because he thought I had screen possibilities. But for him I might never have been on the screen. Valentino saw the Waxman portraits and never rested until I was started on a screen career.

"Mr. Barrymore did a gracious thing that lifted the spirit of a discouraged girl when I had a bit in *Don Juan;* Mr. Zanuck gave me back my confidence when he permitted me to do the unfamiliar rôle of *Azuri* in *The Desert Song,* when everybody else advised against it; Mr. Hornblow staked his judgment against that of Mr. Goldwyn when he insisted that I be allowed to do the part in *Devil to Pay;* Mr. Howard ran the risk of jeopardizing his future by allowing me to play the part of a dutiful wife in *Transatlantic;* Mr. Mamoulian would have been more than chagrined if I had failed to make good in my first comedy rôle in *Love Me Tonight.*

"To all these men I owe a debt of gratitude I cannot express. Also, to Mr. Thalberg for his unfailing encouragement during the times when I was disheartened again.

"But the one to whom I perhaps owe more than to any other is Director E. H. Griffith."

This reminded me of the time I was down at the Pathe studio talking to E. H.'s secretary. She told me that each morning for a week she and Mr. Griffith had prayed: "Dear God: Please send us an *Eva* today for *Rebound.*" Later I remember talking to him on the set after Myrna had been cast in the part. And was he enthusiastic!

"You see, I never would have gotten the part in *Animal Kingdom* but for Ned Griffith. He insisted that I was the only one to play the part. That was the big turning-point in my career, so I can never forget his efforts in my behalf."

When Griffith was asking for Myrna in the rôle of *Cecelia Henry,* he said it was because "she is a perfect blend of sensuousness and good breeding."

These instances may not seem important to you or me, but they were milestones in Myrna's life, and she is certain the timely assistance of these men helped her.

MYRNA refuses to comment on the alleged romance between herself and Ramon Novarro. She thinks too much has been printed already, but we can draw our own conclusions from the manner in which they look at each other, from the joy they seem to feel at lunching alone, etc.

It seems logical to believe that the poetic, romantic Novarro would be attracted to the alluring Myrna. They are both mentally studious. Both love art and music. Myrna does not play, but inherits a great love and understanding of music from her mother. Ramon sings and plays. Myrna is a good listener.

She's a girl with "A love of adventure and a smile to salt it, a love of chaos and a mind to right it." Neither Myrna nor Ramon thinks in grooves. Neither is troubled by the hobgoblin consistency.

His Son—And Jack Holt

(*Continued from page 36*)

could do in real life if necessary. And you're right.

When Jack takes a sock at the villain, it's a convincing sock. You know he could hit even harder off the screen if he had to. When he subdues a bucking bronco, plays a hard game of polo, pilots a plane or rescues a damsel in distress, you feel instinctively there are things he can actually do in real life. And he can. He's been a cowpuncher. He's one of the film colony's best polo players and took up the game before Will Rogers. He's had 180 hours in the air. On at least one occasion of which I know he saved a life in a rescue scene as dramatic and hazardous as any he has ever enacted on the screen. Incidentally, that's a yarn which illustrates perfectly the very thing about Jack which I'm trying to get across to you.

IT was during a scene in which he was supposed to rescue the heroine from a treacherous log jam. Olive Hatch, the well-known swimmer, doubling for Billie Dove, was supposed to get caught in the whirling mass of logs moving down the swollen river. After she pretended to go down for the third time, Holt, having maneuvered his way across the logs to her, was to wrench them apart and haul her out. Log jams, however, being unaccustomed to direction, this one got its cues mixed. Miss Hatch actually did get caught and the heavy timbers closed in over her head. Holt, without a moment's hesitation, dove under the logs, grabbed Miss Hatch, and dragged her to safety. But the cameras weren't grinding, and the whole scene had to be done over, with the rescue only play-acting this time instead of grim reality. Fans, seeing the scene later on the screen, did not know that they were seeing a re-enactment of a real life episode, did not know that Holt actually saved the girl from certain death. But they sensed that he was capable of such heroic action if the occasion should arise.

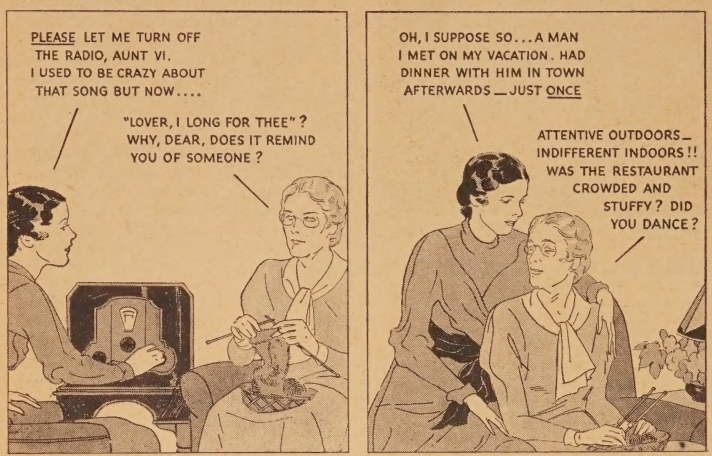
As a matter of fact, it was Jack's fearlessness which got him started in the movies. That, plus the need for a square meal. He was standing on the deck of a ferry-boat jingling his last two bits in his pocket. Suddenly he decided that he might as well be broke as the way he was, so he invited a stranger standing next to him to have a drink.

The stranger turned out to be connected with the movies and started bewailing the fact that he had been scouring the country for a daredevil who would jump thirty-five feet on horseback into a raging torrent. "But there just ain't any such animal," he lamented. "You're a cock-eyed liar," said Jack; "you're looking right at him!"

That thirty-five-foot leap cost Jack a couple of broken ribs, but it started him on a career that is still going strong after almost two decades.

"I was terrible in that first picture," says Jack with a grimace. "I don't know why they kept me on—but they did." They kept him on because he was a handsome devil—and still is. And even more because, he had a sturdy, he-man appeal that registered on the screen. Furthermore, Westerns were in their heyday then, and cowboy

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"


PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF THE RADIO, AUNT VI. I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT THAT SONG BUT NOW....
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OH, I SUPPOSE SO... A MAN I MET ON MY VACATION. HAD DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN AFTERWARDS — JUST ONCE
ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS— INDIFFERENT INDOORS!! WAS THE RESTAURANT CROWDED AND STUFFY? DID YOU DANCE?
YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?
SIMPLY THIS, DEAR, TO BE VERY FRANK...
YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR, BUT INSIDE..... WHY, AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."
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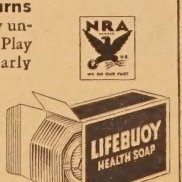

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rôles were naturals for Jack, who had been a cowpuncher and was a ridin' fool. At first he played heavies, but always got so much sympathy that eventually they made him the hero. A strong, silent, straight-shootin', hard-ridin', clean-livin' hero. It was in those rôles he built up the vast public, composed chiefly of kids and men, but with a liberal sprinkling of women, and which he still retains.

Because of that public, and chiefly because of the kids who idolized him, Jack recently refused to play the rôle of a crooked gambler for Columbia, to whom he is now under contract. Although it has been a long time since he has made a Western, and his heroes now go forth to combat in airplanes, dirigibles, submarines or diving suits instead of on horseback, they are still the same heroes—stalwart, down-to-earth guys who play square.

NOWADAYS I don't think he even regards it as a particularly interesting job. It's just a convenient and accustomed way of earning a necessary livelihood for himself and his dependents. He'd much rather sit at home with his dogs, ride, hunt and fish with his son Tim, or referee polo games at the Uplifters. If he could avoid the nuisance of going into the studio, as he avoided this interview with me, I'll bet he'd do it. And after eighteen years before the camera, I don't blame him.

As we gabbed leisurely over a highball—at least I was drinking a highball; Jack was drinking sherry—for his flu, of course, —in his rambling, comfortable living room, I began to understand the man. And all the "mad" that I'd been storing up for a month suddenly went out of me. Darn it all—I liked the guy. "Listen, you," I said, "you're just lazy—that's what's the matter with you."

"Lazy—that's it exactly," said Jack with a slow, unabashed grin. "Yessir, I'll bet I'm the laziest man alive. You know, my ambition is to do a picture where I play a guy that dreams everything that happens in the story. Every once in a while you just cut back to me in bed—asleep. And that's all I have to do."

It was then that Jack made his classic crack about being in a rut. I knew a bit about his early life before the Hollywood era. Knew he was descended directly from John Colt, Lord Chief Justice of England, and John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. Knew he had studied civil engineering at the Virginia Military Institute for one year and then been booted out of school. Knew his first job had been helping dig the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the Hudson River.

And, apropos of that, Jack told me that, like the other workers on that tunnel, he got a bonus for not revealing that there was only one air-lock instead of the required two. An air-lock is a chamber which adjusts underground workers to the difference in pressure as they go deeper into the earth. If the change is too sudden they are apt to get "the bends," a dangerous kind of cramp, when they come out. Jack had the bends plenty of times.

To continue—I knew Jack had spent five years in Alaska, prospecting, trapping furs, carrying government mail. Knew he had once been buried in a snow-slide and had only been found because the shovel he was carrying stuck up through the avalanche. Knew he had been a cowpuncher in Oregon.

In other words I knew the kind of adventurous, foolhardy cuss he must have been in his youth. And I asked him if he was satisfied with his present settled existence, if he had got all the wanderlust out of his system. It was in answer to that question that he confessed to being in a rut—but added that he couldn't see that it mattered as long as he liked the rut.

Now, when he said that, Jack wasn't being entirely fair to himself—and if I left it at that I wouldn't be entirely fair, either. Granted that there's something exceedingly refreshing in this career-mad town, this hot-bed of frustrated ambitions, about a man who admits he's in a rut and likes it—it still doesn't tell the whole truth about Jack.

IT isn't entirely laziness and contentment with his lot—although they're largely responsible, I think—that have cured Jack of the wanderlust. It's Tim, too. Fourteen-year-old Tim, to whom, since his divorce, Holt is being both father and mother. It's because of Tim that he's given up active participation in polo and is content to referee. Polo is an expensive proposition, and Holt says he can only afford to have one member of the family play. Tim shows great promise and loves the game—so Tim plays. It was because of Tim that Holt didn't ship on a tramp steamer for parts unknown during his recent vacation. Suppose something happened to the boy—how would they get hold of him? And when he finally did go off for a few days on a hunting trip, he came tearing back when he received word that Tim had thrown his knee out.

In other words Tim is just about the most important thing in life to Holt these days. And he's perfectly content to sit in his rut—so long as he can keep an eye on Tim from there.

Is Lee Tracy Taking the Rap?

(*Continued from page* 35)

official group which would not tolerate diplomatic Mexico's being turned into a Roman Holiday to deify *Villa*. Official Mexico, with just cause, was fearful that this picture which would enjoy world wide release might give a wrong concept of Mexican government and ideals.

It was only with the greatest diplomacy . . . many rewriting jobs on the story . . . and international conferences that "Viva Villa" was finally completed in script form and okayed by the Mexican government. When the story *was* finally approved, it is characteristic that Mexico, with Latin hospitality, went the whole way in offering her services to the making of the film.

The M-G-M company, headed by Howard Hawks, the director, Wallace Beery as *Villa*, Irving Pichel, Mona Maris and Lee Tracy departed for "locations" near Mexico City the last of September, 1933.

BEAR in mind that while official Mexico had seen and approved the final script of "Viva Villa" it had not been consulted in the casting of the opus. When Wallace Beery had first been announced in the role of *Villa* several Mexican newspapers "took" the news with surprise. To Mexican movie fans Wally Beery rates first and foremost as a character *comedian*. His most popular pictures in Mexico have presented Wally as a lovable but uncouth "funny man." Even before the arrival of the company in Mexico City the newspapers had hinted of mild dissatisfaction with the casting of Beery. But this, too, was diplomatically smoothed over . . . at least to the extent that no trouble arose to prevent Beery's departure with the *Villa* troupe.

The event took place at the railroad station where dozens of Mexican photographers and newspaper men had gathered with a crowd to welcome the Hollywood expedition. As Wally descended from the train there was a small stampede of photographers who rushed at him with requests to "stand here" or "stand there" while his picture was snapped. Now Wally likes to kid the boys . . . and he expects them to kid right back. So, in place of complying with their requests, he brushed by them, "poker faced," grumbling in typical Beery fashion, "Say *please* when you ask me to do anything!" The polite Latin photographers, nonplussed, stood back and watched Wally's "rude" back disappearing toward a taxi!

(Just to give you an example of the way Wally "kids" I was lunching with him one day in the *Brown Derby* and for dessert he ordered a piece of huckleberry pie. An ordinary sized service of pie was brought him. "What the devil," roared Wally at the waiter, "I said I wanted a piece of pie . . . not a sliver of it!" Because he was an American and used to Wally's sense of humor, the waiter topped his gag when he returned bearing the whole huckleberry pie. "That's more like it," said Wally, and they grinned at one another!)

But all this is what we are pleased to call our American sense of humor. It is neither understood nor practised by our ultra polite neighbors on the South.

It was noted that while the official newspaper reception of the American troupe was cordial enough, it did not have that

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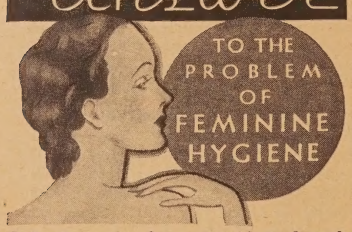

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exuberance of emotion so characteristic of Latin hospitality. The scene at the station started what was felt to be a certain "press resentment" toward the visiting motion picture company; it was intensified by an ambitious young journalist who offered his services as a friend and "guide" to the Americans . . . only to be rebuffed! It is said this man was not a Mexican journalist (he is an American correspondent stationed in Mexico), and whether he meant to extend genuine hospitality or merely sought "inside" influence by his offer as "guide" is not known. It is known, however, that the Americans seemed to feel perfectly capable of making their way about Mexico City without his sponsorship!

PRESS comment about Beery's "clowning" the role of *Villa* began to be more openly observed in the papers as production got under way. A letter to a newspaper, signed "Loyal Mexico" asked: "How would the Americans feel if we sent a screen clown to Washington to portray the character of George Washington . . . or Abraham Lincoln?" There were vague mutterings of "keeping a close watch" on the filming of the picture to see the original script, and character of *Villa* was not changed into an "outlandish, gluttonish barbarian."

Two events said to have occurred during the actual filming of the location shots only served to add fuel to the mounting bonfire! One was the supposedly "fresh remark" made by someone to a Mexican girl. The other was more serious and happened during the shooting of the battle scenes. The Mexican soldiers, in their desire to make the scenes realistic put a little more "fight" in their execution than Director Hawks had bargained for. Before the scene was completed one of them was seriously wounded. The first story had it he had been killed but later reports merely verified his serious injuries!

The situation was now blazing, definitely set for the dynamite which finally brought it to an explosion!

Lee Tracy got drunk . . . !

A parade of Mexican cadets started in the street below his hotel window . . .

I wonder if we will ever know what really happened? A young Mexican, named Rivers, who claims he was the only other eye-witness (besides Pichel) to that window grill scene heatedly denies that Tracy yelled obscene remarks, committed a nuisance, or in any way insulted the Mexican flag. He says he could see Tracy very plainly from where he was standing on the roof of a nearby building watching the parade. He has offered his testimony to Tracy at any time the actor might need it.

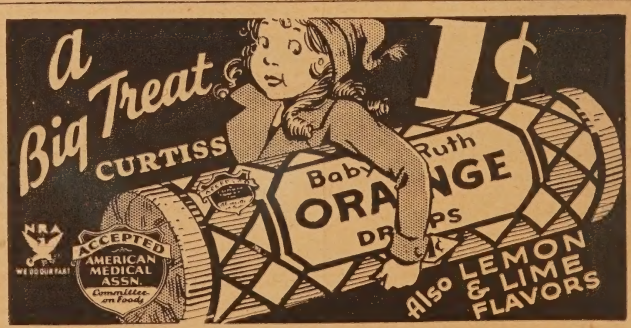
But "newspapermen" and "observers" standing five stories below claim to have seen Lee commit acts insulting beyond description. It has been commented on in Mexican papers that Lee's airplane flight in order to avoid official arrest is testimony to his misconduct! In regard to this, Lee explained to a close friend!

"I was never officially arrested! I was rowdy and yelled from my window, and I was telephoned to come down to the police station and explain my actions. This I did, later on that day. When I arrived the chief of police, or whatever they call them in Spanish, was more than courteous to me, laughed when I explained I had been drunk and had meant no offense, and even went so far as to apologize for troubling me. However, in view of the way things were going down there, I thought the best thing to do would be to hop a plane and save the company any embarrassment my conduct might have aroused. I did not even know I was wanted by the police until my arrival in El Paso, Texas, where I read it in the newspapers. If they had really wanted to catch me, it would not have been difficult as the plane made several landings. No one attempted to delay me.

"I explained my story to the Texas newspaper boys, and I thought the incident was closed. The Texas newspapers were very fair to me!"

IT wasn't until Lee arrived in Los Angeles that he read of the cancellation of his M-G-M contract because of his "disgraceful conduct in Mexico." The papers made a great deal of that, but very little was made of the added fact that Wallace Beery and Joseph Schildkraut are the *only remaining survivors of that troupe which originally set out to make "Viva Villa" in Mexico.* Howard Hawks has been replaced in directorial capacity by Jack Conway. Leo Carillo assumes Pichel's role. Mona Maris' pinch hitter has not yet been chosen. Stuart Erwin has taken the place of Lee Tracy. This new company will *not* return to Mexico to refilm scenes which were destroyed in an airplane crash as film was being rushed from Mexico City to Hollywood. The background for the reshooting of "Viva Villa" will be atmospherically constructed on the back lots of M-G-M! It is to be observed that Lee Tracy is not the only member of the original cast of *"Villa"* to be replaced. But he is the unfortunate one to leave it in contract-canceled disgrace . . .

Hoodlum? Or martyr? Which is Lee Tracy?



Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 61*)

where Cagney takes the vitriolic fan magazine writer to the men's room and makes him eat his story. Cagney is marvelous in his tougher moments and his comedy is only surpassed by the suggestiveness of some of the lines. Mae Clark makes a swell heavy and everyone else in the picture is just what the casting director ordered.

Your Reviewer Says: It moves faster than a machine gun; it's full of all kinds of entertainment and swell performances.

For Children: Too risque for them.

✓✓ "Duck Soup" (Paramount)

You'll See *The Marx Brothers, Margaret Dumont, Luis Calhern, Edgar Kennedy, Raquel Torres, Verne Hillie.*

It's About: *A mythical kingdom, with all the affairs of state, its boudoir secrets and its wars being taken over by the Four Marx Brothers.*

Get ready to scream at this one. It's another Marx Brothers picture, which means a hodge-podge of everything thrown in that might possibly make for one more laugh.

This time it's a mythical kingdom and what they do to it would cause a revolution in any other country. Some of the gags are quite new. Others have a suspicious looking coat of bright new paint. Whatever they are, leave it to these comedians to make them very funny.

There are dozens of sequences in this picture. Most of them are very funny and too numerous to mention. The one in the bedroom won't be forgotten in a hurry by preview audiences. The Marx Brothers are all over the place—all the time. The rest of the cast suffer because of this.

It's far from being their best picture but it's grand just the same. Director Leo McCarey should take a bow for his knowledge of comedy construction and swell direction.

Your Reviewer Says: Another Marx Brothers picture and built for laughs.

For Children: Tell them they can go.

✓ "Should Ladies Behave?" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Conroy Tearle, Katherine Alexander, Mary Carlisle, William Janney, Halliwell Hobbes.*

It's About: *The different stages of love and a blundering lady who dotes on mismanaging everyone's affairs.*

If you like those ultra-smart sophisticated comedy dramas (where ladies keep on their hats in their own homes) you'll more than enjoy this story of love in every stage of the game. It's one of those pictures like "When Ladies Meet." Every line sparkles with wit and humor. The sets make you gasp and wonder.

Alice Brady wears some "different" looking wardrobe. She also plays a lady who just dotes on managing others' affairs and always ends up by mismanaging them. Miss Brady's flair for comedy is given a grand opportunity in this one. It was a distinct shock and surprise to see and hear Lionel Barrymore delivering lines that brought forth shrieks of laughter.

Everyone in the cast was excellent. Conway Tearle played the artist whose restrained tolerance won him the affections

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Your Reviewer Says: Go to see this one and be prepared to laugh all your cares and troubles away.

For Children: It's sophisticated but its obviousness will escape them.

✓ "Convention City" (First National)

You'll See: *Adolphe Menjou, Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, Patricia Ellis, Dick Powell, Grant Mitchell, Sheila Terry, Gordon Westcott, Ruth Donnelly.*

It's About: *What happens in Atlantic City when the employees of a rubber goods company get together for their annual convention.*

After seeing this picture, you can sue Director Archie Mayo for causing an epidemic of aching sides to sweep the country. It's the funniest thing that has hit the screen in years. Every known means and method is used to get a laugh and they never fail once. The picture is crammed full of situations and plot that reek of the present sophisticated moment.

The story is almost a burlesque on the Atlantic City situation, where big concerns gather for their annual conventions. Big business deals are supposed to be discussed—but monkey business seems to reign supreme. It shows the wild parties in hotel rooms with out-of-town wives suddenly putting in an appearance. It cuts in on the chorus girls' racket, who are paid to "entertain" the visiting salesmen.

Almost the entire roster of Warner featured players were in the cast. Adolphe Menjou is splendid as the salesman who runs for the General Managership against Guy Kibbee. The latter's performance is priceless in laughs. The climax comes when drunken Frank McHugh gets the job because he meets the prissy boss where no good boss should be. Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Patricia Ellis, Ruth Donnelly, and all the others are superb, too. The dialogue which mostly bordered on the risque, was perfect for this type of picture.

Your Reviewer Says: It's one continuous round of laughter and entertainment.

For Children: Not by a long shot.

Tips on Talkies

(Continued from page 6)

who do you suppose glories in this Mae Westian rôle? None other than Ruth Chatterton. The man she finds it hardest to conquer is George Brent, who gives one of his best performances since "The Rich Are Always With Us."

☆

✓✓ Havana Widows (Warners)

Do you want to forget your troubles for a while? Here is a picture you won't have to take seriously for a minute. It's about a couple of gold-digging females who go to Havana for excitement and find it. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell are the gold-diggers, and I don't have to tell you how swell they are. They get some pretty grand assistance, too, from Guy Kibbee and Lyle Talbot.

☆

✓✓ House on 56th Street (Warners)

You've seen this picture many times under different names. Sometimes it's called "Madame X"; sometimes it's called "Frisco Jenny." The plot is old and trite, and yet when it's cleverly produced and well directed, it never fails to thrill. This time Kay Francis glorifies the rôle of a chorus girl who becomes involved in many affairs of the heart until her daughter, grown to womanhood, shows up. Kay gives a restrained and convincing performance. Gene Raymond and Ricardo Cortez give her excellent support.

☆

✓✓ Man's Castle (Columbia)

Have you noticed what unusual and humanly satisfying pictures Columbia is producing this year? First they gave us "Lady for a Day"; now the same company gives us "Man's Castle," a picture which also tugs at the heart-strings. It's the story of a vagabond who works only when he has to (Spencer Tracy) and of a girl who is starving (Loretta Young) whom he takes into his shanty. Their love story is delightful.

☆

✓✓ Private Life of Henry the VIII (United Artists)

Whether you're fed up with historical films or not, here is one that you must see. Don't let anything keep you away. It's one of the grandest pieces of entertainment that's ever come out of England. Yes, I know that practically every other English picture you've seen was a colossal bore, but this one makes up for them all. Charles Laughton is magnificent.

☆

✓✓ Prizefighter and the Lady (M-G-M)

Ladeez and gentlemen, the hit of the season, the absolute knockout, Max Baer, who proves that he's not only a fighter but also an actor. The picture itself is a wow. It has thrills, it has humor, it has everything. It's the story of a prize fighter who wins the love of a torch singer. And is Myrna Loy effective as the torch singer? You bet she is, baby. There's a sensational fight in this between Baer and Carnera. It's probably the most thrilling fight you've ever seen in pictures.

☆

✓ World Changes, The (Warners)

You very rarely see Paul Muni in a picture, but when you do, you can be sure of fine acting. That's true here, where Paul Muni heads an excellent cast, including that swell trouper, Aline MacMahon, who gives a performance as a pioneer mother that tears your heart into little bits. The story deals with a pioneer family, and traces its history from the days of the covered wagon to the financial crash of the Chicago Stock Exchange in 1929. A bit dull but worth seeing.

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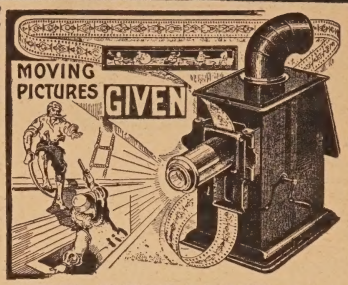

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This Violin is imported from Europe where they know so well how to make violins. Nicely made,highly polished. A pleasing model of good shape Well-finished finger board and tail piece. Has a full set of strings, bow, and 5-minute Instruction Book with many Popular Songs in words and music. With this remarkable book you can quickly learn to play without a teacher **Send no money.** Just name and address. We trust you with 24 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds to sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold send the $2.40 Collected and Violin Outfit will be sent to you Postpaid. Send your order to **Lancaster Co. Seed Co. Sta. 431, Paradise, Pa.** We Pay Postage.

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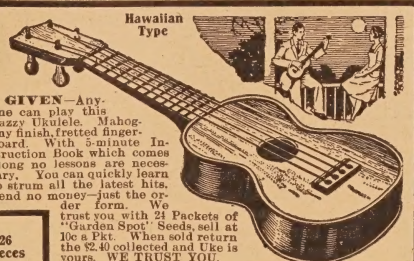

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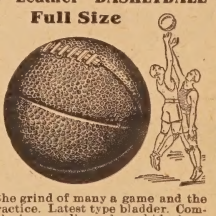

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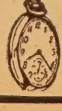

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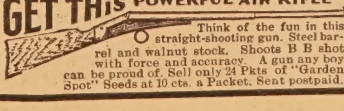

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Modern Madonna

(*Continued from page* 11)

her on trips, travel with her when impressions are important.

"Now, what she needs more than companionship is good food, and care and physical well being."

Joan spends as it is, almost as much time with her young daughter under the schedule the child follows, as she would if she were not an actress with a studio job.

Days she is on call for film work, she drives young Miss Ditty to kindergarten at 8:30 A. M. She is home to spend the hour from five to six, the play hour, with her daughter. They read books together, sometimes they listen to the "Clickety-Clack" program on the radio.

At six o'clock promptly, Ditty has her supper. She is allowed just thirty minutes for this. This because she used to dawdle over her food and then all of a sudden gobble it without chewing it properly. (I use Mother Joan's own words.)

"WE tried and tried to break her of the habit," Joan said. "Finally on the doctor's suggestion, we did something that hurt me very much. If she didn't finish her supper on time, she had to leave her food and take it cold at the next meal. After a few doses of cold cereal or cold whatever it was, she made up her mind to eat her food when it was put before her."

Ditty's meals are planned scientifically. She has vegetables, fruits, meat once a week, one protein a day. She has her heavy meal at noon, a light, hot supper at night.

After supper, she has another hour with her mother and then promptly at seven-thirty o'clock, she goes to bed. Nothing is allowed to interfere with getting to bed on time and getting up on time.

Although many fellow stars and probably lots of Joan's screen admirers don't know this, Mrs. Gene Markey is one of the best housekeepers in Hollywood. When she starts off to the studio in the morning, she knows what is in the refrigerator, what will be served for dinner, that the house will be freshly cleaned, the linen crisp and the silver polished.

Joan doesn't attend to these details herself. She has a housekeeper and a maid, but she knows better than her servants how to keep house.

She learned by experience. When she was first married, she didn't know how to cook or sew. One of the major tragedies of that first marriage occurred one day when her gingerbread burned to a crisp. It had risen beautifully and was baking when she left it to go off to the opera with her mother-in-law. Her husband forgot to take the bread out of the oven! She learned how to sew when she had to make her own curtains and things for the baby.

Today, Joan plans all of her meals, whether she is working or not. She writes out the menus the last thing before going to bed. Once a new housekeeper complained she couldn't run the house on the budget allotted. Joan took the market basket, did the shopping herself for two weeks and saved on the budget. Money for the dime bank! There were no more complaints.

Incidentally, my first glimpse of Joan as this efficient housekeeper came one day

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30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85	31x4	2.95	0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	32x4	2.95	0.85
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	33x4	2.95	0.85
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	33x4½	3.45	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
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when I called upon her to find her resting in bed after a hard day on "Little Women." She was a picture of pink and white movie-star fragility propped among big white pillows. Came a tap at the door and the housekeeper entered bearing a huge, cold dead fish with reproachful eyes, which she presented to Mrs. Markey for approval. Joan gave it a professional jab, a professional look and remarked it wasn't a very good fish, but that it would do. "Where," she inquired, "did you buy it?"

Now there's something very Madonna-like in being a good, crisp homemaker. I imagine St. Peter's ma brewed an excellent broth and changed diapers with efficiency. It requires competence and energy to be a Madonna. And the Modern Young Woman has this to a surprising degree.

JOAN is making preparations for the new baby's arrival, even as she keeps on being a merry-hearted and congenial companion to her husband. She is having the upstairs sitting room done over into a nursery. Not worrying as to whether the new arrival will be a girl or boy and not taking chances on the proverbial either pink or blue, she is using yellow and white. White linoleum with a pattern of yellow ducks in center will cover the floor. Chaste white curtains with yellow borders will hang at the windows. The chaise-longue goes into Joan's bedroom. In its place comes a baby's crib.

What does Joan want for this new baby? If a girl, the same things as for Ditty. "Every advantage in schooling. French—Ditty has had two years now. Good books, appreciation of the fine things in life. Good manners. There is nothing more horrible than a little girl who behaves badly. She must be gracious because she will be more of a joy to herself. And she will have more fun!"

If a boy?

"Well, I don't know much about boys, but I do know that I shall want him to learn to work early. I want him to have outdoor things, to be happy and healthy and self-reliant. He must learn how to earn his own living. I would want him to know about the world and take it in his stride. I want my children to be equipped to meet life and walk along with it."

And that last, I should say, is what Joan Bennett is doing today. Filled with a new and radiant beauty because of the approaching event of motherhood, she is yet taking life in its stride, renouncing nothing, having her babies and having other joys of life too. The Modern Madonna.

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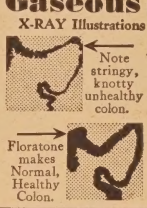

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The House that Bing Built

(*Continued from page 52*)

this and that. And Sue would go first to Dixie and then to Bing to find out.

Upstairs there is a master bedroom with dressing room, shower, bath, the baby's suite and a guest room.

The baby's suite consists of a nursery, with its amusing A B C frieze around the wall; its twelve windows to let in plenty of sunshine; its white carpet on the floor and white furniture, and looks like a cake box. Adjoining it is a bathroom, a pantry, which is equipped with an electric refrigerator and stove just for the baby, a roomy cedar closet with hangers, shelves and drawers, and, adjoining that a separate sleeping room. Both the nursery and sleeping room for the baby are blue and white.

In the master bedroom is a huge four-poster bed. Dainty and practical with its spread and pillow covers of washable white dotted Swiss, over pink, blue and white chintz. The same materials are used at the windows, but the chaise-longue and easy chairs are upholstered in chintz with a pink background. The carpet is an off-white, almost beige.

Now that the newness has worn off the house, the Crosbys have discovered they haven't enough closet and dressing room space and so additions are being built which include a dressing room for Bing, a gymnasium and a closet.

"BING has to hang his clothes in the guest room closet now," Dixie explained.

"We were going to have a little house," Bing added. "Just a place where we could live when we are in California and my parents could take care of when we were away. But it kept growing. Someone said we should have a den so we added a den. Then someone else said we should, by all means, have a recreation room, so we added a recreation room. We became so involved in playrooms and dens that we forgot all about closets. But it was fun."

Usually when you enter a home you don't have to look for the radio but in this house, where one would expect a radio to be an important part of the furnishings, I couldn't find it. Due to the ingenuity of Mr. Grieve, it is hidden away in a cabinet that looks like the hiding place of the old Crosby will. It is a beautiful maple cabinet with glass enclosed shelves above for books. It also houses a phonograph.

Another attractive feature in the living room are the frames containing old music which, according to Mr. Grieve, are very good decoration, "and much more interesting than just a framed picture."

"The decorative value of living greens appropriately used, is shown on the living-room mantel, bedroom fireplace, in the library and on the hanging shelf in the upper hall."

Dixie Lee Crosby reveals how genuinely successful the house is. "Bing sits and sits and sits," she says. "People call up and want us to go out and Bing says to tell them to come over here. He won't go any place. He loves this place so much."

And it is true that recently Bing turned down more than $5000 a week to make a personal appearance in the East because he wanted to stay in his new home.

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Born to Be Bad

(*Continued from page 57*)

she sent for Adolph and listened to his advice, listened very thoughtfully while she filed and polished her nails, and considered.

"I'm talking to you like you was my own daughter, such an opportunity you never had. Don't worry, you'll get your kid back and on top you'll make yourself a fortune. Even if de kid had been kilt, positively, you wouldn't be so well off. Look, I got everything here. I put it—so. Here's de button, under de edge a' de bed. You just push it, nice and easy, just as soon as you got him making love to you, get him panting like a fox, darling, 'I gotta have you,' you know!"

Letty knew all right. "Well, fix up your contraption. I'm ready, but it's a rotten trick to play on his wife."

Adolph had little trouble beating down her faint scruples. She made her first play that evening, but she chose a bad time. Mal was on his way downstairs to welcome some guests.

"You know what it is I want. I want Mickey back. I can't give him up, every time I think of it I'm sick. I'll do anything you say. I mean it."

Mal wasn't having any. He left saying coldly: "When you get out this time, stay out!"

Letty snapped off the dictograph viciously, just a wasted record, but she'd get him. Her resolve was strengthened by Alyce's kindly meant visit: "I just came in to see how you were. Mal tells me you're leaving in the morning. But we must have a talk about Mickey before you go."

Letty watched Alyce Trevor, beautifully gowned, go out. Then she got up and started to dress. Smart of her she reflected, to have an evening gown sent along with her clothes. She'd get Mickey all right—and she'd get even with those Trevors. They'd see.

LETTY gave Mal a bad time that evening in more ways than one. She crashed the party that was going on down stairs, provoking curious glances from the guests. She forced Mal to dance with her, and all the time, she very skillfully made him feel what he was missing.

"You're no good, you're dishonest, and cheap, you're a thorough little . . ." he said miserably.

"Sure I am!" Letty flashed back at him. "What woman isn't, with the man she loves?" Letty had waited till they were in a secluded balcony before speaking. She stood brilliant against the sombre shadows of the garden, her beautiful face and alluring body one exquisite promise of her words. There was no one to see when Mal caught her in his arms.

After the party, Letty went to her room and waited. She adjusted the dictograph a dozen times, sprayed herself with perfume, powdered her face, and still he didn't come. Finally, she started the victrola. That oughta fetch him. It did.

He stood in the doorway after a furtive knock. "Isn't that music . . . would you mind shutting it off?"

"Oh, am I disturbing anyone?"

"Yes, you are."

Letty's bare arm stole around his neck. "I was afraid you'd gone to sleep," she

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said, and her finger contacted the release button of the hidden machine.

"I couldn't. I tried, but I couldn't."

The machine was beginning to turn over. This was fine. She was getting what she could use, this time.

"I do love you, I'm mad about you."

She went into her act, a little sob in her throat.

"Please Mal, you haven't any right . . . you've got a wife."

"Nothing matters but you, Letty. I can't help it, I want you."

The next morning Mal was on his way to breakfast when Mickey came running to him.

"Mal, ma says I gotta go. Do I Mal? Say I don't have to."

Mal patted him. "I'll talk to your mother, Mickey," he said.

"Take it easy, she's burned about somethin'." Mickey muttered apprehensively. Letty had been furious when he hadn't wanted to pack and leave with her, but he *didn't* want to.

Mal found Letty busy packing and she called over her shoulder when he entered:

"You told me to go last night, didn't you? Well, I'm going, see? And what's more, I'm taking Mickey with me." Then, as Mal tried to interrupt: "Say, I've been putting up with your drivel long enough. I don't have to take any more, after last night. Now we're just the same, you and me, get me? And what's more, I'm taking Mickey with me when I go."

"You can't!"

SHE straightened up. "Oh, can't I? Well, you try something and see what happens. You wouldn't want me to have a little talk with your wife, would you?"

This was where the first thing happened that changed Letty's whole outlook, gave her a new philosophy, that made her refute the old saying "born to be bad." She didn't know it, but it was the beginning.

Mal said: "She knows all about it. I told her. I love you. It is best for you to go now—and take Mickey, and as soon as we can arrange things, you'll both be back here with me forever."

Letty couldn't comprehend it—that people should shoot square with each other like that, that he should tell his wife all about it when he hadn't been caught. And Alyce not raising the deuce about it! It was beyond her, but it certainly was a break. Though she wasn't sure where she stood, better get out now and think it over coolly.

Mickey wouldn't go. They had a battle, and he fled outdoors, to the swimming pool, to Alyce for protection.

"Don't let her get me!" he begged.

"Whose kid is this?" Letty demanded.

Alyce was very calm, Mickey clinging to her. "Yours, unfortunately. Go away Mickey. I want to speak to your mother."

Letty sneered. "What are you going to do, sing Mammy?"

Alyce had herself well in hand. "I'm going to give you some advice about Mal," she said. "And if you're wise enough to take it, you may be able to hold him, well, maybe a year."

"I was smart enough to get what I wanted without your advice."

Alyce shook her head. "No, not smart, just young and healthy, and female. No, wait. He didn't pick you out. You picked him. Almost any woman can pick

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29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.25	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
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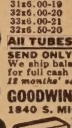

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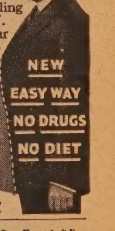

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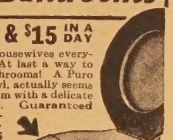

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almost any man your way. That's the cheap way, used by cheap women. But it doesn't last, not with men like Mal."

Letty's fingers twitched. "You say another word, and I'm going to tear your eyes out," she began, but was startled by a scream from the pool. Both the women ran toward it, and Alyce dove in after Mickey who was going down. Letty stood transfixed with horror and then jumped in, struggling futilely toward her child.

Fortunately there were men working nearby who heard the commotion and came to the rescue. They pulled Letty out and presently Alyce swam to the edge with Mickey in her arms.

Nobody suffered from the wetting, and after Mickey was dried out and put to bed with a hot drink, Letty said to Alyce:

"I don't know how to tell you but I'm grateful. He probably wouldn't be alive now, but for you. I want you to know that no matter how rotten you think I am, I appreciate it. You're pretty white, Mrs. Trevor, after what's happened. If I was in your shoes, I'd want to commit murder."

"You mean about Mal? What about it? I love him, I love him more than anything else in the world, but it just happens you've given Malcolm something I couldn't, something he has always wanted, a little boy, Mickey." Her voice broke, but she steadied herself and went on. "This, that I'm going through, isn't too much, if it's going to make Mal happy. Do you see?"

Back in her own room, Letty disconnected the dictograph and began to pack it. She paused, and then played back the record of the night before. Mal's voice, "Letty, I love you with all my heart." She gave the thing a shove with her foot that stopped it. Then she stamped on it, and the record lay in pieces. For the first time in her life, Letty was throwing away "easy money." It was a wrench. It was a reversal of everything she had ever known, ever done. Already overemotionalized by the scare of Mickey's drowning, she threw herself on the bed and burst into a storm of tears. After a while her sobs grew quieter, and she got up and repaired the ravages with a powder-puff. Her face was determined, thoughtful. She had things to do, but somehow the hardness had gone out of her.

THEN she went to the phone and calling Sam, asked him to come for her.

"Come for you! I been combing the town for you baby. Listen, great news. Frankel's going to Paris and he wants you to go with him. This is one of those breaks you dream about, a nice little trip, a good time and a bankroll. You won't have to worry for the rest of your life. You see, he's got a wife and kids."

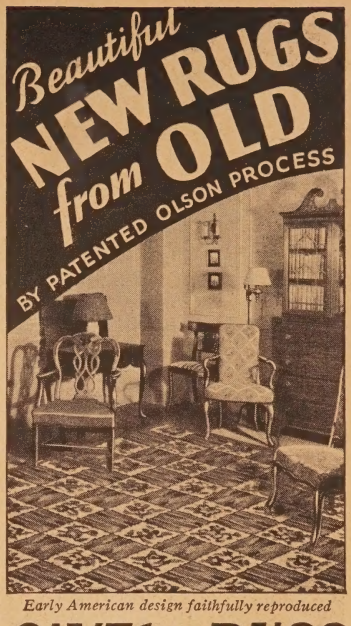
So that was that. She went back to Mickey and had supper with him. They were playing poker together when Sam came. Mickey said: "You didn't tell me Sam was coming. You can't do that. What will Mal say? I don't know if you know it, but Mal is nuts about you."

Letty gathered up the cards listlessly.

"Yeah? Well, I'm glad to hear somebody likes me."

"That ain't no way to talk, I don't want you to go either, less than ever since you're so different."

Letty hugged him. "Mickey!" she cried. "I'm so glad you don't want me



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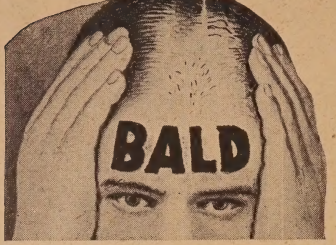

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to go. That makes me feel swell, but I've got to, Mickey, it's right."

"What do you mean right, ma?" Mickey asked curiously. He had never heard Letty talk about right things before.

She struggled to put into words what she felt: "Well, I don't belong here. I don't fit. You know all the stuff I told you about being hard, dishing it out, being smart? That's all right for me, but for you it isn't right. It's all wrong."

Mickey was sure of his ground here. "I know, I'm glad you found it out, ma. I guess you been talking to somebody."

Under her breath Letty said: "I've been wrong about a lot of things."

Mickey waited a moment. Then he ventured: "You're really stuck on him, ain't you, ma?"

"Don't be silly."

"You can't fool me. You weren't this way about Sam or any of those other guys."

Letty answered him honestly: "Mal's a wonderful man, Mickey. From now on, you do what he says."

He was worried at the seriousness in her voice. "Gosh, ma, you scare me. You act like you was going to the North Pole or something."

Letty tried to laugh. "I'm not going to the North Pole. I'll come back sometime, maybe, if it's right. Goodbye, Mickey."

Mickey grabbed her. "Don't go, ma!"

Letty had broken the dictograph record. That had come first. This, this was much harder. But she got through with it. She even managed to say, "Don't cry, I'll spank you if you do."

And Mickey, dimly understanding, said bravely: "I gotcha, ma!"

THERE was one more thing now, unless she could get out before Mal saw her. But it wasn't to be so. She met him in the lower hall. Time for her to go into her act, but what a different act from any other she had ever done!

"Oh, get out of here," she snapped.

"What's happened?" Mal asked quickly.

"I'm going to town. That's all. I'm beatin' it. I'm through. So what?"

"Letty!"

"Oh stop kidding yourself, will ya? You can't believe I was dope enough to bury myself in a spot like this, and with a guy like you! I'd be nuts in a week. And what do you care anyway. I'm bad. You said so yourself, but I was born that way, and what's more, I don't care. So you ought to count yourself lucky. Are you going to get out of my way, or not?"

He couldn't believe her. "You're talking like a fool. You know I love you."

Letty went on. "Listen, I loved you for an hour. That's all. Maybe I could love you for another hour, but no more. The way it is now, I love another man already, and I ain't even seen him. All I know about him is that he's got a suite on a boat and wants to take me to Paris and show me a good time.

"Letty, you wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't I! You've got to learn to roll with the punches, Mal. You'll get over this. Just like Mickey got over the measles. So heads up, and here, that's for Mickey." She kissed him lightly with a smile that fooled him just as she meant it to, and ran out to Sam.

"Step on it, Sam," she cried, as the high-powered car shot down the drive.

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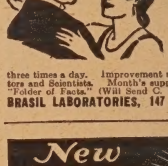

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The *Ile de France* was leaving in its usual blaze of glory, orchestra playing, smart crowds jostling each other good-naturedly, white-coated stewards dashing about in efficient service. It was all there, the world of noise and gaiety and money that Letty loved.

Sam came to see them off, rubbing his hands together at Letty's good fortune.

"Well, in another ten minutes you'll be on your way, your troubles over. You're in the money now. Have some champagne."

He helped himself and Letty's gaze swept over the flower-filled stateroom.

The inner door opened and Frankel came in. "Look, I'm right next door. Only, so people don't talk, at first you don't know me, see? Later on we get acquainted. Catch on?"

Letty assented absently and removed her hand from his ardent pawing. "I'll come right back," he promised her. "I'm just going into my room."

Sam doesn't know to this day why she did it, but he jumped when he heard Letty smash her champagne glass and cry: "I'm not going, you buzzard," she said and left him standing there, to try and explain it to Frankel.

NEITHER of them could guess that the orchestra had swung into the music that Letty had danced to with Mal, the same music she had been playing on her victrola the night he had come to her. Letty herself hadn't stopped to think it out, but when she heard it, she knew she could not go—not even to Paris, with Frankel.

But where was she to go? There was no place she knew, no one she knew that hadn't some connection with Sam, and the wholesale dress business, and Frankel.

She had let Mickey go, rather she had thrust him away from her into the beautiful home that his own charm had opened for him. She was alone, alone. And yet, for the first time she didn't mind it.

She had discovered a new Letty within herself. She must get acquainted with this new person. She walked slowly along the dark streets that surround the docks, an incongruous figure in her gleaming evening wrap. She heard the deep boom of the *Ile de France* as its powerful whistle warned visitors off. Later on it sounded again. That meant it was leaving the dock. There went her big chance. She smiled to herself. To hell with big chances like that. She'd build her own lucky break. In the meantime—slowly her ears were remembering the kindly voice of Fuzzy, "Maybe to you it don't matter, to me it matters."

She set off briskly in the direction of the old book shop. Fuzzy would want her. There was a place for her there. He would give her back her old job, and she would settle down with him and learn about books and things and work. She rounded the corner. Just ahead, the lights of Fuzzy's shop shown brightly. He would be in the back, probably having his late supper. He would love to see her. For a moment she was shy, knowing the change in herself. Then she opened the door. If there was one thing in the world Fuzzy would welcome, it would be this new Letty. She knew, how well she knew, that Fuzzy had waited patiently, always believing, for this new Letty, this was the girl he wanted her to be. This was the girl she wanted to be.

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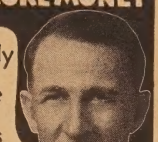

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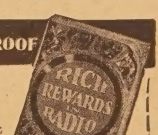

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"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." **Julian D. Martin, Va.**

This is but one of the many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, $13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. J. E. Brownlee, of Heardmont, Ga., for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: *"Your letter received with the check for* $1,000.00 *enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time."* In the last thirty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), $8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), $10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Amazing Profits FOR THOSE WHO KNOW OLD MONEY!

Up to $80 for certain copper cents

There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Up to $50 for this Nickel

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Will pay up to $50

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

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Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. **Write today** for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. It may mean much profit to **you.**

Up to $225 for this one

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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

MARCH

Of

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

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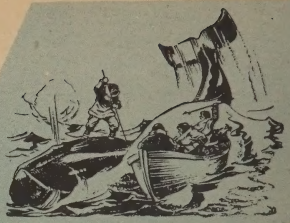
EST

as Virtue a Chance in Hollywood? by FAITH BALDWIN

e Unknown LESLIE HOWARD by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

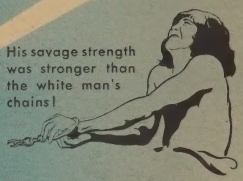
He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

They loved, happy till the white man came!



The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

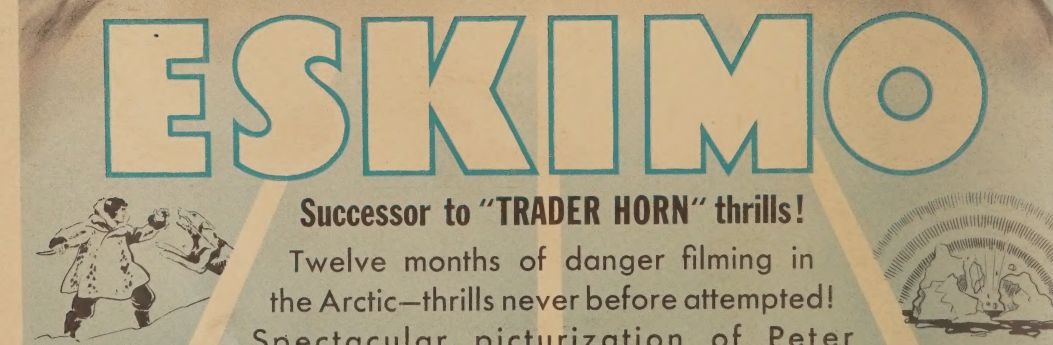
Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!

Stampede of thousands of caribou!

Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!

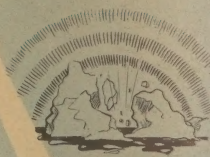


ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

ROUGH COPY

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade"... and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known—"Wonder Bar". Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON	KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO	DICK POWELL
RICARDO CORTEZ	HAL LEROY
FIFI D'ORSAY	GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT	KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY	ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY	HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture

movie MIRROR

The ONLY Film Magazine Edited from Hollywood

VOL. 5 No. 4 MARCH, 1934

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★

SPECIAL FEATURES

Spencer Tracy's Love Confession.....Gladys Hall 10
The Most Startling Story Any Star Has Ever Told

Has Virtue a Chance in Hollywood?.....Faith Baldwin 12
A Famous Novelist Answers the Question

Jean Harlow Talks About Those Divorce Rumors!..Dorothy Manners 14

The Unknown Leslie Howard.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. 24
One Great Star Tells You All About Another Great One

Hepburn's Hollywood Creations.....Caroline Somers Hoyt 26

Jimmy Cagney's Health Road to Success....Harold Stevens 28

Hollywood Takes Care of Its Own...Helen Louise Walker 30
You'll Know Movietown Has a Heart After Reading This

Catching Them Unawares..... 32

They're Not Afraid of Love.....Dora Albert 34
The Romantic Stories of Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou

How to be Three People in One Day.....Susan Talbot 36
A Lesson in Efficiency from Hollywood People

It's Tough to be On Top.....Charles Grayson 44
That's What Sylvia Sidney Says

The Salvation of Cary Grant.....Alice Wayne Fuller 45

Fashions of 1934..... 50

How Four Stars Got Their Man.....Adele Whitely Fletcher 52

Trigger.....Dorothy Emerson 54
The Exciting Story of Katharine Hepburn's Next Picture

Snappy Shots..... 58

Can Gloria Come Back?.....George Madden 59
Bringing Up the Amazing Case of the Beautiful Swanson

Rothschild..... 60

Saturday Night Hero.....Michael Jackson 61
Meet Max Baer, the Big Muscle Boy

Mae West's Life Story (Conclusion).....Harry Lang 63

COVER DESIGN

Mae West
by M. P. McNary

★

Movie Mirror's Departments

Inside Stuff..... 4
Hollywood Fashions..... 38
Movies of the Month..... 46
At Last! A New Trend in Beauty.. 64

★

Exclusive Portraits

Marie Dressler..... 17
Marlene Dietrich..... 18
Janet Gaynor..... 20
Joe E. Brown..... 21
Constance Bennett..... 22
Robert Montgomery..... 23
Baby LeRoy..... 43

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Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Paramount Pictures

INSIDE STUFF

What a time they're having at their new club, The Barn! The smiling quartet is Earl Blackwell, Maurie Murphy, Patricia Ellis and Dixie Dunbar

FIFTY Los Angeles society girls worked in "Coming Out Party" for Fox. They gave their checks to the Junior League for charity. The girls reported for work early in the morning and found that they were on a dance set. They worked all day and part of the night, dancing most of the time to the same tune. They were called back for the next day but so few of them showed up that an assistant got on the phone. He called one young matron and her maid answered. He asked to speak to her sleeping mistress. The maid said "Madame is not to be disturbed till noon. She also said that she never wants to hear 'Dinah' again." Los Angeles society found that working in pictures does not come under the heading of fun.

A new producer story. An actor came into the office of a prominent producer to talk contract. In the course of the small talk that is supposed to get them both in good humor the actor said: "I have just come from Australia." The producer said: "Vell, is that so, how long you been here?" The actor said: "Oh, about two months." The All-highest with a benevolent smile then said: "My, you speak goot English for being here so leetle a while."

Jackie Cooper was swaggering out of a picture show in Beverly Hills. He got in the most crowded part of the sidewalk, looked in the general direction of two rival newsboys and yelled, "Times and Examiner." He took a paper from each, then flipped a coin in their vicinity saying, "Here's a dime, split it between youse." To read his press notices no doubt. A far cry from our little Skippy!

We hope she does read fan magazines. We want Greta Garbo to know that accidentally we stumbled on the story that she was renting a certain ranch in New Mexico to hide away and rest. The person who was handling the deal is a close friend of the silent one—but she had nothing to do with giving us this story. But because you are such a great actress, Greta, and worked so hard on "Queen Christina," we're going to keep the name of the ranch and the time you intend going there a secret. Maybe this will convince you that all publicity men aren't old meanies!

There's a play in Hollywood called "The Drunkard." It's been running for many months and is one of that kind where the audience joins in and hisses the villain. Recently after an exceptionally good performance, someone walked up to Director Charles Brabin, who with his wife, Theda Bara, had been to see the show. "You certainly were marvelous in the title rôle," said the stranger. And Brabin is still wondering if he should feel complimented or get sore.

You've heard about Hollywood's wild parties, now get a load of one of the nice ones. Una Merkel gave it and it was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young who now answer to the names of Papa and Mama. The ice cream desserts came in the forms of chocolate storks carrying pink babies in their mouths. But imagine the hostess' embarrassment when the caterer slipped up on one of the moulds and it turned out to be a pink stork carrying a chocolate baby.

We're sore as all-get-out because we didn't think of this one. Credit goes to Will Rogers who asks if you know what to do if you want a dachshund. Of course you don't—so Will says, "Get a long little doggie!"—and now you know why our day was ruined.

Polly Moran once said: "I'd rather play in a picture with Marie Dressler than get a (*Cont. on page 6*)

by PETER ABBOTT

with Photographs

by HYMAN FINK

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS...

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music!... the Connie you've always loved—blonde and enticing... And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing!... teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT
TONE

20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS
Directed by Sidney Lanfield

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production...Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Mike Levee's welcome home birthday party for Doug, Jr. Guests are Fred March and wife, Gloria Swanson and hubby and Harold Lloyd. Find 'em?

(*Continued from page* 4)
kiss from Mussolini." Maybe Benito might have something to say about that too, Polly!

It was during the preview of "Moulin Rouge." In one of the spectacular dance numbers, dozens of scantily clad girls were scattered over a winding stairway in reclining poses. "Looks like Max Baer has been there," came a voice from the rear of the theatre.

There's a girl by the name of Mona Smith. She's yet to do her first picture, but she's done things on the New York stage. We hate to say she resembles Katharine Hepburn—but in her own way, she's just about as unusual looking. Every noon will find her sitting in a far corner of the M-G-M commissary writing poetry—and those wise boys who pick them out of the front row, are nodding their heads in approval.

There's a popular tailor shop on Hollywood Boulevard called "MacIntosh's." It's the place where all the actors go who go in for padded shoulders and wasp waist lines. But one of their best customers is Jean Parker, who favors the tailored masculine type of top coat.

Here's a brother who turned out to be a father! At one time Joe Young, brother of Bob, carried on all histrionics in the Young family. Then Fate stepped in. Joe got out of the business and Bob became a popular leading man. Recently, he was playing in a picture with Janet Gaynor. It was necessary to show a flash-back of his father during the time of General Robert E. Lee. So instead of trying to add a few hundred years to Bob's appearance, Joe, who resembles Bob, was called in and made up to look like the character.

Wallie Ford will tell you about his wife going to a fortune teller the day he signed to play his first picture opposite Joan Crawford in "Possessed." "Tell your husband not to accept this new job as he'll never make a go of it," advised the mystic one. And Wallie hasn't lost a day's work in pictures since!

We don't know if you're thinking what we are—but anyway, Sylvia Sidney does a hoochie koochie in her next picture and only wears a loin cloth—and a brassière!

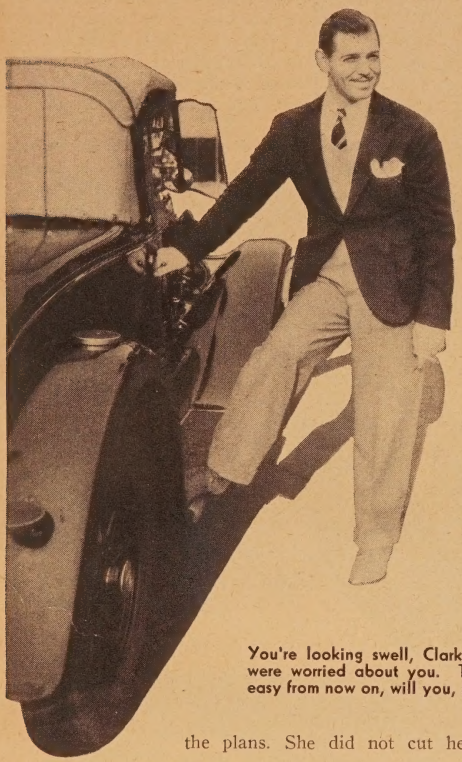
They're calling her, "Cinderella" Lombard. The only way the Paramount officials would allow Carole Lombard (who has been very sick) to play in "Bolero," was to insert a clause in her contract to the effect that during the run of the picture, she would promise to be in bed every night by twelve. So far, she's made the grade. And George Raft, who is in the same picture, wears out six pairs of sox and changes five pairs of shoes during the day's rehearsals. And they call it dancing!

It was a very swanky affair—that twentieth anniversary party given at the Hal Roach Studios. Jean Harlow, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Laurel and Hardy, Thelma Todd, Charlie Chase, Will Rogers and many others who started under the Roach banner were on hand to make it a real celebration. Jean Harlow, who wore a blue dress with chinchilla sleeves, did most of her dancing with Louis B. Mayer. And Will Rogers, who spoke over the radio, said it was a better party than Mr. Mayer gave—because there weren't any senators there—just nice people!

The Nana company was watching Anna Sten's death scene being run in the projection room. The room was in darkness and racking sobs were heard someplace in the audience. The company was very impressed, figuring that if the scene carried that much power in the projection room, what would it do in a theatre. When the lights went on they all turned to see who was so overcome. It was Anna Sten herself! She staggered out saying, "I cannot bear to see myself die."

Mrs. John Cabot Lodge (Francesca Braggiotti to you who have nimble tongues) has blonde hair that reaches to her knees. While John Lodge was away on location, she sent him a wire telling him that she was going to cut her hair. Little did she realize what his reaction would be!

A return wire flew back with just these few words: "If you do, I'll pull a Porphyria's lover." Neither Francesca nor any of her friends knew who Porphyria might be nor what John planned to pull so she delayed the cutting of the hair. When John returned the friends rallied round Francesca and an explanation was demanded. It was a dainty bit out of Browning. Porphyria's lover strangled her with her own long hair. If Francesca had planned on it, she changed the plans. She did not cut her hair.



You're looking swell, Clark. We were worried about you. Take it easy from now on, will you, mister?

Poor Gene Raymond! Hollywood just won't let him have nice platonic friendships with comely young stars—without forcing Daniel Cupid, Esq., to take active interest. Recently, Gene departed on a trip to Europe. Previous to his leave-taking, he had been out with Marian Nixon, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor. His last night in Hollywood was spent with the latter, when they danced and dined at the famous Cocoanut Grove. But the girl who accompanies him across the briny deep is none other than his mother. And just when we were beginning to get excited!

Walter Disney, father of "Mickey Mouse" and "The Three Little Pigs" was guest of honor at a luncheon given him by grateful parents and editors of children's magazines. Just as they were about to present him with a gold medal an attendant whispered something in his ear. Disney stood up—but instead of making a speech, announced he was the father of a baby girl and then deserted the luncheon in his honor to visit his own child.

To members of the camera crew and working gang, it was just another screen test. But to the little girl in front of the camera, it meant the chance of a lifetime. She was so nervous, she burst into tears and couldn't go on with her scene. A little red-headed, freckle-faced Irishman stepped forward and began to do a buck-and-wing. The weeping girl dried her tears and watched him. Then she tried to follow his steps and forgot her own self-consciousness. That was six years ago. Recently, the same electrician was taken sick. An ambulance called at his house, he was rushed to the hospital. The finest doctors, nurses and care were given him. No expense was spared and he is now well on his way to recovery again. His name is Tom Shagrue. The girl who never forgot his kindness that first day when she took her test is known in Hollywood—and all over the world, as Joan Crawford.

All the best sables in Hollywood are working at Paramount. These defunct thespians are draped all over Marlene Dietrich in "Catherine the Great." In one costume, Marlene wears a cape made of these aristocrats of the weasel family. The wrap sweeps the ground below and rises to the heights of a huge hood on top. The last gasp is a pair of sable gloves complete even to the fingers. Lesser members of the fur tribe are also working overtime. The mother of Catherine wears a dress edged with fox, the train being about six feet long. After days of searching for matched skins, the gown is ready to wear. The royal actress dons the luxurious gown, gets in a carriage and the scene begins. She never gets out of the coach through the entire scene. Those foxes will never get screen credit that way.

Mrs. George Arliss is in bed with a severe cold from over-devotion to Mr. Arliss. During two days of pouring rain, she came to the studio at seven in the morning with him even though she wasn't working those days. They are truly inseparable. Her pet name for him is "Jewel." It would sound silly for anyone other than Mr. Arliss. For him it is somehow right.

Cagney goes Stroheim! For his rôle in his next picture, they told Jimmy he was going to play a "mug." So Jimmy returned from his vacation with his head shaved clean as a billiard ball.

And now those Hollywood puppeteers have turned Hollywood racketeers. A group of these young screen players including Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Earl Blackwell, Patricia Ellis and others have built themselves a shack on the outskirts of the film city. Hammering, painting and decorations were

Dick Powell and Margaret Lindsay at that welcome home party for young Doug. Not a romance, they say

done by the members of the club. Coffee and sandwiches will be sold to those who would like to give these youthful thespians a helping hand.

For the first time since he is married, Andy Devine found himself saying a quiet, dignified good-night after spending an evening at Una Merkel's house. "My gosh," yelped Andy, "I'm so used to being thrown out, I can't believe this is me saying good-night and leaving of my own accord!"

A new idea with terrifying possibilities. The Mike Levees gave a welcome home dinner party for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and concocted a "Doug Junior" cocktail especially in his honor. If you are interested it contains two-thirds gin, one-third Pisco punch and a dash of orange bitters. As you notice there is not much waste. It carried a wallop that made the husbands who went without their wives decidedly unwelcome home. Can you look into the future? A Mae West cocktail would be at least one-third liquid fire and a Greta Garbo fizz would be well chilled. There are no limits to this new manner of showing honor.

Groucho Marx was introduced to a Mr. Vanderbilt at the Hal Roach Anniversary party. He looked at Mr. Vanderbilt and said, "Come on, break down and tell us your real name. It's Smith or Glutz or something. We have had two hundred Vanderbilts already." The man didn't laugh. He really was a top-ranking Vanderbilt. When they finally convinced Groucho he still stuck to his story. "There just *can't* be another one."

Dick Powell was asked to sing at the Mike Levee party in honor of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He finally found Harry Ruby the song writer who said that he would be glad to accompany Dick. Powell chose "By a Waterfall" as his contribution to the evening's entertainment. Dick started off very well but soon found himself alone by the falls. Harry Ruby had gone off on some tune of his own, doing waterfalls and cascades up and down the piano with amazing discords. Powell would incorporate a few suggestions to Ruby and a couple of well-chosen swear words into the lyrics as he went loudly on. But Ruby was not to be deflected. He was playing for his own enjoyment. Most of the guests figured that it ended with Ruby the winner. Powell ran out of breath.

It takes a strong stomach to go shopping in Westwood Village. Bebe Daniels for lingerie, Mary Pickford for hats and Pauline Gallagher for frocks. You are greeted with a different cocktail at each door and everything is discussed but clothes. One shopper asked to see a dress that was being shown by one of the models who give their services to the dressy cause. The model who was Constance Talmadge turned around and said, "I am so sorry but I like this one so much that I have just bought it myself."

Tom Brown, our favorite young heart-breaker, caught with Jean Parker at the N. B. C. Studios. What'll Anita Louise say, Tom?

What a panorama! John Mack Brown is the ath-a-lete and in the gallery you'll find Lew Ayres, Ginger Rogers (they care!) Virginia Valli and husband Charlie Farrell, Fay Wray and Barbara Weeks. It's Johnnie's own tennis match—in the middle of the winter, too

Dick Cromwell and Catherine DeMille, daughter of Cecil B., are said to be pretty crazy about each other. Anyway, neither can eat much at the Russian Eagle Café

Did you know that Karen Morley is going to desert her home for a while and make some movies again? Here she is, talking it over with her husband, Charles Vidor, at Levy's Grill

Below, Louis B. Mayer and Jean Harlow at Mike Levee's anniversary party. They danced together frequently. (Note Jean's chinchilla sleeves)

"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Instead of showing hers, Loretta Young spends minutes of concentration figuring where she can hide them. Being a religious little girl, she is never without her two holy medals held together by an unromantic safety pin. In these days of scanty costumes, Loretta has a deep problem.

Bing Crosby's ears are pasted back to his crooning head with adhesive tape. At six o'clock on working days, those ears are so well trained that they flip out the second before the whistle blows. Bing is learning that the price of fame is discomfort.

Claudette Colbert isn't overly fond of crawling things. One day on location in Hawaii during the filming of "Four Frightened People," Claudette felt a creeping on her leg. An assistant ran over and picked a centipede from the Colbert epidermis. Claudette screamed for two hours. The other three "Frightened People" stood rooted to the ground.

School didn't keep in Hollywood the day that George White selected girls for his famous "Scandals," about to make its appearance on the talking screen. The call went out for all the Hollywood beauties to report to the Carthay Circle Theatre for an interview. And they were there in all sizes, shapes and color—ages ranging from eight to eighty.

Warner Brothers Hollywood Theatre advertised, "Paul Muni's World Changes." Wonder if it was for better—or for worse?

Add this to your long list of Hollywood sob stories. Shortly after "Lady For A Day" was released, May Robson received a huge box of flowers. In it was a letter from a boy who wrote that Miss Robson's characterization recalled his beloved mother who had passed to the great beyond. There was no address attached so that May could write and thank him. Every week his flowers arrive on the same day. "Apple Annie" hopes he may read this and know how grateful she is.

Hollywood headlines might have read: "Marlene Dietrich taken for a ride." You see, it was this way: The gowns that she wears in "Catherine the Great" are so huge, Marlene had to hang on the running board of a car to get to the far set. One of the executives got a glimpse of their million dollar property clinging to the speeding vehicle. Immediately, the labor gang was called in. Now La Dietrich rides to the set on a flat platform electrically driven by a special motor.

Mae West thinks the Paramount executives are a bunch of ol' meanies. When she received (*Continued on page* 66)

Spencer Tracy's LOVE Confession

SPENCER didn't intend to tell this story—to anyone. Ever. He didn't want to tell it. His wife told hers, several months ago in this very magazine. But Spencer has more than the very masculine man's regulation dislike of any discussion involving the sentiments, or a woman, or intimate affairs of the heart and the spirit. He is so much like the character he plays, with Loretta Young, in "Man's Castle" that the story might well have been written to the measure of the man.

Eventually he decided to talk to me—for two reasons, two hopes. The first hope is that this story may serve to squash the reasonless and baseless rumors to the effect that Loretta Young is responsible for his separation from Mrs. Tracy. He repeated several times, while I was trying to make him feel that it would be wise for him to give one authenticated and quoted story, "If it would protect Loretta—I want to protect Loretta in this—"

His second reason for consenting to talk at all is his hope that this story may serve as a story to *end* stories. It is the only one he has given or will give and as such, or so he hopes, readers will know that any other tales are fictional, imaginative, hearsay or the concoctions of mere gossip.

He said: "I suppose stuff of some sort is bound to be written about us. Things already have been written—and said. *Plenty.* So perhaps you are right—one story from me may help to lay the others low.

"Well, I want to emphasize first of all the only statement I have given to date which is that Loretta had nothing whatever to do with our separation, Mrs. Tracy's and mine. *Nothing whatever to do with it.* If I can pound *that fact* home I will have achieved my purpose. Mrs. Tracy herself has, and will again at any time, confirm this statement of mine. She has said, and she is willing to say again to you, personally, or for publication that to mention Loretta as in any way involved in this matter is utterly ridiculous. She is as indignant as I am that Loretta should have been dragged into a matter that in no way concerns her. How could it?

"I mean, how could it because—as a matter of recorded and verifiable fact—and the register of the Chateau Elysee plus the starting date of our picture, 'Man's Castle' will bear me out—I was registered at the Elysee here in Hollywood some three weeks *before* I

ever set foot on the first set of 'Man's Castle.' If anyone is sufficiently interested or sufficiently skeptical to want to check me on this the data is available. And before I started to work on that picture I had never done more than lay eyes on Loretta Young a couple of times, here and there about town. I had never exchanged four words with her. I don't suppose that I had ever so much as passed a remark about her. I didn't say more than four words to her nor she to me for the first two or three days of the picture. She didn't pay the slightest personal attention to me, nor I to her. She didn't know that I existed off the set. I didn't know that she existed. It was certainly *not* one of those dramatic 'first sight' things you read about. She didn't bowl me over at first glance. If I made any particular impression on her she managed to conceal it.

"Matter of fact, nothing was farther from my thoughts than a girl, *any* girl. Nothing of a ladies' man at best I was less so than ever at that particular time. I was living alone at the Elysee. I'd been spending my evenings playing solitaire. I'd had no desire to go out, to go anywhere, with anyone. I was too low.

"ONE night I asked Loretta to have dinner with me. It was extremely casual. We'd been working late. I was tired of eating alone. It was just one of those things, off-hand, entirely unpremeditated. We did dine together and the next day it cracked in the papers.

"I believe that the first time I ever really became conscious of Loretta as a girl, as a woman, was the first time she noticed me as a man—to feel sorry for. She watched me lunching on the lot. She could see that I was feeling kinda low. I was, and I am, considerably upset over my separation from my wife. Mrs. Tracy is as upset as I am. After all, it took nine years a'growing, our marriage, and there are the children and a thing like that doesn't end easily, or without regret. The end of anything to which so much time and good intention, so many shared hardships and problems have gone is bound to be tragic and regrettable. It is simply one of those things where, for reasons more or less inexplicable, two adults grow apart.

"And so, that day, Loretta came over to me and out of the goodness of her heart asked me if I would like to drive out to her house and have a glass of beer. We were knocking off early. I told her I would. I did. We sat in the garden for two or three hours, Loretta, her mother and I. We talked and had a lot of laughs. It was pleasant. It was fun. Life seemed sorta decent again.

"Loretta was very sweet to me at that time, very kind and very understanding. I needed those things. She seemed different to me. And I liked everything I heard about her. I knew from her mother and sister, I heard from others, that Loretta was not the running-around kind. If she had been I might never have gone back to sit in the garden again. Not being a ladies' man I could never have kept up with a man's lady, so to speak. Fact is, there was a magazine story written about her—*you* wrote it, Gladys—called 'I've Been In Love Fifty Times,' Says Loretta Young. We had plenty of arguments about that. I said to her, 'I won't be any fifty-*first*—I couldn't be annoyed with you!'

"She told me to read the story, not the title, and I'd get a different angle. I did.

"Anyway, her sister told me that for the past year Loretta had not gone anywhere with anyone. The family was worried about it. It didn't seem natural for a girl so young and so beautiful. She had even gone so far as to deceive them a little just to set their minds at rest. When they were going out for the evening she would tell them that she was going out, too. And then—she wouldn't go. Everything I heard about her was pretty swell. Everything she *was* seemed pretty swell."

I said, interrupting Spencer, "Do you mind—I mean, I'd like to know what this is really all about? Do you want to marry Loretta?"

(*Continued on page 72*)

Exclusively for Movie Mirror—this much-discussed young actor unburdens his heart about his marriage—and also his romance with beautiful Loretta Young

BY

GLADYS HALL

What's your impression of Dolores del Rio and Ricardo Cortez in this scene from "Wonder Bar"? Yet, Dolores is the demure Mrs. Cedric Gibbons and Ric lives quietly with his new wife, Christine Lee

With a frank picture of every movie girl's most vital problem, this famous writer makes her bow in Movie Mirror

MY editor asked me this question the other day and before I sat down to answer it, to the best of my ability, I thought—why localize such an inquiry? One might almost as well ask—has virtue a chance *anywhere?* For Hollywood is a place and not a legend; and the people of Hollywood are mortal and human.

But the eyes of the United States and indeed of as much of the world as contains picture houses are on Hollywood. It is the most publicized spot on earth. Its vices, which are common to all localities, are painted in more lurid colors, and its people literally live in lanterns.

Hollywood has been called the wickedest city in the world. I believe that people forget Port Said and other Oriental towns. Hollywood they say is a sink hole of iniquity. Sermons are preached against it, the press is full of inveighings against this town which typifies to most readers all that is bad—and exciting. But Hollywood does not bother, very often, to contradict these legends for they are part of its stock in trade. Considering the matter dispassionately one must admit that Hollywood fosters such notions from a purely business angle! But a happy medium must be preserved. The public would be bored and unbelieving at the idea of Hollywood as a home town with a curfew at nine o'clock and a flock of hard working people, masking their true nobility under mimic, camera-ized emotions. That public would be equally shocked at serious scandal. It *has* been shocked—quite often. Yet since the unfortunate Arbuckle case Hollywood has tried very hard to keep away from scandals of a major nature.

Hollywood has its unsavory divorces, it has its occasional murders, it has its unpleasant accidents and headlines—and so has every other city in the world and in far larger proportions.

Remember that the quality which best assures screen success is glamor. Our great stars have it—Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, Dietrich. And glamor can be created by screen make-up which transforms a beautiful or charming girl, entirely healthy and normal, into a voluptuous and sensuous siren. Much of it is a matter of lipstick. In private life, taking two of these women for example, neither Miss Crawford nor Miss Shearer have the mouths of languor and seduction which they exhibit to the public. And their private lives are unquestioned.

As for Garbo—she is all private life.

Mae West is a newcomer to the glamor business. Her glamor is largely accent, eyes, figure, husky voice. She does not veil her so called sex appeal with any nuances. She is excessively frank. For some of her audience, *too* frank . . . I have heard some resentment of Mae's direct—and, to me, highly entertaining, frontal attack—yet on the other hand Mae West is generosity itself, and not in the way you'd think. She neither smokes nor drinks, she is good to her people and her friends and I, for one, have never heard a whisper about her private life. However Hollywood, or if you prefer, her studio, does not play up Miss West's normality. They fear her audiences would find her dull. Far better that people leave a theatre thinking they have seen the living embodiment of wickedness. So if ever you've been shocked at Mae please remember that on the screen all is not gold digger which glitters.

Did you see Frances Dee in "Blood Money" . . . a bad picture depicting a very bad girl? That was all make-up, much as I hate to disillusion you, Frances Dee, married to Joel

Has VIRTUE a CHANCE In HOLLYWOOD?

by Faith Baldwin

Does the cinema city deserve the bad reputation many have claimed for it? Dare a girl follow the straight and narrow path there—and still hope for fame and fortune?

McCrea, conducts herself in her own life with dignity and everything which, in that picture, she lacked.

Look at the furor caused by Lee Tracy's recent escapade. That's all it was. There may have been policies and politics back of the press accounts but if your nephew or mine had conducted himself along the same lines all would have been forgiven and forgotten. But Mr. Tracy is a part of Hollywood and so must be sacrificed on the altars of publicity. I have met Mr. Tracy. I like him. And I don't believe that he is capable of doing anything as dreadful as has been intimated. Remember it's all been intimation. There's never been a detailed history of the modern balcony act, no blow by blow description.

Ah, but, you say, look at the divorces! Sure, look at them. Look at them in New York, Brooklyn, Kokomo, San Francisco or any other place. The mere fact that Hollywood people marry quite frequently proved that, after all, these men and women have a taste for, and hankering after, domesticity. Otherwise why bother? They fall in love, they marry, with the very best intentions. They hope it "takes." Well, some times it doesn't. It doesn't take in other towns either. Right here in New York I know a very "nice" girl who has been married four times. She is not yet thirty. No one worries much about her.

And Hollywood is raising kids as well as Cain. Hollywood stars are endangering their figures and their glamor for the sake of having babies. They are adopting babies, too. They are going in for domestic life in a big way. They are realizing that for the first time in history actors and actresses have been given an opportunity to settle down in lovely homes, in a beautiful setting with a chance to lead lives not so different from yours (*Continued on page* 75)

Three cheers for glamor! Both pictures show the same girl—Rochelle Hudson—believe it or not!

Jean Harlow

Already the Hollywood vultures are swooping down over the third marriage of Mrs. Hal Rosson —determined that it will die! Here's what Jean has to say about it

By DOROTHY MANNERS

ALREADY, Hollywood has Mr. and Mrs. Hal Rosson lined up against its rumor wall!

Three short months and the whispering's well under way!

That's why I wanted to find out what Jean Harlow had to say about it. She said plenty.

You remember that just a day or so after her surprise marriage to the soft-spoken camera man, Jean moved out of the palatial new home she'd just built and where she'd been living with her mother and stepfather. Jean, now Mrs. Rosson, moved into a small, furnished apartment.

Even that early, there were whispers: Had Jean and Hal quarrelled with Mr. and Mrs. Bello? Why should a girl leave a beautiful home for a small place? What was in back of it?

Jean's answer was simple and should have been foreseen by the gossipers. She simply wanted to be alone with her bridegroom, wanted a honeymoon, wanted quiet and privacy.

Then Jean became ill and had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendicitis operation.

More whispers. Why was her health breaking? Was she unhappy?

Jean left the hospital and moved back home with her parents, and Rosson accompanied

Talks about those DIVORCE Rumors!

her. Reasonable enough, it seems to me. She needed to recuperate. She needed care, a mother's care. The big house the girl had built with her own earnings is out in the mountains, surrounded by sunshine, with a swimming pool at the front door, with lawns, with all the things a convalescent needs.

But would Hollywood take it that way? It would not. It started whispering in earnest now. Why was Jean back with her mother? Were she and Rosson splitting up? How long could the marriage last?

I went to her and said: "Jean, the anvil chorus has started. Can you beat this rap that has wrecked every single Hollywood marriage it has gone after?"

We sat in the all-white sun parlor of her Georgian home. It was late afternoon, almost winter dusk. I could just barely make out the figure of the almost too-slender girl in the large white chair facing mine. On doctor's orders she was slowly sipping a glass of wine. That recent appendicitis operation had cost her much in weight and strength. The brown slacks she wore and the crimson tips of her finger nails were the only spots of color against the soft white background. Maybe in the strictest sense Jean is not authentically beautiful. But she is the most sensationally effective piece of human property these fame dazzled eyes have ever encountered.

SHE nodded: "Yes, it has started. The studio gave out a statement for me the other night that the rumors were absurd, baseless. It isn't true that the papers called me about the rumor. Funny, isn't it, that Hollywood reporters delicately hesitate to call a bride on her honeymoon and inquire if she is planning divorce—and yet they aren't so delicate about *printing* their imaginings."

She arose, found a cigarette on the nearby coffee table and tapped it impatiently against her nail.

"I hate being put in a position of having to defend our happiness. I am afraid of words! I cannot say 'Nothing will ever happen to our marriage' because of a philosophy of mine. I don't believe in uttering stubborn, godlike statements in regard to destiny such as: 'I will not permit such-and-such to happen. I will not have it that way!' Call it superstition, if you like, but it seems like tempting a Fate that takes a fiendish delight in proving the contrary. And yet if I don't heatedly and angrily insist on our happiness it sounds as if I was hedging. As though I were already preparing a loophole for such an eventuality. I am sincerely shocked to find myself, still on my honeymoon, discussing the possibility of trouble. And yet it isn't in me to rave my denials. I resent being forced to insist that I am happy!"

She was again curled up in the enormous white chair, the smoke from her cigarette drifting upward.

"Is is no go for movie stars to any longer claim 'Marriage is just the same in Hollywood as it is any place else.' That isn't true. It is ten times more difficult. The average bride may have a slight tiff with her husband. Because there is no one about to know, or care, the two are permitted to wear

Answering the columnist who wrote that she has been seen several times without her husband, Hal Rosson, Jean says, "I shall probably be seen several more times without him!"

off their little quarrel and kiss and make up. But in Hollywood the slightest frown between a married couple spells Reno ideas. You are not permitted to forget it, because the next day everybody in town is discussing it. A molehill becomes a mountain when you are forced to make explanations to your friends, enemies and newspaper reporters. The telephone rings, and the memory lingers on long after the forgetting time in a normal married life. All this gossip annoys Hal terribly. He isn't used to being dragged out in public and dissected like this.

"The other day the newspapers made insinuating comment on the fact that Hal was occupying his town apartment for a few days. This was wholly untrue. Hal spent one night in our town apartment during the time I was in the hospital so that he could be closer to me. Neither one of us has been in the apartment once since my return from the hospital. And yet this story was printed in such a way as to read that we were temporarily separated. Hollywood has its mind firmly made up that Hal and I, my mother and stepfather cannot remain peacefully under one roof."

THE in-law situation is indeed one of Hollywood's favorite gossip points in the marriage of Jean and Hal. Jean's devotion to her mother is an accepted fact and her stepfather, Marino Bello, manages all her business affairs. Where, then, Hollywood wonders, does a mere husband fit into the picture of this perfect closed (*Continued on page* 73)

Robert YOUNG • Richard CROMWELL • Mona BARRIE
Henrietta CROSMAN • Stepin FETCHIT •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

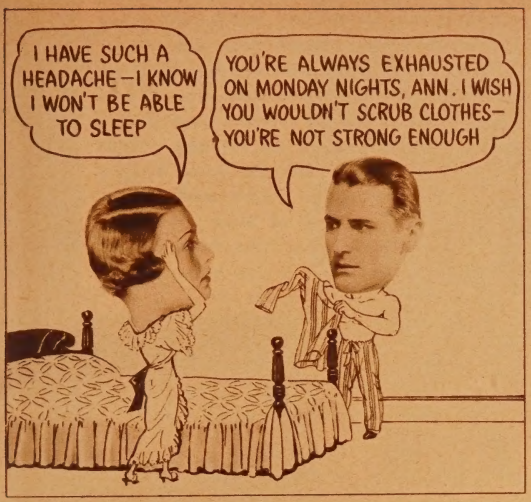
FOX

Marie Dressler

She is first in the hearts of her countrymen. She has lived sixty-two years and every one of them vividly, climbed to fame and fortune, lost out, climbed back again and never lost her sense of humor nor her warm love of people. MGM is planning to star her with Polly Moran once again in answer to the insistent clamor of their fans, which means there's a picture coming every one will want to see

• Marlene Dietrich

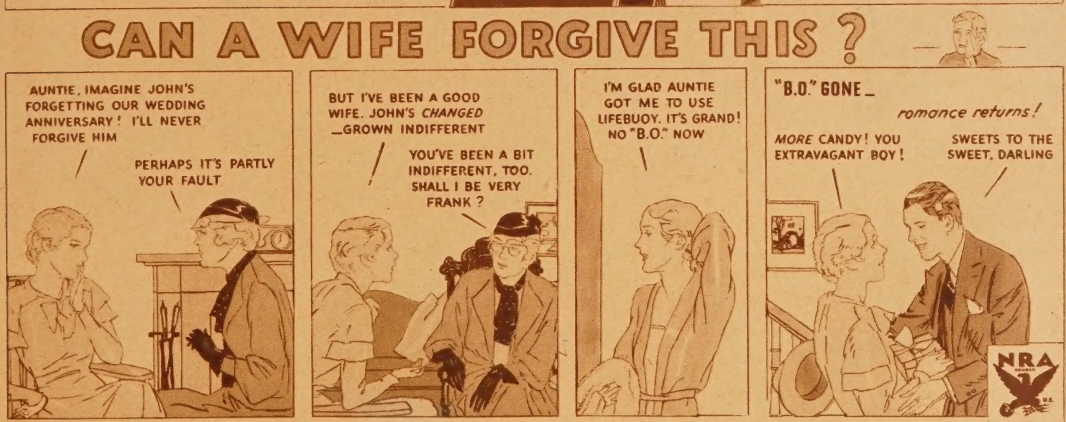
Marlene, the exquisite, is back again under the direction of her "master mind," Josef von Sternberg, and judging by the stills we have seen, "Catherine, the Great" is going to show them as a greater-than-ever combination. For Dietrich is surpassingly beautiful in this film. The title may be "Her Regiment of Lovers" in order not to conflict with the English production of "Catherine" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., soon to be released in this country


I HAVE SUCH A HEADACHE—I KNOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP
YOU'RE ALWAYS EXHAUSTED ON MONDAY NIGHTS, ANN. I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SCRUB CLOTHES—YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH

WELL, SOMEBODY HAS TO DO THE WASH. WE CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS
BILL SAYS HIS WIFE USES RINSO. IT **SOAKS** OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING. WHY NOT TRY IT, ANN?

NEXT WASHDAY
...AND YOU TELL BILL TO TELL HIS WIFE I'M SORE! SHE SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO LONG AGO. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL TODAY, YET MY CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
AND YOU LOOK AS FRESH AS A DAISY
Rinso
NRA

RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—I KNOW
THAT WILL SAVE ME LOTS OF MONEY
I'll never use a washboard again—*that's* what ruins clothes! The Rinso way is so gentle—yet clothes come whiter than ever. I'm using Rinso for dishes, too. I'm using it for *all* cleaning—it's so economical.
No wonder the makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso! No wonder it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. *Try it.* See what rich suds a little gives *even in hardest water.*


CAN A WIFE FORGIVE THIS?
AUNTIE, IMAGINE JOHN'S FORGETTING OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM
PERHAPS IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT
BUT I'VE BEEN A GOOD WIFE. JOHN'S *CHANGED*—GROWN INDIFFERENT
YOU'VE BEEN A BIT INDIFFERENT, TOO. SHALL I BE VERY FRANK?
I'M GLAD AUNTIE GOT ME TO USE LIFEBUOY. IT'S GRAND! NO "B.O." NOW
"B.O." GONE—
romance returns!
MORE CANDY! YOU EXTRAVAGANT BOY!
SWEETS TO THE SWEET, DARLING
NRA

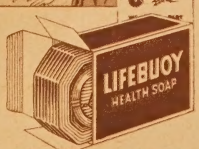
"B.O." (body odor)
—a kill-joy

TO guard happiness—guard against that unforgivable fault, "B. O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Its abundant, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B. O."

For a lovelier skin

Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into pores; then rinse. Watch skin bloom with health.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



Janet Gaynor

It seems to be get-together-again month with Dressler back with Moran, Dietrich back with von Sternberg and Gaynor back with—yes, yes, Charlie Farrell. Charlie revolted more than a year ago to go on his own. Little Gaynor has had the finest leading men—but it all hasn't spelled box-office for either of them. You'll be seeing them first in "One More Spring" as lovely a story as ever brought to the screen

Joe E. Brown and daughter

It isn't advertising. It isn't headlines. It's the public that makes a star, the public and that certain sympathy and sincerity that the camera catches in a personality. Take Mr. Joe E. Brown, here shown with the youngest of the Brown babies. The camera catches the Joe his friends know, kindly, humorous, generous and intelligent. In an organization like Warners, with stars like Ruth Chatterton, Barthelmess and Bill Powell, it's quiet Joe who outranks them all when the box office is counted

Constance Bennett

The glamour girl of the Bennett sisterhood is more vividly beautiful these days. Maybe it's her new contract with 20th Century pictures, that's making her feel so gay. The Hollywood whisperers are a little disconcerted by the return of the Marquis de la Falaise to the cinema village and the evident fondness between him and Connie. It's still hard for some people to realize that Connie does what she wants when she wants to, a free soul. Her newest picture is "Moulin Rouge"

Robert Montgomery

He will play opposite Norma Shearer, with whom he has scored his greatest successes, when that vivid person returns to the screen in "Rip Tide." Cursed with premature stardom, Bob has recovered nicely to be one of the most charming leading men of the screen. The loss of his baby daughter seemed to mark a definite turning point in his life. He is a father once again, lives very quietly, yet a debonaire quality persists in his work, more mature and most attractive

We are proud to add young Doug Fairbanks to our list of distinguished writers. We are proud, too, to offer his story which reveals the real Leslie Howard for the first time—a story which only a friend, who knows him well, could write!

I CALL him "Whimsey" but it is not meant in a "Winnie-the-Pooh" sense. Leslie Howard's chief charm, apart from the brilliance and perfection of his work, is his apparent lack of responsibility. It is this trait in him which called forth that nickname from me, and yet, sometimes I wonder if it is actually justified.

Leslie is a conscientious worker and a superb craftsman at his job. There are very few actors whose performances may be termed "finished"—a word which is too often loosely applied by critics. Every characterization of Howard's is a solidly thought-out, unified whole. Every gesture is motivated by the dialogue and the general feeling of the scene itself. In other words, he knows exactly what he's doing and why he's doing it. He knows his effects and how to obtain them. It is, therefore, somewhat bewildering to work with him, since his charming vagueness when not in action is suddenly transformed into a driving and all-encompassing efficiency the moment the gong rings. Leslie looks like a faun and he works like a machine-gun.

I have never seen the Howard sense of humor fail. He laughs constantly and his laughter is infectious. He extracts more pleasure from life than most people, simply because he never ceased being a small boy. He's the little boy who always wins at "Follow-the-leader," who accepts any dare with a blithe disregard of the consequences. This is probably because he is so completely unimpressed by what ordinarily passes for greatness. The small, local triumphs of those about him are of much less importance to him than the ultimate outcome of a serial story which he has been carrying on for the benefit of his small daughter over a period of nine years.

This story started when the child was barely able to understand what her father was talking about. Each night at bedtime, Leslie goes on with the tale. To me it is a great

The Unknown LESLIE HOWARD

pity that a dictaphone could not have been installed under little Miss Howard's pillow. Her father's mind darts with dazzling speed from incongruity to incongruity, from *non sequitur* to *non sequitur*. The possibilities of this nine-year serial, set up in print, are appalling and delightful.

As a matter of fact, it would be pretty entertaining if it were possible also to listen in on all of Leslie's conversations with his children. His attitude toward them in conversation is unique. He never condescends, nor "talks down" to what grown-ups imagine to be the childish level. He addresses his son and daughter exactly as though they were adults. He grants nothing to their youth and expects them to talk back to him and stand on their own feet with the courage of their convictions. He encourages them to use their own judgment, to make up their minds for themselves, by adopting this attitude in his conversation with them.

When you read this story, you'll learn —

About the serial story that Leslie Howard has taken nine years to compose . . .

The facts about his six-day romance . . .

Why Leslie Howard doesn't like to act . . .

What, next to his wife and children, is his dearest love . . .

LESLIE'S romance with his wife has a whirlwind quality of its own. He met her, fell in love with her, and married her—all in six days. The seventh day he left her in order to take part in a disturbance laughingly referred to as the World War. That marriage is a success. It only goes to show that his judgment is unerring. Ruth Howard and the two Howard children are swell, and Fate is very kind to Leslie. His children are a major enthusiasm with him but he resembles not at all the doting parent who bores his friends and acquaintances with uninteresting tales of his offspring's prowess and superiority. Rather, Leslie admires his children in the manner of an important art critic who knows a good canvas when he sees one; a fine judge of horseflesh who has just unearthed an especially promising novice hunter at the Dublin show. He is definitely pleased with his children. He admires them. They satisfy his æsthetic sense. And you have to guess all this, which I'm sure is true, from a quick flash of the eye when they are mentioned. If there is anything to the theory that our present-day mode of living is evolving a new type of family life, a group of people who admire each other with an intelligent and casual sentimentality, then the Howard family seems to me to be prime example number one of that theory.

Leslie's devotion to his kodak is, to say the least, pronounced. But here again one can join in his enthusiasm for the simple reason that the pictures he takes are very good ones. Photography is a pastime which has been taken up by many people in Hollywood during the past year or two and no one is a more ardent snap-shotter than Howard. He has made some beautiful photographs of the desert around La Quinta and Palm Springs and his camera is equipped with a bewildering assortment of special lenses.

The California desert is his favorite stamping-ground in this country and his chief regret in life is that the upper end of the Imperial Valley does not happen to have been placed in England when the geography of this planet was being arranged. Whenever he has any time off, from the studios in Hollywood, he packs up the rest of the Howards and goes as fast as possible to the date groves and cactus patches.

LESLIE'S idea of a really good time is to live in the country, to write when he feels like it, to ride a good horse as often and as long as possible. The "Hollywood Type" is fast dying out and it has been actors and actresses of Leslie's

(*Continued on page 71*)

BY Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

HEPBURN'S hollywood

ABOUT a year ago Katharine Hepburn returned to New York from a trip to Paris. She had just one movie to her credit— "A Bill of Divorcement"—but that success was enough to assure her being met at the docks by dozens of newspaper men. Everything she said and did was reported. And everything she wore was described.

Her clothes, from her perky Schiaparelli hat to her trim French slippers, all bore Paris labels. She was, at that time, and in spite of the fact that she had been a sensation in her first movie, bewildered by and unused to Hollywood. She wasn't even sure she liked the place.

Now, a year later, she is in New York starring in a play called "The Lake." But now, she is different—a Hollywood product, the new box office bet of the film industry, the girl, who, on Broadway, had only mediocre success but whose play now is sold out for three solid weeks. The movies have done all this for her. With their faith in this almost unknown girl they have made her the rage of New York. *And* her clothes are designed by Howard Greer, a local Hollywood boy.

It's a curious story, the metamorphosis of Katharine Hepburn—a story of loyalty and gratitude. A very nice sort of story, as a matter of fact.

When it was known that she was coming East for this play four of the finest gown shops in New York offered to create her clothes for nothing, just to have the credit. Katharine turned these offers down cold. "No sir," she said, "Howard has done a grand job of my clothes in Hollywood. They're my kind of things and I won't have gowns from anywhere but Hollywood." So she brought along with her to New York not only Howard Greer but her studio hair dresser, as well.

Katharine Hepburn, the Eastern girl, the girl ambitious for stage fame, has gone Hollywood. But she's gone Hollywood in the very nicest sort of way. She is loyal to the town that really and truly made her.

And why is she so fond of Hollywood clothes? What are the new gowns really like? What sort of person does Howard Greer find her? How does she select her wardrobe? What are her gown idiosyncrasies?

The first time Howard Greer ever saw her she came dashing up the steps of his shop, accompanied by her dear friend, Laura Harding. Both were dressed in trousers, little Paris hats, tailored scarfs and those curious sandals that French sailors wear.

Howard took a look at her and sighed, "Oh Lord, here's

Howard Greer, who designed Hepburn's movie clothes, was the designer Kayhep chose to make her stage clothes, even though New York and Paris stylists were crying for her attention. Above you see the interesting wedding gown and veil Greer designed in white satin and rose point lace. At right, a very smart sports coat-dress of red mixed tweed with brown velveteen trim. The high collar may be buttoned back to the brown wooden buttons on either shoulder. On the opposite page is Hepburn's negligee of silver velvet, high-necked, long sleeved, with absolutely no trimming

creations

The aloof Katharine unlike most Actresses coming back to Broadway, proclaims her loyalty to Filmdom's Fashion originators

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

a girl who doesn't like clothes. She'll be a tough one."

But, strangely enough, when he began to display his most ravishing gowns he discovered that she had a deep interest in and a real appreciation of clothes. She has strong likes and dislikes and expresses her opinion. But any smart designer will tell you that that's all to the good.

He discovered immediately that she hates embroidery, beads and glitter. "Not for me," she told him in that intense voice she uses in big emotional scenes as well as when asking for another cup of coffee.

The first day she was completely tireless. She looked, with intelligent interest, at every gown he had. And that night Howard tried to penetrate the mystery of the girl who would dash around town in just any old thing but who had a real feeling for good clothes, nevertheless.

At last he got the answer. She wears those overalls around the lot all day because they're so doggone comfortable. And that's something that Kate likes a lot of—comfort. But there is enough of the feminine in the gal and enough of the dramatic instinct to make her love dressing up in really exciting clothes so that when she sweeps into a drawing room or a theatre lobby she leaves the folks gasping.

As a matter of fact, it's a cute stunt. Because she slops about in overalls everyone is amazed that she can make those splendid entrances.

Greer has designed three costumes for her play—all ultra modern. And, incidentally, here's an inside tip. You can be the first to try the brand new Hepburn hairdress. It isn't so new, at that. She is wearing her hair as she did in "Little Women"—you know, the fuzzy bangs—in this very modern play. And it's Greer's bet that it will catch on like the Garbo bob.

Her most lovely dress is the bridal gown, conventional white satin, of course, but not a conventional line. "It isn't a new line," Greer explained. "I'd be a liar if I—or any designer—said that. There just aren't any new lines. This is something that hasn't been used for a long time."

The skirt of the dress sweeps from the hips instead of being form fitting as clothes have been lately. That's because it suits Hepburn—that line. Her shoulders present difficulties. As far as just plain modeling is concerned Kate has swell shoulders, wonderful and broad, ("Gothic," Howard Greer calls them), but they look much, much better when they're covered with cloth. Greer has fashioned the satin in soft folds standing away from the stiffened shoulders. He made the yoke of the gown of rose point lace with a (*Continued on page* 84)

Jimmy Cagney's Health Road to SUCCESS

By HAROLD STEVENS

JIMMY CAGNEY has the reputation in Hollywood of being a health nut. Hollywood is a small town, and, like all small towns, it is quick to throw those loose accusations around. Anybody who is the least bit different from the crowd pays for it by having such things said about him. Lil Tashman is a clothes nut, Greta Garbo is an exclusiveness nut, Katharine Hepburn is a hat nut. So Jimmy Cagney is a health nut.

All I can say is, if a lot more of us were as nutty as Jimmy, a lot more of us would be successful at our jobs, whether they're running a drill press or clerking behind a hosiery counter.

The first time anybody told me how interested in his health Jimmy was I formed a mental picture of his doing setting-up exercises madly beside the radio every morning at six o'clock, and running up and down the streets of Beverly Hills in his underpants. As a matter of fact he's no more a faddist, Jimmy, than you or I. He merely happens to know about five hundred times more about himself, inside and out, physically and mentally, than any of the rest of us ever bother to learn. Self-knowledge seems to be something you run across in leaders in every profession, from novel-writing to building bridges. It is a prime requisite for success in any of them. Without doubt it is one of the chief reasons for Jimmy's success. And there is no reason why the rules Jimmy lays down for himself cannot help *you* to succeed, just as they have helped him. That being so, you may be interested in hearing them.

"But remember," Jimmy says, *"no rule is a good rule if you try to apply it to everybody.* That is where so many doctors, as well as dieticians and physical-culture instructors, make their mistake. People differ widely. The statistics that say that every man five feet eleven inches tall, between the ages of 25 and 30, must weigh exactly 165 pounds, are bunk. *You* don't happen to be named Cagney, so my particular little rules and tricks won't work out for you. But rules *like* mine will work for you. You'll have to work yours out for yourself. All I can do is give you a hint as to how to go about it.

"Health is an illusion. To you it may mean how you feel. To someone else it may mean how much he can do. Some people think they're brimful of it when as a matter of fact they've got barely enough vitality to keep them from falling down when they stand up. People who have been sick for many years often set up a mental condition, called euphoria, which keeps them feeling entirely well. My particular kind of health is a feeling of peace of mind.

"So, you see, my rules for health aren't concerned with what we generally speak of as health at all. If you're sick, go to a doctor. My rules are helps to happiness and accomplishment. Those are what I live for, and what you probably live for, as you can find out by analyzing yourself. (You must learn to analyze yourself—take yourself to pieces and see what makes you sick, what makes you happy or depressed, what it is that you're after in life.) I have known people who felt happier, and accomplished more, when they were actually ill. Roland Young finds he can do the best job of writing the verses and drawing those little pictures he's famous for when he is running a fever.

"The thing to try for is the condition *under which you work best and feel best.* Your body is a steam engine, so the first thing to watch out for is what kind of coal you're burning. I work best and feel best when I weigh a hundred and fifty pounds, so I live on a diet which keeps me at that weight."

LINCOLN STEFFENS, watching Jimmy pick and choose dishes at a dinner party, once told him: "Jim, you ought to write a book on how it feels to be a race horse!" Jimmy has to turn down cream of tomato soup, avocado salad, creamed chicken, all fattening foods. His cook at home, an expert at dietetics or Jimmy wouldn't have hired him, never mixes starch with proteins. No tea or coffee is served during meals. From year to year he hardly ever tastes a starchy vegetable. A dinner at the Cagneys' is simpler than a dinner in the home of many a family who think themselves abused and wish they had money enough for richer foods. There is no soup, no bread and butter, not even a glass of water on the table. You may get a thin slice of roast beef, with a small side-dish of carrots or spinach, and you may perhaps get a fruit salad. If there is a dessert —and usually there is not—it will be fruit too, raw or stewed. As a very rare treat Jimmy permits himself to eat pudding. With every meal he eats quantities of apple or cranberry sauce, first because he finds it helps his digestion and second because he likes them.

But, again, Jimmy insists that this is only the diet which works best for *him.* You may need twice as much food to keep you feeling at your best. If you do—eat it. Unless, of course, you're past forty-five and overweight. Fat after forty can kill you more rapidly than any poison.

The same with sleep. Jimmy sleeps eight hours a night—to the minute. If he gets eight and a half hours he is logy. From long years of practice he can wake up on the minute without an alarm clock beside his bed. You yourself, where sleep is concerned, may be a horse of an entirely different color. Do you know the old proverb to the effect that, "A Christian gentleman always takes a nap at noon?" It isn't a bad idea for some of us, gentlemen or no gentlemen, as the Spanish señoritas who take a siesta every day know. Many people can get more rest out of a fifteen minute doze than out of a full night's sleep. Others get along easily on four hours a night. Still others, especially in the Winter months, need nine to ten hours. The thing to do is study yourself

carefully and find out what your own personal requirement is. Then sleep that long, and don't listen to the "good advice" of anybody who tells you it's wrong. It may be wrong for somebody else, but it's right for you.

Don't be a slave to custom. Custom says people should go to bed and sleep without interruption until morning. For you that may be the worst thing in the world. Cavemen didn't sleep that way. They were up every few hours during the night, to put more wood on the fire and keep a look-out for sabre-tooth tigers. The caveman is still in all of us, lurking right beneath our trade-upstairs-and-save-ten-dollars overcoats. If you're one of the people who sleep in snatches, sleep that way and stop wondering if it's unhealthy. It isn't—for you. And if you're one of those other unfortunates with insomnia, and can't sleep at all—don't try. When you find yourself lying awake, get up, put on your clothes, and go for a walk or read a book. Or force yourself to stay awake for 48 hours, and see if that doesn't do some good!

As for exercise, leading authorities are rapidly coming to agree with Jimmy that we Americans overdo it. Heavy exercise, such as football, may actually take ten years off your life—has taken it off the life of more than one college hero of the gridiron. Jimmy goes to a professional dancing school in Hollywood several times (*Continued on page* 78)

"No rule is a good rule if you try to apply it to everybody," says Jimmy. But he gives you valuable hints on how to find your health rules

Hollywood Takes Care of its OWN

Have You Wondered at the Once Famous Faces You Now Glimpse Playing Bit Roles? Here's How That Happens

by HELEN LOUISE WALKER

HOLLYWOOD can be cruel—mercilessly cruel—to the strugglers after her fame and fortune. But Hollywood can be kind, too. "Heartbreak Town," people call it . . . and the name is accurate in a two-edged sense. Heartbreaks for the youngsters who are trying to crash pictures—and more bitter heartbreaks when that hard-earned fame begins to wane. The time of triumph is so often pitifully short. So *unexpectedly short.* Your aspiring actor starves and agonizes and becomes, at last, a star. He glories briefly in fame and adulation, in success. His dream has come true and it never occurs to him that it will not last forever.

Scarcely has he become accustomed to this tinseled and exciting state, scarcely has he learned how to speak to the butler and how to order wine, when he discovers that he is slipping. Slipping before he has got round to doing half the things that he planned during those lean, early days, slipping when he feels that he has just begun. He doesn't, of course, believe it. It is merely a temporary "bad break." He will come back in the next picture, at the next opportunity. The self confidence which supported him in those first struggles has grown with a taste of success. When he is eighty-two, if he hasn't worked for forty years, he will still believe, with a touching faith, that he has what it takes to be a sensation in pictures.

When this happens, Hollywood is kind. Hollywood can't give him back his triumphs but she can see to it that he doesn't pay the full penalty for his extravagance, his lack of foresight, his foolishness. She will see to it that he eats

They start out, most Hollywoodians, like these lovely girls in the center. A few rise to the top but for those who slip gradually down and down — well, now Hollywood knows what to do about them

regularly and has a place to sleep, an occasional opportunity to work—and she will see to it that his vanity is not wounded more than is absolutely necessary. That is the grand thing that Hollywood does—she leaves people's self-respect intact, she takes it for granted always that the difficulty is a temporary and merely unlucky one—she nurtures their belief in themselves.

About two years ago I went to review a picture called "Kept Husbands," co-starring Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea. A vivacious, dark-haired woman appeared in a supporting role—and when she made her appearance, the audience broke into prolonged and enthusiastic applause. It was Clara Kimball Young. She looked a little more mature than I remembered her . . . but she was still beautiful and her performance was sparkling and witty. Obviously her public had not forgotten her and obviously she still had something of value to offer on the screen.

I had not heard of her since, until the other day when a notice appeared in the newspapers of a suit she had filed to collect an old debt. The notice remarked that it was rumored that Miss Young was almost destitute. That was a shock. Why, Clara Kimball Young earned hundreds of thousands of dollars. She was the darling of the screen—and not so long ago, either. She toured the country during the War—remember?—and sold, it was said, more Liberty Bonds than any other screen actress. The glamorous, the beautiful Clara.

I called to ask her for an interview. She consented to see me at first but later she hesitated. Well, one can understand that . . . "Perhaps it will do some good, if you are mentioned in print," I argued. "It might remind people—it might—"

The bitterness of her reply silenced me. "Things like that can't do me any good now!" she said. "It is too late."

That hurt—that she should think it was "too late." I didn't urge her any more.

A friend said to her, not long ago, "But, Clara, you earned well over a million dollars in your day. What became of it? What did you *do* with it?" She shrugged—that well remembered shrug. She didn't know. It had just gone.

"Gave it away, most of it!" the friend commented afterward.

They do. Everyone in pictures who has a job is looking after one or several people who haven't any. There are always so many more people than there are jobs, even in good times. My friend and neighbor, Alison Skipworth, is earning what you and I should call a distinctly sizable sum each week. Yet, she lives in a modest cottage, does most of her own work, drives an elderly and wheezy car and buys only the necessary clothes. She is supporting seven people and donating to all sorts of charities. She will never be dependent upon anyone—that Skippy—but she will never live in the luxury that you might think that salary would insure. She could have a mansion and a corps of servants for what she earns each (*Continued on page* 89)

(Down below) A wedding that wasn't a wedding and wasn't even the guarantee of happiness expected. Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan on the first anniversary of their marriage recently got married all over again. (That's Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkins' ex, Mrs. Keene Thompson and Mrs. Monta Bell with the Beahans). A few days later they had separated

Close-up of Miss Joan Crawford and Mr. Franchot Tone listening to Gus Arnheim's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove. (Joan has attended every night since that band has been there.) But that's not the reason for our running this picture. The ring on Joan's finger is—a pigeon blood ruby (priceless!) Franchot's Christmas gift to her

Well, they're back in Hollywood together again, now Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, very happy but very poised about it, thank you. This is the first appearance socially of Gary and the former Sandra Shaw in the cinema capital dining at the Beverly-Wilshire, and paying no attention to romantic young ladies about Hollywood who knew Gary when

Whenever a new beautiful blonde comes along, Jack Oakie does a Harpo Marx and rushes after her. Since Peggy Hopkins' departure, however, Jack has been very quiet, for him. Now Hazel Forbes, a former Broadway beauty, has gone pictureward, and it is Mr. Oakie who is escorting her most places (here it's the Ambassador). Jack's friends think this is really serious

(Below) The beautiful Miss Lombard, since her divorce from Bill Powell, is certainly one of the belles of Hollywood. Odds are being placed on who gets the most dates, George Raft or Russ Columbo. Here is Russ in the running. He also dates June Knight and Mary Brian, which just goes to show what an opportunity a boy has in Hollywood

It's rare when you catch Mae West out party-ing but Hyman Fink the demon cameraman found her at the Little Club with James Timoney, her constant companion, and Boris Petroff. Mae's gown was all white, as is her ermine coat; her only jewels, a diamond tiara on her blonde head, her flowers, palest purple orchids

The maddest hat in all Hollywood is being worn by Thelma Todd. It's of braided cloth of gold, rising like a tower and leading slightly to the left and only a beauty like Thelma could get away with it. She wears it with a gown of gold net made very simply. Mr. de Cicco, Thelma's husband, is escorting her to the Little Club

Catching Them Unawares

as Our Mr. Fink Always Does

They're not LO

Why Two Disillusioned Lovers Are For Remarrying

RICARDO CORTEZ and Adolphe Menjou have every reason in the world to be afraid of love, to be afraid of marriage.

Both have known the blind ecstasy of love and bitter, searing disillusionment.

And yet they are for marrying again. Ricardo Cortez flew to Phoenix, Arizona recently and married Christine Lee, a New York society girl with one previous marriage to her credit. As soon as his final decree of divorce is granted, Adolphe Menjou is marrying Veree Teasdale, the actress, who is also a divorcée.

It will be Adolphe Menjou's third marriage and is Ricardo's second.

The first time Adolphe married a clever, brisk, determined newspaper woman, the second time a lovely actress with baby blue eyes and a lilting voice. Both marriages ended in a series of continual bickerings.

Ricardo Cortez had been married only once, but in that one marriage he knew the greatest joy and the bitterest disillusionment that can come to any human being. He worshipped Alma Rubens and found that she was the slave of drugs, loving them more than she loved life itself. He forgot his career, he forgot all thought of himself while he plunged into the bitterest battle of his life—the attempt to save lovely Alma Rubens from herself. His battle failed. She died, a hopeless victim of the drugs that had marred her life.

Why, in the face of the bitterest of disillusionments, are Ricardo Cortez and Adolphe Menjou for marrying again?

To understand that, you have to understand the women they love.

In New York, Veree Teasdale was known as "dig-a-little-deeper-Teasdale." That was because she had played one of the original gold-digging rôles in "The Greeks Had a Word For It." In New York she was also known as a gal with a swell sense of humor.

But neither her success as a gold-digger nor her ability as a wise-cracker saved her from the loneliness and disappointment that comprised her first year in Hollywood.

At first, Hollywood accepted her with open arms. Hedda Hopper took her in tow and those two were a welcome addition to any well-regulated drawing room. She played the piano well, sang beautifully and was a brilliant and witty conversationalist. To all outward appearances she was having a grand time socially.

BUT that was only on the surface. She had many acquaintances in Hollywood, but no one who really mattered. She was seen many places and often in the company of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. But they were friends—and only friends. This is understandable because Veree Teasdale happens to be a woman above the average in intelligence. Her aunt, by the way, was Sara Teasdale, the famous poetess. The average man certainly does not relish a romance between himself and a woman whom he feels to be his mental superior. In addition, Veree is independent. There are not many men who come up to her expectations.

Besides, though few people in Hollywood knew it, she had been married and was estranged from her husband.

Her career was no more satisfactory than her private life. That was because she was typed as a vamp by M-G-M, the studio to which she was under contract, when she was really a light comedienne. So there she was in Hollywood, with her career going on the rocks, her social life at a standstill, her unhappy marriage a problem that must be faced. Those three problems might have been almost too much for

Ricardo and Mrs. Cortez: nee Christine Lee

Afraid of VE

By DORA ALBERT

Adolphe and the future Mrs. Menjou: Veree Teasdale

any other woman. But not for Veree. She faced all her problems squarely.

She got a divorce from her husband, William O'Neal, a singer, on the grounds of incompatibility. She got a release from her contract. And, after a short visit to New York, she went back to Hollywood to fight for the rôles she wanted.

She got them too. Universal hired her for her light comedy work in a ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville feature. She got a few parts in musicals.

Then one day, romance came into her life unexpectedly. Veree went to a cocktail party given by the Frank Morgans. She went because she liked the Morgans. She enjoyed herself far more than she had ever hoped because she met Adolphe Menjou.

Their romance grew with the speed of a prairie fire on the hottest summer day. Here at last was a man who could appeal to the most discriminating woman; a man who appreciated her intelligence and savoir faire.

Psychologists say that men usually marry the same type of woman over and over and over again, if they marry more than once. But that isn't true of Menjou. And it looks as if it isn't true of Ricardo Cortez either. For in Christine Lee he has found a woman totally different from temperamental, exotic Alma Rubens. As for Adolphe, he married two contrasting types of women, and is now in love with a woman who is different from either of them.

ADOLPHE'S first love and his first wife was Katherine Conn Tinsley, a brisk newspaper woman with close clipped black hair cut almost mannish in fashion. She seemed perfectly straightforward and had a brisk, firm manner of speaking. She was certainly intelligent and inclined to be a little bit highbrow. She had been married before, and had a son by that previous marriage. That was the boy who recently got into trouble on the Coast because of an automobile accident. You sometimes hear him referred to as Adolphe's son. He isn't. He was Katherine Tinsley's son, and Adolphe has not seen him in about eight or nine years.

The marriage was doomed from the start. Katherine had the intelligence that Adolphe had wanted in a life companion, but in other ways they were not compatible. Possibly Katherine was too outspoken and Adolphe was always reckless as well as charming.

When Adolphe got married, as a young man just returned from the War, he had $2,000 left over from his army pay. He spent most of it on an engagement ring, a wedding ring and two tickets to California. Then with his last hundred, he sat down to a poker game. He lost three hundred dollars, two hundred of which Al Greene, a director, had to pay for him.

To a girl like Katherine Tinsley that sort of thing seemed reckless and even a little foolish. After awhile, she is supposed to have told Adolphe that she had married him when he was down on his luck because she felt sorry for him. She said she had fed him so many dinners that she had felt that she might as well marry him.

Now everyone who has ever met Adolphe knows that in spite of his sophisticated exterior, he is at heart a romanticist. That sort of thing was a death blow to romance. Adolphe and Katherine parted, and in 1927 they were divorced.

Having failed to find happiness in his marriage to a woman who was clever and determined, he fell in love next with a girl who was exquisitely feminine. Her name was Kathryn Carver, but she was very different from the first Katherine. She was blonde and tall and slender and had eyes so exquisitely blue that it stabbed you to look at her. She had been married to Ira Hill, the (*Continued on page* 81)

ILLUSTRATION by CARL PFEUFFER

Dinner hour—but frequently Joan Crawford eats, has her hair done, answers phone calls and dictates letters all at the same time

NOT very long ago a letter from a woman in the Middle West came to my desk which raised a question so pertinent that I think it is high time it was answered.

In part, the letter read: "I cannot understand how the picture stars find time to do all they do. A couple of marriages, a couple of divorces, a couple of babies, nervous breakdowns, European tours, trips to New York and Reno all seem to be just the garden variety type of events which are tossed off in a couple of years. Most of the actresses seem to attend all prominent social functions, make a goodly number of pictures a year, manage three or four homes, keep up with many friends, keep themselves perfectly groomed and plan their own clothes. The rest of us average women spend our lives at just one job and say we haven't time for outside things. As we grow old and shabby the stars seem to thrive and grow younger. I wish you would explain how it's managed."

And I might add that not only do the stars crowd a million things into one day, they have usually lived long and eventful lives by the time they are twenty-two. Just look at Loretta Young. But that's beside the point.

It does seem to me, however, that now is the time to dig down deep into Hollywood phenomena and find out how they stretch a day like a rubber band—making twenty-four hours count for fifty—without having the rubber day snap back in their faces.

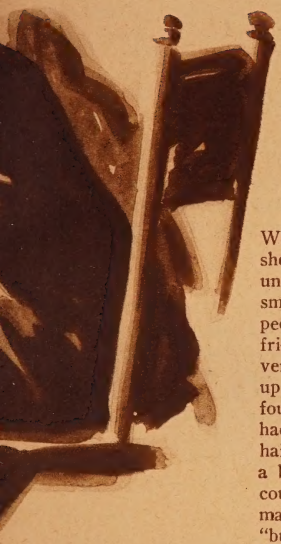
If I write one article for a magazine, go to town and have my nails manicured and figure out what to have for dinner I call that a good day's work. Then I think of almost any star's day and get ashamed.

Picking a name at random let's take Marion Davies.

How to be 3 PEOPLE in ONE DAY!

An Amazing Lesson in Efficiency Taught by the Greatest Stars

by SUSAN TALBOT



While I've been doing three things she has probably worked from nine until six at the studio, planned a small buffet supper for thirty-five people, bought four gifts for various friends having birthdays or anniversaries, looked at tests of an actor up for a part in her film, entertained four visiting notables at luncheon, had fittings on six costumes, had her hair and nails done, taken care of a batch of correspondence, read a couple of scripts of pictures to be made and been interviewed by some "busy" writer like me. Honestly, that's not something I just made up. Such a day would not, by any manner of means, be a particularly busy one for Marion Davies.

How, then, do they do it? How do they crowd their days, their weeks and their lives so full? Do they have something us ordinary women don't have?

Some things must be admitted first. They're not supernatural creatures who can turn themselves into twins with a couple of "abra-cadabras." They do have servants and secretaries. They do have every convenience that money can buy. But so do wealthy society women. The stars indulge in as many activities as society women do—and the social lights don't make pictures.

But against the labor-saving devices, on the other side of the score board, is the fact that when the stars are making pictures they must, to preserve that youth and beauty, be in bed not later than ten o'clock.

All of the best Los Angeles and Hollywood shops employ women whose sole duty it is to carry their wares to the stars' homes and to the studio for their selection. Also the stars can afford to have hair dressers and manicurists come to them. That saves transportation time. So score one for girls like you and me who can't afford these things. It still doesn't account for their boundless activities. And in spite of the efficiency their money can bring them there is still a lesson for the rest of us to learn from them.

Their secret is this—they make every moment count and since they cannot plan their days far in advance—due to the haphazard demands of the studio—they have learned to think like big executives and when plans for one hour fall through they do something else instantly. They think fast. They have terrific energy which they distribute intelligently and advantageously. That's the secret. Let's see how it works.

Not so long ago Connie Bennett was very much underweight. The doctor not only put her on a heavy building-up diet but told her that it was imperative that she take a two hour nap before dinner every night.

This meant that she must leave the studio at half past four and sleep from five until seven—just two hours lopped off her day, yet she was, at the time, not only making a picture but keeping up an active social life and managing *three* homes, one of which was being remodeled.

There was her house in town, her beach place and her apartment at the studio. The studio home was not just a dressing room, my dears—it boasted an office, a sitting room, a dining room and a kitchen as well—with servants to take care of it.

I remember having luncheon with her there one day. She had just an hour away from the set. I arrived before her and was sitting—just sitting (Heavens! what I could have been doing with those ten minutes)—when I heard the sound of her heels clicking down the hall. It was the music of vitality.

FOR three minutes she stopped to speak to her secretary, giving decisions upon three matters about which she had been consulted that morning. She came into the living room and greeted me—then she turned to the workman who was hanging the draperies.

"I had rather you would hang them *so*," she said, pulling the satin as she wanted it. The decision was made instantly—no standing back and turning her head from one side to the other, no wondering if they would look better this way or that, no hemming and hawing, no trying it one way and deciding upon another, for when every second counts answers to problems, no matter how minor, must come fast as lightning. And these women train their minds to respond. Incidentally, as a result, they usually have strong and instantaneous likes and dislikes.

During luncheon Connie talked to me, gave me some excellent "quotes" for a story, but interrupted the conversation three times as—still seated at the table—she called in the cook and gave her instructions concerning tomorrow's luncheon (that was just at the studio, she had another menu to plan at home)—she looked at the sketches of two costumes for the picture, okayed one and made changes in another, and made another interview date for the next day.

You see, in busy Hollywood certain rules of etiquette must be waived. Joan Crawford, for instance, has her telephone plugged in beside her (*Continued on page 76*)

Get Ready

A Preview of Style

Double dealing in clothes will be most important for Spring. Most economical, too. Mona Barrie, of Fox, illustrates. She has a four piece outfit in black and white Sheperd's check with buttons in red and white, which she can wear either as a separate dress or complete outfit. Note the smart gloves

THERE'S a new epidemic spreading all over Hollywood! It's called *"monogramania"* and you should hear poor Sharon Lynn just *trying* to explain why she had to start the little fad of wearing an *S*-as-in-Sharon *even* on her gloves. Kinda trick, though, isn't it?

LOTS OF LITTLE LACINGS, TOO

HELEN CHANDLER says these new *lacings* here and there on daytime frocks aren't really necessary but that she's the kind of a girl who goes in for things without "rhyme or reason"—so if she'd rather tie strings than button buttons . . . so what! Don't tell a soul, though, these *laced elbows* and *belts* are RIGHT THERE.

A TRUE CRAWFORD COSTUME

A GOOD tip for your own protection against April showers! Joan has a darling *black and white plaid skirt*, fitted to the dee-vine figure of hers and *not too long!* With this she wears a *double-breasted waistcoat* of black serge with silver clips and her hat is a *mannish black fedora turned up all around except right in front* where it goes rakish and turns down. If you can give a *better* description of a perfect street costume for early Spring your middle name should be "wonderful" . . .!

A LUCKY DOG!

I MEAN the little marcasite one perched on Jean Harlow's *neat white* tie which is the only relief from the smart blackness of her newest street dress. It's one of those dresses that *might possibly be a*

Designed for Barbara Stanwyck by Orry Kelly, is a shirtwaist model of sheer black crepe with a cloth of gold tie and cuffs. A separate gold cloth jacket is worn over it for formal occasions

PLAIDS THAT WILL PLEASE, PLENTY!

AND not just for brisk informal hours, either. If you don't think so, just ask Madge Evans why she has a *completely plaid wardrobe!* For morning, a black and white plaid top coat made along the simple double-breasted lines that will be ace-high in chic for Spring. For afternoon, a nifty little black crêpe with a fine white criss-cross line turning *IT* properly plaid. And for evening, a black dinner frock with a black and white plaid bodice of the most fascinating fabric. Now *is there* any doubt in your mind as to what Madge considers a good color combination for this season when a young man's fancy is apt to turn to "lerv"?

for Spring!

Secrets from Stardom

coat but you're not quite sure from where you're staring! I hope I'm not too subtle about this, especially when Jean's use of the simple tie idea should prompt a few of you handy girls to run one up for your own Spring wardrobe. They're unbelievably useful.

THEIR NEWEST COLOR CRAZE

AND one that's becoming to everyone, it seems. *Strawberry* shades, either crushed, with cream, or the deeper color of the wilder ones. At the opening of the Mayfair this was the most noticeable fashion point of all. Sally Eilers, for instance, wore a beautiful strawberry pink crepe with a shimmering jacket of the same shade shot with gold sequins. Further news about Sally in the Beauty story, too, don't forget to look for *that!*

GLORIA WORE GREY

EEL grey, at that! This was one of the most beautiful of all the gowns that night at the Mayfair. In true Swanson manner it was really regal. High in both back and front with a tiny collar effect from which graceful grey fringe swayed when she danced. I can't do it justice in words so please forgive me and just try and understand how a girl can fail to find the right words to describe a vision like that!

MAE WEST WINS ANOTHER FASHION VICTORY

ACCORDING to all indications, at any rate! And her newest fashion influence will break the hearts of the gals who've grown fond of high-necked night life numbers. Now I've told you! Front decolletage will be more daring than ever after the high chin-choking winter it gave

This Ann Sothern rain outfit of knitted suit, cap and gloves all match and are water proof. In her umbrella handle she has a pocket for rubbers. Note Ann's set of twisted gold costume jewelry

way to. But the swank new formals for Spring and Summer will be *disgracefully* revealing . . . and I *don't* mean in back, ladies! In other words, if you follow fashion's dictate when you go stepping *this* season you'll find out whether or not you can still blush, I hope.

TRIANGLES, TOO

NOT the social or domestic kind but triangular collars, pockets, even "hankies"! The designers in Hollywood are having themselves a grand time. Kalloch, over at Columbia, has created some lovely street costumes with triangular stitching at the yoke; little inset triangles of the same fabric at the top of the sleeves which is an important detail now that peaked and puffed shoulders are among the missing. Concentrate on this business . . . and on the fact that detail around the neck will call for ruffled or pleated revers, all sorts of ties and collars and what-not! These

little items will be as all important as sleeves were last year, according to Kalloch. So get busy and decide whether you'll have a bib with a bit of pleating around it or a scarf that ties this way or that!

ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM

YES, Lupe's own home town will sit up and take notice now. For some people say that the Mexican tendency in Hollywood's Spring styles sort of sprouted from the Velez loyalty to her nationality. Excitingly vivid colors will be used in unbelievable contrasts . . . the way Lupe always manages to use them . . . and even bits of Mexican basketry will be one of the smartest kinds of trimming for Spring sombreros (I almost said chapeaux!) and to those who've never heard of Caliente . . . I mean hats!

LEARN TO SMOCK!

YOU'D better do it right away too! Mary Brian has taken another fashion hurdle in Hollywood by being the first to break out in the newest kind of gloves for evening. Black suede hands, black velvet gauntlets and four rows of smocking to give that feminine touch this season'll go for in such a great big way! They're adorable, too.

Miss Evans in more Magnin models, at right, a cream handknit resort two-piece costume with jacket-blouse accented with brown buttons and a brown taffeta bow posed at the dub collar; below, in all white brocade lounging pajamas with new high neckline, trimmed with brilliant buttons to give a double breasted effect. Madge's Magnin shorts of light blue jersey with darker buttons and a gray polo shirt, are very new for beach wear. Muriel Kirkland's pajamas are dark blue, with a Roman ribbon bow at the throat and may be worn for early season sports wear

HOLLYWOOD GOES IN FOR ONE-COLOR WARDROBES

NOT because there's been something called a depression either! But because when a girl knows her very best color she's smart in more ways than the one meaning "fashion-wise" if she gets everything in her possession to either match or harmonize with everything else.

Muriel Kirkland gives the grandest example of this. Her big brown eyes and her gay red head are beloved by all Hollywood and whenever that "sprite in brown" appears there's always something doing! That redhaired gal gets *more attention* and maybe the clever clothes idea she follows has just a whit to do with it, who knows!

Here are a few of them; tailored yellow sleeping pajamas with "Muriel" embroidered in brown over her heart; with these she wears a boyish robe of brown, tan and yellow flannel and Grecian yellow sandals. Brown jersey slacks with a buttoned jumper and a smart swaggery coat of brown tweed, brown and white golf shoes, a chocolate colored beret and a roman-striped scarf of brown, orange, white and beige.

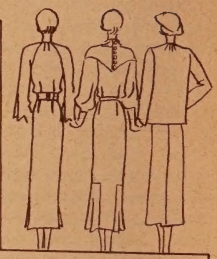
For walking, a brown bouclet one-piece frock with a cute white yoke laced right up to the throat. For motoring, a brown wool suit with a wide brown velvet scarf and a big brass button to match the ornament on her brown alligator bag because the bag itself matches her oxfords! For calling, a sheer brown crepe frock with the newest kind of bertha treatment ruffling about her shoulders! For "wining" and "dining" brown chiffon velvet with epaulets of white pique completes her wardrobe.

Now here is a dinner dress that is a dinner dress! It is a black crepe with black bugle beads forming the dollman sleeves and high neckline bodice, tied at the back and cut in the waist line in an unusual diamond design. The gown from I. Magnin & Co. is one of Madge Evans' favorites. Below Madge wears a Magnin sweater and skirt outfit, the skirt a gay plaid in green, red and black on white. Muriel Kirkland displays one of the new repeal hankies

HOLLYWOOD PATTERNS INSPIRED BY STARS

No. 668—The gracious femininity so characteristic of Irene Dunne marks this frock. Its soft bodice and interesting sleeves are very individual. It is for sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.
Price, 15 cents

No. 634—Are you a bit of a tomboy, gay and humorous? Then choose this dress with its cute drop-shoulders and windsor-tie neck. It's a Hepburn-ish sort of thing. Sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.
Price, 15 cents



No. 639—Dainty tiny Ruby Keeler inspired this little ensemble. It is simple and girlish—but that doesn't mean it's just pretty. You will get loads of wear from it. In sizes 14 to 20, 32 to 38.
Price, 15 cents

What does your 15c buy when you buy a Hollywood Pattern? First, you get a design that is smart and in good taste. Second, you get a pattern that is accurate. Third, you are assured of a finished frock that will look as charming as its picture. Last, you get a pattern that has been designed and made by experts.

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BABY LEROY

Here's a young lad whose private life is an open book. Maybe it's because the gossip mongers leave him alone! Right from the very start Baby LeRoy has surprised his producers, Paramount, who never expected the avalanche of enthusiasm that's swept in after every picture. "Bedtime Story" proved that he was a star. (Remember, there was a fairly well known actor in it, too? Chevalier was the name.) Young LeRoy has had a picture written around him, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," and you'll have a chance to see it any minute now

IT'S TOUGH to be ON TOP!

Sylvia Sydney Finds Fame Very Expensive

by CHARLES GRAYSON

WHEN Sylvia Sidney's father brought suit against her in the Supreme Court of New York, he added another burden to the life of the small harassed girl who has been discovering all too fully that the higher you climb the better the target you become.

In asking that her foster father's adoption of Sylvia be set aside, and that she be restrained from using another than her real name, Victor Kosow (whom the now Mrs. Sidney divorced when their daughter was four) added the climax to a year which Sylvia can look back upon as being 'way away from merry and bright.

All things considered, 1933 presented her with such a parade of difficulties that if you found it merely a bad year, you may find some consolation in the fact that it was perhaps considerably badder for the young person who on the Sunday evening of March 9th, 1924, marched out on the stage of the Little Theatre in New York to yield "A Programme of Character Sketches."

Sylvia was thirteen then. On August 10th she will be 24. That decade in between has been filled with a great deal of work and worry, the slow and arduous climbing to the ladder-top where she now is perched. Perched at last, famous, possessed of a fine record of achievement and a certain amount of money, and—

So unsatisfied with the whole set-up that if she could she would get down off that gilded spot and go live quietly and unobtrusively abroad for the rest of her life!

"Did you see the morning papers?" she asked me when the story of her father's action broke. "Great grief, what next? Can you imagine anything so utterly silly? Why, I've only seen the man twice since my mother divorced him, at twelve and fifteen. And now here he is attempting to claim me! For what?

"My mother supported me up until the time I was adopted by Dr. Sidney, at twelve. And as for this business of trying to make me use the name of Kosow, I suppose that about two-thirds of the people in the theatrical business are using names that aren't their real ones. Nothing would be simpler than for me to have my professional name made legal.

"AS for the attempt to have my stepfather's adoption of me set aside, that's equally fantastic. Entirely beyond the fact that I look upon Dr. Sidney as my father, what good is it for anyone to try and claim legal guardianship over me? I am of age, and my affairs are in my own hands. The whole suit is so entirely absurd that I'd think it would be laughed out of court."

But the trying weeks dragged on, with Kosow contending that Sidney's adoption of Sylvia was not legal because he had not been notified, and the attorney for the defence holding that it was not necessary to notify the father "when he had abandoned the child." Weeks of expense and annoyance, unfavorable publicity, and worst of all the chagrin of having one's own father take such action.

At last Sylvia, frantic with the whole affair, wired her attorney to try and hurry the trial along—so that she might start attempting to forget the humiliating incident. "Do all in your power to dispose of the case tomorrow and do not consent to any more postponements," her message read. "I have been greatly harassed during recent weeks by the proceedings thus far. If my mother (*Continued on page* 80)

There have been three crises in this star's life but each led to + + +

The SALVATION of Cary Grant

by ALICE WAYNE FULLER

HE might so easily have come a frightful cropper, turned gigolo and four-flusher, gone completely berserk . . . Cary Grant, I mean . . .

In fact, he says himself: "I'll always be grateful to Virginia Cherrill. Because from the first day I met her, from the time Randy (Randolph Scott, you know) introduced us at a beach party down at Marion Davies', she accepted me at face value.

"She might have spoiled everything for both of us by challenging me to act romantic, to make love to her . . . the way women, even actresses will when they meet an actor."

He laughed. "It's as if women were a little leery of actors, a little skeptical about them in any capacity except that of professional charmers. It's as if they knew what an actor was like in his grease-paint, so to speak, but had doubts as to what he might prove without it.

"Had Virginia taken this customary attitude we wouldn't have had a chance . . . of growing into good friends and gradually, hardly aware of the change ourselves, of turning into lovers. Because the most you ever get from any forced beginning is a few weeks or at best a few months of a hectic relationship that blows up the first time it meets reality."

* * * *

All of which gives you a pretty complete picture of that dark young man who on the screen has twice won Mae West now, although most of the women in his audiences—and most of the men too, for that matter—have been agreed that he was "really too nice" for either of the flamboyant ladies Mae has played.

He has such a lean sensitive face, such warm eyes. And such an understanding smile . . .

However, in spite of these things, if not because of them, Cary easily might have come a frightful cropper, turned gigolo and four-flusher.

There were three times in his life, three crises really, when he could have about ruined everything for himself.

In the first place it's never the least help to find yourself a stranger in your own family, what the psychologists call a sport or a throw-back. And the more affection you have for your mother and your father and your uncles and your aunts the more difficult it proves when you discover that the life and pursuits by which they all set great store leave you absolutely cold.

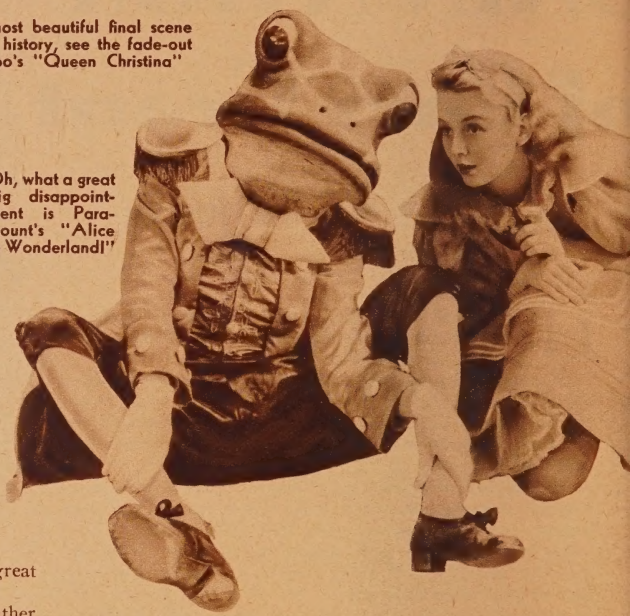
Cary, Archie Leach then, had this problem. Facing it, a young man in his middle 'teens, he faced his first crisis.

The Leaches lived in a pleasant little suburban house outside of Bristol. They had a garden. Sundays there was a roast and suet pudding. James Leach was a moderately prosperous clothing manufacturer. Following in his father's footsteps Cary would have known security, would have been assured of moderate success. (*Continued on page* 95)

NO smashes, this month, in the sense of the smash of "Little Women" last month, but many pictures you will want to see. Garbo's "Queen Christina," of course, for Garbo, for beautiful photography, for direction, for Garbo; "Moulin Rouge" to see Connie Bennett in a black wig; "Going Hollywood" to hear Bing Crosby croon. Tragedy of the Month; "Alice in Wonderland."

For the most beautiful final scene of screen history, see the fade-out on Garbo's "Queen Christina"

Oh, what a great big disappointment is Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland!"



✓✓Queen Christina (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Garbo (and do you care about anyone else?), John Gilbert, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, Reginald Owen, Aubrey Smith, Cora Sue Collins, many others.*

It's About: *The Swedish Queen of the early Seventeenth Century, her kingdom, and her loves.*

Garbo comes back in this, beautiful, high spirited, provocative and charming. That the picture is dull in spots, slow-paced and heavy probably isn't her fault. That Queen Christina, interesting though she undoubtedly was, is a bit too far back in history, for most of us, a bit too foreign, probably isn't the great Greta's fault either, but the picture suffers a bit for it.

The story, briefly, concerns a girl-queen whose father wanted her to be a boy. She is brought up as one. She dresses as one. She never has any impulse to be a woman until one night when she meets the Spanish Ambassador, who is en route to see her to plead for certain rights for his country.

She falls in love instantly, completely, enough to want to give up her kingdom, her followers, her very life. And then fate steps in. The final fade-out of the film is one of the most touching and exquisite scenes ever seen on the screen and Garbo's acting here is sheer genius. Photographically, she is amazing at all times. Never has her beauty been more subtle or alluring.

The rest of the cast take that shadowy place actors in Garbo's films always occupy. John Gilbert is adequate as the lover. Reginald Owen, C. Aubrey Smith, Lewis Stone and little Cora Sue Collins are all very fine in small roles. But it is always Garbo's picture. Whether you adore her or hate her, you can not take your eyes away from her. She has all the compelling power of true greatness.

Your Reviewer Says: You will find this dull in spots, very thrilling in others. You most certainly will want to see it.

For Children: The older ones will find it a help with their history lessons.

✓✓"Going Hollywood" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi D'Orsay, Stuart Irwin.*

It's About: *A school teacher who falls in love with a crooner's voice, goes to Hollywood to meet him and get in the movies herself.*

There's a new Marion Davies in this, photographed beautifully, and through the genius of Adrian, stepping forth as one of the smartest dressed women of the screen.

This is another musical with Marion doing everything but walking a tight rope. She dances on her toes, impersonates Fifi D'Orsay, disguises herself as a French maid and blacks up like Al Jolson's mammy.

Bing Crosby plays a crooner, but he can now take his place in the ranks with the better actors. Bing's acting ability is steadily growing and he shows a fine dramatic sense and his qualifications as a comedian are already well known. His singing numbers are too swell. One, in particular, "Temptation," you must hear!

Your Reviewer Says: Spend an evening "Going Hollywood" and you'll be well entertained.

For Children: Okay.

✓✓"Flying Down To Rio"

You'll See: *Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Blanche Frederici, others.*

It's About: *A red-hot American jazz band that goes to South America and gets all mixed up with a red-hot senorita.*

At last someone new and different. Hail—Fred Astaire who brings his dancing feet to the land of talking pictures. Besides being the greatest hoofer of all times, this actor has a flair for comedy that puts him right up with the front rank comedians. His appearance in this picture should pave the way for many more to come.

Of course, there is little plot to this musical production. It's about an American jazz band that is always getting fired because their leader goes on the make for all the female cash customers. Gene Raymond plays this rôle grandly. Ginger Rogers is the torch singer in the band and holds her own beautifully in the dancing numbers with Astaire.

Dolores Del Rio plays a dusky-eyed senorita who is the center of a rivalry between Gene and her Brazilian sweetheart, played by Raul Roulien. Miss Del Rio is so beautiful it almost hurts to look at her.

The dance numbers brought rounds of applause from the preview audience. They got hotter as they went along. There is a ballet performed on the wings of soaring airplanes, which is keen.

Your Reviewer Says: If you love beautiful music, sensational dancing, and an evening's entertainment, don't miss it.

For Children: It's okay—but tell them they only dance that way in South America.

Are you like us, a Crosby fan? Well, the Crooner has never been better than he is in "Going Hollywood"

Ann Harding is more than usually beautiful in "Gallant Lady" (which is very, very beautiful, indeed) but the story is weak

(✓Check for good pictures. ✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss.)

Constance Bennett is very worth seeing in "Moulin Rouge" with Franchot Tone

✓"Gallant Lady" (20th Century)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Clive Brook, Otto Kruger, Tullio Carminati, Dickie Moore, Janet Beecher, Betty Lawford.*

It's About: *An unwed mother with three men in love with her, who eventually marries the man who adopted her child.*

Here we have another child-doesn't-know-its-own-mother situation expertly directed and acted by people of exceptional ability.

The picture opens with Ann Harding saying goodbye to her lover who is about to make a trans-continental flight. He is planning to marry her upon his return, even though he does not know that she is to become a mother. He is killed and we find Ann Harding alone and penniless offering her baby for adoption.

A once famous doctor who "technically" killed a man, befriends Ann and divides his devotion to her with his love for a stronger, liquid stimulant. Through his kindness she becomes associated with a successful interior decorator shop. She goes right up the ladder and on a buying trip to Europe, meets her tiny son who is traveling with his governess. She determines to be near him by marrying the man who has adopted him. This is accomplished, with much suspense.

Not only does Ann Harding look very beautiful but she gives a warm and glamorous performance. Clive Brook, is the shiftless doctor, Tullio Carminati plays the role of an Italian count. Otto Kruger is the man who adopts Ann's son. The men are all excellent and little Dickie Moore plays the son with that ingratiating smile of his.

Your Reviewer Says: A charming picture, delicate in spots but handled with intelligent understanding.

For Children: While the underlying plot is not for youthful minds, the story is told inoffensively.

It's cute, hot, snappy, and full of swell tunes, this "Flying down to Rio" with Dolores del Rio and Gene Raymond

Lee Tracy works valiantly but he can't quite swing "Advice to the Lovelorn" into the hit class

"Advice to the Lovelorn" (20th Century)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Sally Blane, Sterling Holloway, Jean Adair, Adalyn Doyle, C. Henry Gordon, Isabel Jewell.*

It's About: *A ne'er-do-well newspaper reporter who inherits the position of "Miss Lonely Hearts" on a lovelorn column and proceeds to conduct an expose on the cut-rate drugstore racket.*

Mae West was right — you don't have to be bad to be good—but it helps! This is the first Lee Tracy picture previewed in Hollywood after his timely escapade with the Mexican Government. When Tracy's name came on the screen, the audience did practically everything but stand up in their seats and cheer.

Lee Tracy plays another bad boy reporter in this one. He's usually in a turkish bath when the managing editor wants him. As a punishment, he is given the lovelorn column when "Miss Lonely Hearts" resigns to answer the call of her own soul. He gets mixed up with love and gangsters thereby.

Tracy gives the role all he has—which is plenty, but the picture misses somehow. The mingling of satire, melodrama and sentiment doesn't quite click.

Tracy's role is the fattest in the picture. Sally Blane

makes a beautiful herome and Sterling Holloway supplies the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like Lee Tracy, you'll like the picture.

For Children: It won't hurt them.

"Alice In Wonderland" (Para.)

You'll See: *Jack Oakie, Alison Skipworth, Louise Fazenda, Charlotte Henry, Leon Errol, Charlie Ruggles, Ford Sterling, Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns, Polly Moran, W. C. Fields, Edward Everett Horton, Ned Sparks, Edna Mae Oliver, Roscoe Ates, Sterling Holloway, Gary Cooper, Skeets Gallagher, Mae Marsh, May Robson, Baby LeRoy and dozens of others.*

It's About: *The adventures of Alice of story book fame.*

One of the bravest attempts at motion picture production was undertaken when Paramount decided to bring this famous fairy tale to the screen.

Who hasn't read this book and probably lived and re-lived its strange adventures? There are as many conceptions of Alice as there are fish in the sea. To cram her into one small person and satisfy everyone would be an utter impossibility.

Aside from the varied opinions on what Alice should really be like, Charlotte Henry measures up to what would be popularly expected of this heroine. But with famous faces hidden under grotesque masks and fantastic costumes, much of the entertainment value of supporting capable players was completely lost.

Director Norman McLeod deserves praise for his extreme effort in transferring this fantasy into entertainment. It is not his fault that the action dragged and the picture became boresome. The picture as a whole, represents a colossal amount of hard work and if it does not measure up to expectations it is because they never should have attempted to produce it in this manner.

Your Reviewer Says: the idea will interest you more than the picture itself.

For Children: Decidedly.

A grand story, "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen" (yep, Baby LeRoy plays him) is somewhat hurt by miscasting Dorothea Wieck

Will Rogers' newest picture, "Mr. Skitch" is so-so, but the cast, headed by Zasu Pitts, is elegant

"The Women In His Life" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Otto Kruger, Una Merkel, Ben Lyon, Isobel Jewell, Roscoe Karns, and others.*

It's About: *A great criminal lawyer, the women in his life, and one in particular.*

This is a picture made up of good performances but very little that's new in the line of screen entertainment.

It's the story of a sensational criminal lawyer, who has been betrayed by the woman he loves. Cynical and embittered, he devotes his life to saving criminals from the electric chair—and doing what he wants with women.

You've seen the same situations in other pictures. There's much plot and wrong-doing. The villain is trapped in an apartment through the wiles of a scheming blonde. A dictograph is set and his confession is recorded just in time to get the governor to prevent the execution of an innocent man in Sing Sing. It's all very exciting and very commonplace entertainment.

It goes without saying that Otto Kruger gave a fine performance. He always does and is capable of much better material. Some (*Continued on page 87*)

No, no children, not horsefeathers, but ostrich feathers to conceal (as little as possible) some more of those Warner cuties in the Bros. Warners' newest musical extravaganza "Fashions of 1934." It will be star studded as was "Footlight Parade" and "Forty Second Street." (William Powell, Bette Davis, Veree Teasdale, Frank

McHugh will be in it, and it's really a story about clothes and styles.) But what will be most eye-compelling will be the girls in their fan dances. At left, you see Hollywood's idea of how to make the harp popular once more. And who couldn't harp on such an idea of beauty and harmony so well blended? If this treatment won't bring music back into the home, then there's no hope left a-tall!

HOW FOUR *Screen Stars* *Got Their Man*

HELEN HAYES

NORMA SHEARER

by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE girl who never sets her cap for any man is an oddity. And poorer, oh, much poorer, in the color, zest and drama of life than anyone was meant to be. It's such an exciting business, the business of having the one man in the world who warms your blood and quickens your heart show more and more by darkening eyes and a new quality of voice that you warm his blood, that you quicken his heart too.

We think of the movie stars as having everything quite their own way as far as their loves are concerned. But that isn't true. Love can be just as arbitrary and heart-breaking in Hollywood as anywhere else.

Norma Shearer, for instance, adored Irving Thalberg long before he knew she existed, while he was engaged to marry another girl.

"I built such beautiful dreams about Irving," Norma has told me, "and all I meant to him was a girl on the lot, playing small parts, believed to have some promise.

"I was conscious of him every minute. The light in his office I regarded as a light burning at a shrine. I used to leave the studio at night by a gate a good distance out of my way to pass his office. And looking up at his light burning late I was inspired to work harder and to make an even greater effort to do fine things.

"I was very young . . . terribly in love . . ."

Stories of Norma's life and Norma's love omit mention of this girl to whom Irving Thalberg was engaged. Invariably they paint the Shearer-Thalberg romance as idyllic. Eventually it was that. But there were months when an unloved Norma was lonely. There were moments when Irving Thalberg was with that other girl, his eyes smiling down on her the way Norma dreamed of Irving's eyes smiling down upon her, when Norma ached. Intolerably. There were mornings when Norma used to wake up with tears on her lashes.

Of course it didn't help any that it seemed to everyone logical and natural for Irving Thalberg to marry this other girl. That this other girl promised to make a perfect wife for a brilliant young executive. That she was wealthy. That by both schooling and experience she had been trained

to preside over dinner parties of such important and influential guests as he must entertain. That already she was one of that very inner Hollywood group to which he was destined to belong.

Norma at this time, socially and practically speaking, was a nobody in the film colony. Nevertheless she dared admit to herself that she loved Irving Thalberg, betrothed to another, as much as life itself. Nevertheless she dared set her cap for him.

"I had it out with myself," Norma admits with the complete frankness that is such a great part of her charm. "Once Irving married I must, I knew, admit defeat. However, until he actually belonged to someone else, I determined to do what I could so he would love me."

If this wasn't beautifully and utterly noble of Norma it was, you must admit, beautifully and utterly human of her. We all have a habit of thinking our own happiness more important than anyone else's. Besides at the risk of irate letters from those people who always demand utter nobility from others I add that warm, human individuals have a way of seeming more attractive and much pleasanter to have around than noble martyrs. I may be wrong. . . . But I also go on record as saying that I believe any other girl in Norma's place with warm blood in her veins and courage in her heart, and a proper, decent sense of her individual rights, would have done exactly as Norma did.

It would have been such a waste of the three lives involved. . . . Norma's, Irving's, and the other girl's (she has since married very happily) . . . if Norma's pride had caused her to act as stupidly as pride so often causes people to act, if her pride had forced her to pretend indifference to Irving Thalberg and to avoid him.

They met at parties, sometimes, Irving and Norma. And when this happened Norma says she never made the slightest attempt to hide her feelings. She even told Irving, dancing with him, brave with his dear arm about her, how she watched that light in his window to be inspired by it.

"I flattered Irving by my (*Continued on page* 68)

IRENE DUNNE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

You Can Learn the Ways of Love from Four of the World's Most Prominent Women

THE LOVE STORY OF A GIRL FAITH HEALER

An RKO Picture Starring
KATHARINE HEPBURN
From the Play by Lula Volmer
Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

THE CAST

Trigger Hicks.....Katharine Hepburn

John Stafford.....Robert Young

Fleetwood.....Ralph Bellamy

Eleanor Stafford.....Martha Sleeper

Grayson.....Louis Mason

Etta.....Sara Haden

A SHRILL yell rent the air. The sound of heavy shod feet pounding up the path, pursued by the light thud of bare feet brought both men to the cabin porch in a bound.

Wes' Fry had tried to kiss Trigger, and he was getting what Trigger considered only his just deserts. She heaved another iron rivet bolt at him and he scrambled up the steps.

"Ye son of a . . . !" she screamed at him, ignoring, in her rage, the two men who were laughing at the exhibition. It was so in keeping with what they had heard of Trigger. Neither had seen her before, though the job they were in charge of, the big dam in the gorge below Bottom Hollow, had been going on for weeks. They recognized her immediately, for Trigger was a "character" often spoken of by the mountaineers.

George Fleetwood ("Fleet" to engineering friends all over the world) interrupted the picturesque flow of blasphemy with: "Ah—ah—ah, no such language before gentlemen." John Stafford, his assistant, approached her as she stood panting and asked: "What's this all about?"

Trigger blurted out: "The dirty louse tried to kiss me!"

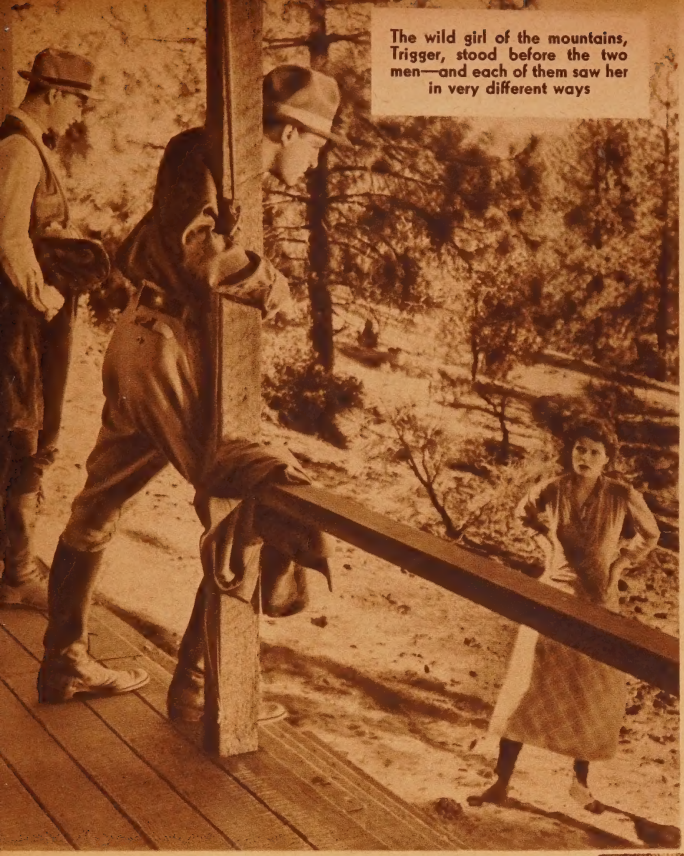
John grinned. This was a very pretty girl, much prettier than any of the other mountain women and trust John to have looked them over. "Well," he teased. "That's no crime. I might kiss you myself."

Trigger favored him with a scowl.

Fleet had picked up one of the bolts. "Where'd you get this?" he asked.

"Down at the dam." She scowled at him, too.

"Well, I want you to stay away from that dam. If you



The wild girl of the mountains, Trigger, stood before the two men—and each of them saw her in very different ways

don't, I'll order every man there to kiss you every time you show up. That's no place for a girl."

"I ain't no girl. I'm a woman. I'm a lady."

"How old are you?" Fleet asked, his blue eyes twinkling.

Trigger said she was eighteen.

"Where's your mother, that she lets you run around like this?"

"She's gone to Jesus twenty years ago."

"Why, you just said you were eighteen!"

Trigger was not abashed. "Don't ye know I'm the biggest liar in the county?"

"Why are you such a liar?" John was shaking with laughter again but Fleet was genuinely interested.

Trigger shrugged. "What's the use of tellin' the truth when nobody believes you?" She was stating a fact, not asking sympathy. "An' I steal, too." She looked at him from under the long lashes to see how he took this.

Fleet refused to be impressed. "I can see why nobody believes you. I think you're a fraud."

She bristled. "Wal, think whut ye please, but ye better keep that hyena here, or I'll . . ." She looked dire things.

Wes' started down the steps. His self-esteem had been injured, chased by that thar Trigger and in front of the bosses too. Very foolishly, he tried to avenge himself with a sneer. "She's allus hangin' round here, and I thought she mought like to be kissed."

"Shet up!" Trigger screamed and hit him in the head with a bolt.

The man dropped in his tracks. Fleet and John got him into the cabin. It was no small matter, that injury. The heavy iron bolt had struck the temple, and the man was unconscious and breathing hoarsely.

Trigger was scared. She said she hadn't meant to throw hard, but nobody heard her. Fleet and John were bent over Wes', their faces deadly serious, when she peered in at the door. She turned about, hesitated, and then knelt on the porch. She took a handful of children's Sunday school cards from a pocket, and glanced over them. Then she raised her eyes to the deepening sky and spoke softly to an unseen Presence: "Lord God, I only meant to skeer him. You know Ye skeer us purty nigh to death Yourself, sometimes. This yere man is in a bad fix if Ye don't help him. Ye wouldn't let me kill somethin' Ye had made. Let him live and I'll love him, Lord. I'll even let the dirty loafer kiss me if he wants to. Amen."

Fleet's voice broke in. "What are you doing, Trigger?"

She answered him simply, exactly: "Prayin'."

"Praying? What for?"

Trigger jerked her head toward the cabin. "Fer that low-down skunk in thar."

Fleet was touched, but he said: "I wouldn't worry. I'm going to telephone for a doctor."

"Oh, I wouldn't waste the time. That weasel's all right now."

There was something impressive in the certainty she expressed. "How can you be sure?" Fleet asked.

"Because . . ." she paused and glanced up. He had a nice face right enough, but he might laugh. "Oh, don't ye be skeered 'bout him now."

She was still scornful of the men's anxiety,

Love was an old, old story to John. It was new, and thrilling and utterly sincere to Trigge,

"Eleanor, what a surprise," said John to his wife. "Who is that girl in the next room," asked his wife, glancing at Trigger

when their patient recovered consciousness, asked for a drink and went home.

"Well, that beats the dickens," Fleet said, sitting down. In his experience as an engineer, he had come to know a light injury from a grave one, and this man had been near to death. He looked at Trigger curiously, and saw for the first time, that she was beautiful. John had seen it too.

"Who's your beau, Trigger," he asked her.

She answered tartly: "I ain't a-foolin' my time with them slobbering things. I ain't a-studyin' men."

John was provoked and amused. "You should have a beau," he went on. "You're darn pretty. You look as fresh as a daisy to me."

"May look all right, but I'm tired as Satan. Gotta go and git Zedrack. He's tied down thar by the dam."

Fleet asked: "And who is Zedrack?"

Trigger explained that Zedrack was a kitten, and John wanted to know why she carried a cat around with her.

"Gotta have somethin' to tote. Ain't got a baby like others."

Trigger sprang to her feet and started down the path, singing a hymn. John followed hot after and offered to take her home. He carried a flash-light, but Trigger had no need of it, and presently he flicked it off and they walked side by side through the sweet-scented dusk. When they came to the ramshackle cabin she called home, he asked to come in, but Trigger, grown suddenly shy, said: "No, the house ain't exactly fitten fer company."

"I shan't be looking at the house." He caught her hand and held it.

"If I believed all the things ye've said to me, Mr. John, my head'd be swimmin'."

"There are plenty more things I haven't told you. When shall I see you again? Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, an' . . . good-night, Mr. John."

John watched her into the house and turned away. It was an old story for him. It was all new to Trigger. This was the first man she had ever walked so with, the first man she had ever given a second thought to.

Strange that Trigger should be so set apart from the mountain girls. At first glance, she looked like one of them, dressed in a ragged gown she had made herself. But when she moved, you caught a glimpse of that quality that set her apart from the people of Bottom Hollow. She was like some young wild thing, her pointed, oddly-modelled face reflected the restless urge of her spirit. Trigger was bright beauty, flashing among the settled community, and beauty is always disturbing.

Where Trigger and her father had come from, no one knew. They had drifted into Bottom Hollow, the dour, drunken man with the little child. He built the cabin deep in the woods, asked for nothing from his neighbors and gave them nothing, not even a civil word.

Perhaps at first, Trigger had resented her isolation, but her father taught her to look out for herself, and she did, valiantly. Her father had taught her to read too, before he finally wandered away on one of his periodical drunks and had never returned. All she knew came from his disjointed tales of the world "outside," and her only book was the Bible.

The cabin was her castle, the forests her domain, and Zedrack, the big cat, was her only confidant. She lived in Bottom Hollow, but was not of it. Yet she prayed for the people when they were in trouble and was never surprised when God answered her prayers. It had always been that way, ever since she could remember. She never told anyone about this. There was no one to tell.

Recently, though her heart was too full of John to think of much else, she had prayed for Granny Raines and she had recovered from her illness. What Trigger did not know, was that people were saying Granny Raines had been raised from the dead, and that there was a witch among them. They were remembering other queer healings and an uneasy ripple of superstitious fear was spreading. They began to speculate on whom the witch might be. These people were nearer the seventeenth century than the twentieth.

But if Trigger had heard it, she would have laughed, and it certainly would not have deterred her from what she did about the Sawyer baby.

Fleet and John did hear the whispers and Fleet, for one, was

The maddened crowd was after Trigger. George Fleetwood knew that he alone could save her life

worried. He had, with his own eyes, seen a gravely hurt man recover in an utterly unmedical time, and there was something uncanny about it. He wondered whether he was crazy and whether the people would arrive at the conclusions that he felt were being forced on him.

He wanted no harm to come to her, either from the mountaineers nor from his careless, happy-go-lucky friend, for the flirtation John was conducting had not gone unobserved by Fleet. He tried to make John see what a rotten thing it was to make light love to this unspoiled girl, but John had been surly about it and left him one evening in a huff to visit the general store.

He did not ask Fleet to go with him, and Fleet berated himself for a clumsy ass. He knew now his suspicions were correct, and that he had done Trigger no good turn by making John angry.

"Trigger!" What an amazing word to mean so much of beauty to him. Was she a child, or a woman; a self-deceived little fool, or a fraud? Was she (his mind shied at the thought), was she that incredible thing, a soul through whom the divine power of healing flowed out to other mortals? Whatever she was, she had come to mean much to him. The thought of her innate goodness and her glorious faith revived, by contrast, the memories of another woman who had been neither good, nor faithful. He smiled ruefully to himself. He had believed himself beyond the possibility of believing in either human goodness or faith again.

When he heard her calling him from the shadows, he started violently. It was as though his thought of her had materialized.

"Kin I stay to yo' house this night?" she asked, still invisible in the darkness beyond the feeble beam of the oil-lamp.

"Stay here all night? What for? Where are you?"

"Put out yo' durned ole light," she commanded. "So's they cain't see me."

The urgency in her tone brought him back from his eerie speculations about her.

"They're arter me."

"Who is after you?"

"Every son of a . . ."

Fleet smiled to himself. This was all human.

"Ah-ah-ah! That's not nice," he said, but kindly, because she seemed upset.

"The whole cussed country is arter me then, 'cause I got a baby."

"Got a baby!" Fleet jumped to his feet. "A baby! For the love of . . . Come on in. Whose baby is it?"

Fleetwood looked at Trigger. She was unbelievable. He had seen her save lives that were despaired of, face danger unflinchingly, but his heart was weak at the thought of losing her

Trigger stole in the door and shut it behind her.

"Hit's mine," she stated. The baby lay in the crook of one arm. Under the other was Zedrack.

Fleet asked how old it was and Trigger said she didn't know and what was more, she didn't care. Finally, Fleet got the story. She had stolen the child from a family down yonder because they weren't caring for it properly, and it was like to die. And if he would hold the baby a minute, she would tie Zedrack outside.

"I can't hold it!" exclaimed the bewildered Fleet.

Trigger was patient with his masculine lack of sense. "Hit's the cat that's wet. I dropped him in the creek a-comin' over and he's wettern a fish's egg and mad too." She shoved the baby at Fleet and ran out. When she came back she demanded condensed milk and the wherewithal to "fix the baby up."

As she moved about the cabin caring for the child, Fleet felt he was seeing the real Trigger for the first time. She was no longer the rough tomboy, but a woman, going about a woman's business. He grasped the opportunity to ask her more about her "prayin," and George Fleetwood never forgot that conversation.

It gave him a glimpse of things he had forgotten. He sensed something stirring in himself he had believed dead. This girl was no dry text on the beauties of faith. She was their living, breathing embodiment. *(Continued on page 91)*

"Snappy Shots:"

Hollywood folks have their Coney Island . . . Venice is its swanky name. And what a thrill for the movie boys and girls—having their pitchers taken! Four for a dime! Step right into the little booth and pose for the automatic camera!! Four for a dime! One tenth of a dollar—and just the thing for a busman's holiday. Down below you'll find who fell for the barker's chatter the other week-end. Reading from laugh to riot: Otto Kruger, Gail Patrick, Lyle Talbot, Mae Clarke, and Florence Desmond. Some fun, heh, kid?

Can Gloria

COME BACK ?

What can stop the amazing Swanson "drive" revealed in this inspiring story?

By GEORGE MADDEN

GLORIA SWANSON back in Hollywood! Or was she? I called five studios. "Not here. No. Don't know where you can find her." Her old agent? He didn't know where she was. Her old publicity man? He didn't even know she was back! *Sic transit Gloria!* Done, finished, forgotten. Through! Back in town but out of a job, unwanted, with an expensive house to keep up, and a playboy husband. How she would miss those luxurious clothes she loved so well! How she would miss being stared at by worshipping fans on the Boulevard! How she would miss the gay parties of the famous, the glamorous, the "insiders"! Poor, poor Gloria. Through—at last!

I found her—at home in the big house in Beverly. The same house!

The butler invited, "Wait in the library, please." I went into a dimly lit room with low satin couches, and an enlarged map of Paris for wallpaper. I was alone, I thought. I strolled around humming to myself, looked at a painting of Gloria on the wall, took a cigarette from a carved white alabaster box on a low table. Then there was a rustle of satin, so faint I scarcely caught it. I spun around to see a little girl standing behind me, in tiny sandals and pink satin lounging pajamas. "I beg your pardon," I gulped, thinking that it was a strange costume for a child. Then I recognized the queerly-shaped green eyes and gulped again, in a worse stammer: "Oh—I *do* beg your— You're—"

"Yes," said Gloria.

Ten seconds by the clock, but she had me! It was still there. It *is* still there. There's no word for it. Call it Charm. She has it, she has always had it, she always will have it, to the end of her lovely, gracious days.

It is perfectly true that a long time has gone by since Gloria made "The Trespasser." It is true that the picture she turned out in England, with her husband taking a part to save her the expense of hiring a professional actor, was a flop. It is equally true that the odds are immeasurably against her making a come-back in Hollywood. Gloria has been in pictures, altogether, sixteen years. A whole new generation of movie-goers has cropped up since the days when she got her $17,000 a week. To many today she is no more than a legend. And, if the public is quick to forget, Hollywood producers are even quicker. They are engrossed in new stars. They may have decided that Gloria is finally through, that they would be foolish to risk their money on her. You have heard the Hollywood adage—"They never come back!" Gloria will have to conquer that superstition, conquer the producers, and—finally—conquer you and me, if she is to succeed this time. Her first picture must be a smash hit, or else—! She is taking a terrific gamble, the odds 1000 to 1 against her. Can she possibly—could anybody—win it?

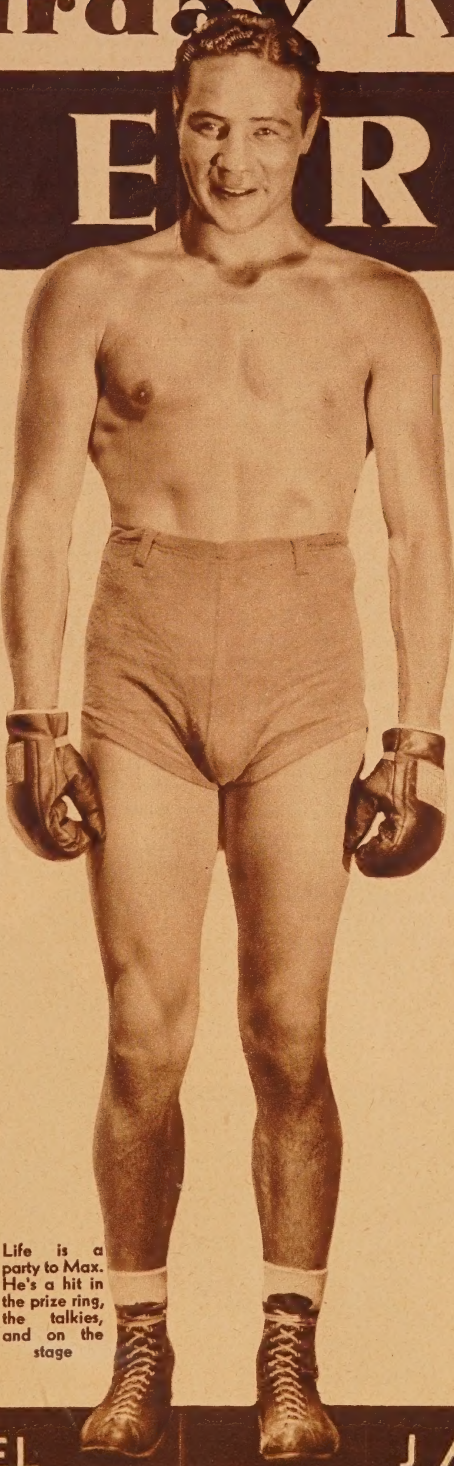
If anybody can, Gloria can! That may sound silly, but I am reciting it as cold, casual fact. That charm of hers is a compelling beam which shoots out from her as though she were a searchlight. A vital force which sweeps people before it as a broom sweeps bits of paper. You can actually feel the impact of it. Even sixteen years ago, when she was playing extra parts on the old Essanay lot, she stood out from every scene. With a personality like that perhaps she can sell herself to the producers. In fact a couple of them have already made her tentative offers. But producers don't determine come-backs. *You* determine come-backs. The sole question is, (*Continued on page* 85)

ROTHSCHILD

When Twentieth Century, that valiant new producing company, started fishing in the Hollywood seas, one of its biggest catches was George Arliss. "The House of Rothschild" promises to be one of his greatest performances. The picture traces the rise to power of the famous family whose destinies are linked with such glamorous figures as Napoleon, Talleyrand and Metternich. But there's a touching love story, too, as you can see by the charming pictures below. Bob Young, proud father, and Loretta Young, hiding her rumored affection for Spencer Tracy, forget about their exciting private lives for the moment and fly to each other's arms—just for the camera, of course

Saturday Night HERO

All About Max Baer, the Ladies the Prizefighter, and He Likes



Life is a party to Max. He's a hit in the prize ring, the talkies, and on the stage

EVERY night is Saturday night to Max Baer. And he hasn't thought about Sunday morning yet.

The party is in full swing. Hollywood has had him. And wants him again. The sporting crowd thinks that he is the most colorful fist-slinger since Dempsey. The night clubs have found a new kind of song-and-dance man. The amazing twenty-four-year-old star of "The Prizefighter and the Lady" handles his three careers as easily as any topnotcher carries one field.

I caught him backstage at Loew's State Theatre in New York, where he was making a personal appearance. He breezed in from the Café de Parée, where he spends his time between theatre appearances, adding to his bankroll and popularity.

"How are you, Kid?" he said, before we were introduced. "You ought to see the crowd that followed me over here!"

Maxie wasn't annoyed with the crowd. He thought it was fine. He thinks everything is fine. Hollywood women are fine. New York women are fine. Ladies from the middle west are okay, too.

But he doesn't take the girls too seriously. Right now, the big thing on his mind is Primo Carnera, heavyweight champion of the world. Maxie wants to make him just plain Primo Carnera. Then the leather pushing Adonis will go back to Hollywood and make another picture. Maybe he'll make the picture first, then beat Carnera. He isn't sure. But, anyway, he's going back to Hollywood. It's in his blood.

"Acting is a cinch. I just played myself. At first I tried saying my line like an actor, but it was no soap. Then Walter Huston told me to forget about acting, and be natural. Huston is an old friend of my trainer, Mike Cantwell, and I was certainly lucky to know him.

"THE dancing was easy, too. I didn't know a time step from a rabbit-punch when I arrived at the studio, but I learned my routine in three days. The chorus girls rehearsed for six weeks.

"The singing wasn't hard. I like to sing. The only trouble was that the songs were recorded in a little room and then played back to us while we danced so it would look like we were singing then. All the time I was dancing I'd hear my own voice, then I'd have to pretend I was singing while I was dancing. I sang and danced all right, but I didn't do it at the same time."

"My real ambition is to be a singer. I just found it out. I'm going to study voice when I get through with fighting and pictures."

By MICHAEL JACKSON

Max had just heard Mario Chamlee, the opera star, and he couldn't control the desire to imitate. He let out a bellow that resounded through the small dressing-room.

"That's what I want to be. A real singer."

I suppose he will be a real singer. So far he has succeeded in everything he has tried. Everything is fun and everything is easy.

Once this was not so. As a kid, Max was big and tough, but the other fellows around the ranch in Durango, Colorado, where he was raised, were just as big and sometimes a little tougher. Perhaps this is one reason he was so shy as a boy. At his first dance, he was afraid to ask a girl-friend to accompany him, so he took his sister. He stood in a corner, alone and embarrassed, while the others danced and had a good time. Then a drunk began to annoy his sister, and Max was forced to the center of the stage for the first time.

Now Maxie holds the center of the stage so well that his weekly earnings are $6,300. But the role was new to him then, and it was his most painful moment up to that date, when he forced himself to stride across the floor and face the annoying bully. Max was certain that he was going to take a beating, but even that would be better than to have the crowd think him a coward. He closed his eyes and swung. He opened his eyes and found himself a Saturday night hero.

That was the beginning of the party which has been going strong ever since.

Max went to the Duffy gymnasium in Oakland, California, and started swinging there. He swung himself into being the most promising fighter on the Pacific coast. He kept his eyes open when he swung now. Then he took a swing at Max Schmeling, former champion of the world, and knocked him colder than last week's headlines. That was the swing that landed Baer in Hollywood.

A short while after the fight, Max was heard on the radio. M-G-M executives, impressed by his voice, offered a test. You know the rest as well as I.

Fame rests easily on Maxie's Herculean shoulders. He is happy with his good fortune and does not try to hide his joy. When he smiles, his whole face lights up like a little boy's. But those who say that he is just a kid are wrong. There is a true killer look in his eye at times, and when he has that expression you can understand how it is possible for him to have murderous power in his fists. His body is so beautifully proportioned that he does not seem to be six-feet, two and a half inches tall, nor to weigh 210 pounds. Like most good fighters, his legs are small in comparison to the rest of his body. Unlike some fighters, he does not intend to go intellectual or social with fame.

"All I read are the papers and my fan mail. I don't care about society. I'm adaptable and I can get along with any sort of crowd. I like companionable people around me. That was the trouble with my marriage to Dorothy Dunbar. We had entirely different sorts of temperaments. I don't care what my ideal girl looks like, I just want her to be companionable. I'd just as soon marry a waitress as a star actress. If I love a girl, that's all that counts. What she does, or what she's like, doesn't matter."

Maxie likes the girls plenty. And makes no bones about it. He likes to talk, too. But when it comes to explaining himself and his meteoric success, he fumbles and starts. Not that he doesn't try to explain it. He does. But in a half hour he gave me at least six different reasons for it, and none of them, I think, the real reason.

At least he has humor enough not to attribute it to spinach and sleep. He'll swap scotch and soda for spinach, and syncopation for sleep any day. (Small voice: "Who wouldn't?")

A great deal of Maxie's fascination comes from the way he boots about the axioms for success. They don't mean a thing to him. His one great talent is finding, or creating, a party. In Hollywood, where Mr. Will Hays insists there ain't no such thing anymore, he even discovered the Hollywood Party.

"But it's just like parties in other cities. You hold a cocktail glass the same no matter what the name of the town is. The only thing is, there you can make the party last as long as you want to because there's always somebody around who doesn't have to go to work."

But the party wasn't all he discovered in Hollywood. He kept his eyes open and came away with some ideas. Here are a few:

Chorus girls eat more than fighters. Most actresses are high-hat. But not Marion Davies, Norma Shearer or Myrna Loy. It's no place for a fighter to remain for longer than one picture at a time. George O'Brien takes the honor as the best built man in town. New York chorus girls are more sophisticated, but the shadow-and-sound gals are better looking.

He and Weissmuller were friends in Hollywood. Many said that the lot wasn't big enough (*Continued on page 79*)

Max with his mother and father. Max hasn't a scrap of shyness now but once he was afraid—and of what a silly thing!

Mae West's LIFE STORY

The Empress of Sex Arrives in Hollywood—and You Can Learn About Movie Stars from Her

by HARRY LANG

AND so, as I told you last month, after all my ups and downs, it came about that Dame Fate—and a mighty fine Dame she is, too, if you ask me—said to me: "Go west, young woman, go west." Which was going this Horace Greeley guy one better, because Greeley was just so sexually exclusive that all he wrote was "go west, young *man*, go west." Well—h'mmmm—from the fan-letters I've received since I have been in pictures, I know that now, at least, an awful lot of young fellows are going west and in a big way. Only they're spelling it with a capital "W."

So, anyway, I shook the dirt of Broadway off my heels (even though so many people insist I took all of it along) and went Hollywood. I wondered, on that trip across the continent, what movies and the future held for me. To me, it seemed then, half a sort of vacation in what I'd envisioned as a goofy sort of human menagerie, and half a gamble—with no in-between stakes. Because for me, when I gamble, it's got to be big or nothing. Hollywood had to give me blazing, brilliant stardom, or I'd quit Hollywood. I'd never, never be content with being just a "bit player."

It so happens that I've won. I've heard so many people say: "Well, wasn't the witch lucky!" At least it sounded something like that. But I want to tell you here, now, honestly, that it wasn't luck. It was work—hard work. And that work began just as soon as they handed me my first movie assignment at Paramount in a George Raft starring picture called "Night After Night."

In the picture, George was a speakeasy boss. My role was that of a beauty shop owner who taught him everything but his prayers. I read the script they handed me. And I knew then and there that either I was going to rewrite my lines to suit myself—or my movie career was going to poof out before it had even started. I told them so. They wanted to know why.

"Look," they told me, "that dialogue writer knows *life*. He's been to New York and Kansas City and Chicago and places, and he knows life."

"Yeah?" I countered. "Well, me; I've been in New York, too, and I've been in Blackwell's Island, and I've been in little girls' dressing rooms, too—and if the dame that this dame is supposed to be ever talked like *that*, the only speakeasy proprietor who'd ever go for her would be one who had the white mule concession in an old men's home."

So we talked to each other like that for a while and then they told me that if I thought I could do any better, humph, why I could go ahead and try. The result was that the part, which wasn't so much to begin with, came out of the can so hot that they gave me stardom at once. And what's more—although "Night After Night" was started as a George Raft starring picture, it's been billed all over the country since as "MAE WEST in 'Night After Night' with George Raft." Hope George doesn't mind.

But even so, do you imagine that from then on I had plain and easy sailing? If you do, you don't know your Hollywood. I'd demonstrated that the motion-picture public was adult enough to let me dish it out to 'em. But believe me, I don't think I've ever had a harder battle than I did in getting "She Done Him Wrong" to you as you finally saw it. The fighting blood that I inherited from my prize-fighting dad stood me in good stead. If it hadn't, you'd have seen a "Lady Lou" so chemically pure that even Mary Pickford could have played the role!

"She Done Him Wrong," was a screen adaptation of my stage success "Diamond Lil." Oh, I don't want you to get from these words the idea that "Lady Lou" was *quite* the hellion "Diamond Lil" was on the stage. That simply can't be done. After all, the audience that goes to a Broadway play that's frankly hot and smoky is a hand-picked audience—picked by itself. But in the thousand of picture theaters over the land, another situation necessarily exists. People don't go so much to see a particular picture as they do just to "go to the movies." And so you get a hit-or-miss, haphazard sort of audience that inevitably must include children and other impressionable ones.

When the picture was finished, we threw a big studio party for a selected list of guests. We had the big stage all dressed up like an old-time honky-tonk, and I wore my "Lady Lou" outfit. And at the height of the festivities, I got on the stage, (just as I did in the picture) and sang them those songs —"Frankie and Johnnie" and "I Wonder Where My Easy Rider's Gone?" and (*Continued on page 74*)

Three beauty items that are new and most important (more about them in the article on the opposite page, and which you just must know about if you want to be smart)—Sally Eilers' hair coloring, the braid comeback, here illustrated in a new way by Marion Nixon, and the new pale makeup used by Madge Evans

AT LAST!

An Entirely New Trend in Beauty!

If You Want to be Your Local Beauty Leader, You Must Read This

By MILDRED DUNCAN

FIND a nice safe place to store the excess baggage in your cosmetic department! You'll need room enough for rouge, dark powder and any crimson nail polish you've acquired during these months when all these beauty aids have been absolutely essential. They're *out from now on,* according to those who know their beauty better than anyone else in the world . . . the stars of Hollywood!

PALE HANDS AND CHEEKS

Marlene Dietrich and Sylvia Sidney may have had a lot to do with this revolution in the rouge pot! They never did go in for darkish powders and shrieking finger-nails as much as the other leaders in the cinema capital did. But their pallor, up 'til now has been casual. The new paleness isn't in the least casual; on the contrary it's startlingly *pronounced.* Certain rulers in the realm of beauty and fashion claim that the return of heavy, luxurious fabrics have caused beautiful women to remember the allure of languid pallor! It *might be* that, for after all with the tulle and organdy we all fell for last summer, dark skins and bright red nails *were* an exciting contrast. Just as exciting is a lily-white skin against the bright hues this winter brought and handed right on to spring styles.

Madge Evans heard about the rage for this white make-up and decided to match, in powder, a new and alluring off-white satin evening gown she had just gotten. It was the perfect gown to try the new pallor with, for the shoulders are edged with filmy just-off-white ostrich feather trimming than which there's nothing more flattering. Madge carried out the entire new feeling to the *n*th degree, too—used a pale pink lipstick and even went back to the good old powder polish for her recently bright red nails. She confesses the liquid polish hasn't been as kind to them as it might have been, too, and that's still another reason Madge has joined the "pallid army" of Hollywood beauties!

The only argument seems to be whether or not to carry out the whole idea of fragility the way Sharon Lynn does, by using a very light, delicate shade of lipstick, too. Her stark, white face with its faint rose colored lip rouge is enough to take one's breath away. And she cleverly makes her eyes up with the same careful effect giving the lips just a whisper of shadow, the lashes just a touch of mascara and the brows a soft brushing-upward. It has *that thing,* alright! But others who have gone Hollywood-pale seem to cling to the brighter shades of lipstick, partly because they're not used to their new light powder, partly because that red gash in the middle of our faces has come to be such a part of us! After all, it's a matter of individual taste, but the very ethereal make-up Sharon has gone for, in such a big way, is mighty well worth a try. One warning—though, promise me you'll always dust your powder off with a little swab of cotton, or a powder brush, after you've applied it. With the near-white shades of powder this simplest rule of all, in make-up, is more important than ever.

WHO SAID "NO GOLD?"

There's an old adage somewhere about beauty being allowed a certain amount of obstinacy. Rosemary Ames, one of Fox's most dangerous sirens, made a public proclamation of her scorn for all this bickering about gold, by sweeping into the Cocoanut Grove the other evening in a black evening gown, heavy gold bracelets and necklace AND GOLD FINGERNAILS! So, *that's* it! Red nails have waned, all in a month's time, and the newest beauty accessory in Hollywood is a pair of gold or silver detachable fingernails. They are modelled to the nails of the individual and made to fit them. Blunt little prongs allow these metal nails to slip under the very edge of the natural nail. It gives a strange sort of Oriental feeling and encourages a lot of graceful gestures with the hands! Isn't that amazing news?

THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE REVIVAL

What with all the true stories about the blonde era having waned and lovely, natural shares of brown hair being much smarter these days some of Hollywood's restless beauties must have decided to invent something which would break the monotony as far as their hair was concerned. Especially for gala occasions. It was all done in a big, mysterious way, too. The evening the Mayfair opened, their secret was OUT, though. Apparently the fad of reviving this in fashion and that in music inspired some of the younger stars to revive one of beauty's most famous fads . . . *the strawberry blonde era!* Heavens, no! They didn't *dye or bleach* their newly natural tresses—but they discovered a *strawberry blonde rinse.* Sally Eilers, whose lovely gown I described for you in the Fashion Story, matched her hair to her gown! Really! She wore a very old-fashioned, *short* hairdress with a lot of little ringlets rolled up off the back of her neck, giving a smartly topheavy effect and the coiffure plus the color was a veritable sensation that night!

WIGS—TOO!

Hollywood's Walter Winchell, Jimmy Starr, had a terrible time keeping other admirers away from his "date," Julie Carter! (We're still at the Mayfair opening!) Julie wore that popular strawberry shade in soft satin and competed with Sally Eilers by *wearing* (*Continued on page* 83)

(*Continued from page 9*)
an invitation from Governor Rolph to "cum up an' see" him, she asked permission to get away. But the powers that be thought it more important that Mae work on her new picture than lead the Grand March at the State Ball.

Maybe you think the sparks don't fly around Joan Bennett's house. No, the Gene Markeys are not quarrelling; it's that new rug Joan bought, made of Persian wool. Everytime someone walks across it, the sparks fly and they get a good shock.

Loyalty is just one of the qualities that makes toward the delightful personality of Una Merkel. For the Hollywood première of "Roman Scandals" Madge Evans decided to give a birthday party for Tom Gallery and of course, invited her dear friend, Una. But lo and behold, Una couldn't accept. She was being initiated that night into a sorority, made up of fans who had written her a letter asking her to become their honorary member.

Hal Roach gave a twentieth anniversary party at his studios. Many big stars who started under his banner were there. Left, you'll see Hal between Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy

Also at Hal Roach's party: Walter Wanger producer, Wally Beery and Raoul Walsh, famous director. Many other famous people were there, among them Jean Harlow, Harold Lloyd and Will Rogers

And there was one row in the Chinese Theatre at the première of "Roman Scandals" that easily held several million dollars' worth of talent. Whether it just happened to work out that way or whether the management decided to give the visiting firemen a treat for their money, seated one right next to the other were, Gloria Swanson, Michael Farmer, Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert, Billie Burke, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable and yes—Connie and the Marquis holding down the extreme other end.

You just can't keep these girls at home! With youth and beauty bowing right and left at the Hollywood première of "Roman Scandals," May Robson, Mrs. D. J. Grauman (mother of Sid) and Carrie Jacobs Bond got the biggest hand of the evening when they drove up in May's new shiny black car.

Bebe Daniels was approached by the major domo at the Hal Roach Anniversary party and asked if she wouldn't say a few words to the millions of listeners over the National Broadcast hook-up. Bebe said she would be delighted but would they give her a little time to prepare her speech. She rushed into a corner, got a pencil and paper and worked like mad on a suitable oration. After writing at least two pages, she hurried back to give the world her message. As she reached the microphone the announcer said, "I'm so sorry Miss Daniels but we have just gone off the air."

Not only the women go to Europe for clothes. Though instead of Paris, Phillips Holmes is going to London. He has a tailor hidden away who will drape Phil in the best continental manner. While in London Phillips is taking Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s house. That sounds like a long stay, but don't let it fool you. He will be there but two weeks.

Mrs. Pat Campbell and her vagaries are back in Hollywood. She is working in "Rip Tide," Norma Shearer's new picture. At a dinner given for her by Edmund Goulding she was holding forth in the Queen Victoria manner. She had just confided to a listener that she and Lilyan Tashman were the closest of friends on her last visit here, in fact they were buddies. Just then a very smartly dressed woman arrived. Mrs. Campbell stared at her and asked as she always does "Who is that beauty?" The person to whom she was talking said "That is Lilyan Tashman."

Madame Sylvia, Hollywood's ex-premier masseuse who slapped secrets out of actresses and then published them, is on the air. In a recent broadcast she gave a pounding version of the reduction of Zasu Pitts. And all through the mythical socking an orchestra played background music the refrain of which was "Thanks for all the lovely delight I found in your embrace."

In the reports of the Sandra Shaw-Gary Cooper wedding a newspaper reporter says that both Miss Shaw and Mr. Cooper had a "studied casualness." Little does she know how unstudied that casualness is. Gary was probably trying to keep awake. He is the only living actor who can sleep standing up. In fact he has (*Continued on page 70*)

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How Four Stars Got Their Man

(*Continued from page 53*)

apparent feeling for him," she says, "But never by word or manner did I ask anything of him."

There, of course, is where Norma proved herself smart. Unusually smart.

Don't let a man see you love him, the stupid old wives will warn you. Nonsense. *A man is pleased and warmed and intrigued by the knowledge that a girl finds him attractive just as a girl is intrigued by the knowledge that a man finds her attractive. And who can deny that it's only human nature to find pleasure in the company of and to seek those we know like us.*

So Irving Thalberg began to seek Norma's company. On the lot. At luncheon in the studio restaurant. At the previews of their company's productions. At all the places a man in his position might, without gossip, see one girl while he was engaged to another.

"The first time Irving took me out," Norma has told me, "I didn't jump up and down and giggle with delight. But I did tell him that being out with him was, as far as I was concerned, a dream come true."

AND when, at last, Irving Thalberg told Norma what she long had waited to hear, that he loved her, when he asked her to marry him, Norma didn't throw herself into his arms with a sigh of relief.

"Oh," she said, smiling, casual, "Oh, we don't have to get married."

She didn't mean this in any immoral sense, mark you. She knew, she explained to him, that he was ambitious, that there were many things he wanted to do.

Says Norma, "The modern girl has a tremendous advantage. She can love for love's sake. She isn't faced with the necessity of marrying so that she may be supported for the rest of her life. And she isn't branded brazen and bad, if she happens to be honest about her feelings for a man.

"Thank goodness," Norma concluded that day we talked of such things while little Irving paraded about in a new fireman's helmet of which he was inordinately proud, "that we live in an honest age. Thank goodness it is no longer looked upon as shameful or disgraceful for a woman to love a man who doesn't love her.

Then there's Claudette Colbert. Claudette had a bad time of it, too, before the love scenes in which she and Norman Foster engaged upon a New York stage in "The Barker" became more fact than acting.

Claudette with her eyes black and deep enough to drown a man's reason and her bright smiling mouth hardly suggests the possibility of her being love-sick. Yet one autumn several years ago Claudette went tramping up one New York street and down another trying to get so tired that she'd no longer feel the terrible ache that was with her night and day.

"It wasn't funny," Claudette says, remembering it. "It wasn't a bit funny. Part of the time it was like having an illness, a strange fever burning in my blood.

"I used to try to reason with myself. 'Look here,' I used to say, 'Norman Foster isn't the type you really admire at all. Why, you don't even like the people he likes. And for a girl who has said an actor is the last man she'd marry . . .

"It got me nowhere. I felt the same about him, only more so.

"We worked together night after night. On the stage he made love to me. Off the stage he gave a disturbing impression of an utterly indifferent young man.

"Then one Saturday—he must have been lonely—he asked me to have dinner with him. Would I? All through the matinee I kept saying to myself 'I'm going to dinner with him! *I'm going to dinner with him! I'M GOING TO DINNER WITH HIM!*' Like a school-girl. Like a fool. Like a woman in love."

That Norman Foster asked Claudette to dine with him was chance. But Claudette made sure that other dinners followed.

"I used the tried and true method," she says, "I let Norman talk about himself.

"Some girls, I think, in their eagerness to prove good company chatter on about a dozen indifferent things, nervously pouncing on any subject rather than to let talk lag. They seem to forget that men, are entertained and delighted by the sound of their own voice and their own ideas."

That night at dinner Claudette discovered that she liked the same plays Norman liked, the same books he liked, and that they both had the same dream about travel aboard a freighter to strange, little-visited islands.

No doubt about it, that dinner started things.

"But," says Claudette dramatically, "don't think that my troubles were over. I wasn't at all sure of Norman for a long, long time . . . it seemed a life-time to me. . . .

"I'd previously worked with an English company. I'm a mimic. And quite unconsciously I'd acquired their clipped accent. Norman because of this decided I was an affected upstart, and more than anything in the world he loathes affected upstarts.

"He used to be gruff. Even when he finally invited me to dinner again several weeks later—I'd nearly died of despair in the meantime—his gruffness continued.

"It upset me for quite a while. Then in one blessed moment I saw things clearly and recognized the Foster gruffness as defensive.

"If he was defensive, I reasoned, it was because he felt a need to be. I quit meeting this gruffness by being proud and stiff. In fact the gruffer he became the happier I became and the more I beamed.

"AND, after a while, he quit being gruff . . . and life was pleasanter than I'd dreamed it could be. . . ."

Another way to a man's heart, is through his protective instinct. It was, as a matter of fact, because Irene Dunne appealed to this essentially masculine instinct in Doctor Francis Griffin, thirteen years her senior, that he wanted to marry her the first night he laid eyes upon her. In spite of the fact that his friends had begun to believe he wasn't "the marrying kind."

"It was an intimate sort of night, to begin with," Irene says, "bright and warm in the big hotel where we both were attending a party. Raw and rainy outside.

"I was pretty discouraged. Looking for a job on Broadway. Wondering if I'd ever have another and not at all sure it wouldn't have been much smarter for me to have accepted the post of musical supervisor in public schools which I'd turned down for a career in the theater. I said things and acted as I never would have under different circumstances. And plainly, then and there, Doctor Griffin was intrigued.

"'A girl like you can't possibly battle Broadway,' he told me.

"Whereupon his manner, even his voice became protective. I took to his protection, wrapped it around me, basked in it."

He undoubtedly had decided a bachelor's life, especially in man-shy Manhattan, was a very happy one. . . . Until that rainy night when he danced with a pretty girl with soft hair to discover her blue and discouraged and to realize how extremely pleasant it would be to get between her and the world . . . and to stay there.

Helen Hayes says "Be yourself!" But Helen goes much further than this.

"To be important to men or women," she insists, "you must emphasize your own color, type, your own individuality.

"And, of course," she went on in that way she has which makes the most sensible things she utters sound colorful and romantic "of course every girl wants her chance. Because every girl wants happiness. And every girl with two brain cells working knows instinctively that she stands far and away the greatest chance of happiness married to the One Man.

We were in Helen's lovely white Victorian drawing-room. Where among other delightful notes white Venetian blinds shaded the room from the sun.

"THIS is a competitive world," Helen went on. "In it effects help. *A big comb and a Spanish shawl might be perfect for one girl with black hair sleek as silk. But another girl would emphasize herself, her color, her type, her individuality and be most truly lovely with a smudge of dust on a round cheek and pale hair topsy turvy."*

"I've watched the girls who get their men," Helen ended. "Utter naturalness no longer is the attraction it used to be. You can have the utterly natural girl wrapped up in cellophane as far as I'm concerned. As far as most men are concerned too."

A little wisdom sprinkled generously with charm is a recipe that will capture almost any man. That is Helen's rule.

I'll always remember the glamorous, seductive Barbara La Marr, shortly before she died, saying to me: "I don't understand some women. They wonder why men don't like them. As if there could be the slightest mystery about it! It never seems to occur to these women, poor fools, that men are plain humble human beings . . . that they want pretty much from life what women want. That, like women, they're often pathetically afraid of loneliness. That self-conscious sometimes they hide it by appearing the very opposite. That often possessed of inferiority complexes they're both pleased and warmed to see that somebody likes them. Likes them a lot. That busy all day, pestered by a thousand worries, they want to forget their troubles and laugh. That they, too, have vanity and enjoy being told that the new suit they're wearing is mighty becoming."

It looks very much, you see, as if it was by a well-blended mixture of commonsense, of putting themselves in a man's place, of warmth and charm that girls, even those at a tremendous disadvantage to begin with, get their man.

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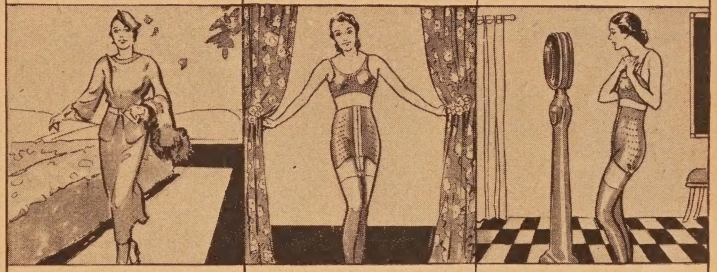

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Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 66)

been known to go bye-bye even while standing under the lights waiting for a scene to be shot. Miss Shaw is even more casual. She was in stock at a major studio at one time. The studio would call her the day before and there would be no Miss Shaw the next day when she was due before the camera. A frantic message would go whizzing along the wires and Miss Shaw would say, "Oh, I forgot!" Now I wonder who will remember to wake Gary when *he* gets studio calls.

There may be more than one reason why Mae West is the tremendous box office attraction she is today. Besides being a very camera-wise, hip-wielding young woman, La West is also an astute business woman. Not taking any chances when her first picture was completed, Mae accompanied the film east and sat in with the Censor Board. And that little kiddies, is the reason why some pictures, much less censorable, are permanently shelved.

Whether it's diamonds or vertebraes, Barbara Stanwyck believes in having them set in California. A successful personal appearance tour in the east was interrupted when she took the first train home to have her doctor restore the offending members to their original place.

They were trying to talk Alice Brady into going to Palm Springs for a vacation. "It's no use," complained Alice, "I won't go unless I can take my dogs—and if I take them I'll practically have to pay to have the hotel done over. It's much cheaper to stay home and not answer the telephone."

And they do say as how that new chapeau with the monkey fur hanging over her eyes, does make Lilyan Tashman look like a sheep dog!

There's more than one way of solving a great problem. Madge Evans was in the market for a new pet. So Tom Gallery brought her two tiny dogs and asked her to make her choice. Then the problem became greater than ever because Madge couldn't decide which she liked best. Yes, you guessed it. She kept 'em both!

There's a very charming actor in Hollywood by the name of Gerald Fielding. And so good is he that Director von Sternberg chose him for an important role in "Catherine The Great." "Go home and let your beard grow and we'll call you when we need you," said the director. Now Fielding was too grateful for the chance to play opposite Dietrich, to say that he has one of those beards that grow over night. So von Sternberg kept him waiting for several weeks and in that time, he even outgrew Pete—the Hollywood hermit!

Sally Rand, like the Arabs, folded her fans and stole away. Not because there were less ostriches than in Chicago but because she was only given three lines of dialogue in the picture in which she is working at Paramount. She came back only after much coaxing, Bernhardt that she is. It reminds one of the chorus girl who got twenty-five dollars for saying "Hip hip hooray." Ten dollars for each hip and five for the hooray.

Constance Cummings found a note under her dressing room door telling her to call Tucker 2231 and marked "important." She called as soon as possible, being a woman and inquisitive. She thought it odd that a parade followed her to the phone. She got the number and a voice answered with "Los Angeles Nut House." Connie looked at all the avid faces that were watching her and without a change of expression said, "This is Mrs. Benn Levy, will you please send me five pounds of pecans."

While Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was going around with Kings and Queens, a certain Hollywood columnist printed stories of his taking out British citizenship papers. In no uncertain terms, Doug, Jr., let it be known what he thought of one who would circulate such untruths. Recently, he returned to Hollywood to make a picture. His first night back was celebrated with a party in his honor, given by his manager, Mike Levee. The w.k. (well-known) columnist was there and everyone held their breath in anticipation at what would happen. But Doug—walked up to her—hesitated a moment, then held out his hand and with a broad grin began singing: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf!"

By the time you read this, the news may have broken in the papers. We hope not! We hope that the difficulty will have been straightened out between Jack Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce.

We knew that would shock you—just as it did us when we first heard about it. When Jack and Virginia were married, Virginia declared staunchly that she was willing to give up her promising career in pictures for the more thrilling career of wife and mother. Now, so the story goes, she's given instructions to her agent to consider offers for her services in movies. They do say, too, that it's difficult for Jack to be interested in more than one career at a time and that his newfound success in the Garbo picture has started his mind working in the direction of acting, with love and the home taking a temporary back seat.

Come on, Jack and Virginia, make it up—and save us one of our important illusions!

It was Mayfair night in Hollywood with stars outshining themselves in resplendent glory. But just when each thought they had attained the pinnacle of self-glorification, in walked Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore, who completely walked away with all honors. And is there little wonder? John, who seldom makes a social appearance, was wearing dark eye glasses, a frock coat—and fur moccasins!

When his wife presented him with a baby daughter, Bob Young said the little one had already proven herself a real trouper. Working day and night on the Janet Gaynor picture, the baby arrived on the one afternoon Bob had off in six weeks.

The first of the month is beginning to mean more to Joan Crawford than just receiving bills. Despite the fact that she has never met Ruth Etting, that talented singer expresses her admiration for the screen star by sending advance releases on all her new records.

Is this a publicity stunt or is the young lady really in earnest? One of the first things Jean Muir will tell any interviewer, is that she has the biggest feet in captivity. Which reminds us of the wag who told about the girl who tried to follow in Garbo's footsteps and dropped dead from exhaustion!

Mary Pickford was the guest of a National broadcast from Los Angeles. Her speech was eleven minutes which the radio station said was too long. But she said that she couldn't possibly cut it. A large group of choral singers had to be eliminated from the program to give her the extra four minutes. Miss Pickford looked at the uncherubic faces of the frustrated choral singers and decided to have the curtains drawn over the windows of the broadcasting room while she spoke. Her subject was "Charity."

Jack Oakie appeared at the studio at seven in the morning, his wrinkled suit proving that he hadn't been to bed. He lovingly cradled a clarinet in his arms. He walked into the studio restaurant and shushed all the amazed carpenters and laborers with the announcement that he was going to play "Reflections on the Water." Oakie stroked the clarinet with a loving gesture, raised it to his lips, wiggled his fingers and blew. The most horrible wail issued from the tortured instrument. Oakie then looked around with a pleased expression until he noticed the faces of his audience. He lowered the clarinet and ordered beer instead, mumbling, "They don't appreciate me." Neither did his director when he saw him that morning.

The George Arliss company has been rehearsing for weeks on his new production, "The House of Rothschild." It is just like a school. The cast sits in rows of straight backed chairs all facing a dais on which sits Mr. Arliss. And he looks frighteningly like a school master. The rehearsal room is next to the wardrobe where Mr. Arliss is supervising the costumes. Mrs. Arliss was having a corset fitting one morning when he decided to supervise. But he was convinced that his place was in the school room.

Peggy Lloyd, youngest daughter of Harold and Mildred heard the title of her father's new picture "The Cat's-Paw." She asked that if her father was playing the "Pa," who was going to play the cat.

And Jimmy Cagney will tell you a story about a flier, who wasn't what he was cracked up to be!

Joan—the ever-changing Crawford, is introducing some new evening shoes in Hollywood that are her own creation. Made in high-heeled sandal effect, to show the pedicured nails, the narrow silver straps are studded with tiny mirrors.

The Unknown Leslie Howard

(*Continued from page 25*)

background who are responsible for this change. The days of tasteless extravagance and flamboyant meaningless gestures have passed. Leslie is typical of the new school of movie star. He lives simply and unostentatiously. He keeps to himself and declines to spread the details of his private life on newspaper front pages and in gossip columns. If this be "high hat," then let us be grateful for the increasing number of players who may be classified by the adjective. A certain amount of publicity is unavoidable, and it is also very much to be desired, since without it an actor's career is practically non-existent. But it has been conclusively proven by Leslie, and others of his type, that it is quite possible to lead a human being's life, to do good work quietly and effectively, and to still retain the public's affection.

Howard is a writer and a successful one. His plays have been produced in New York and in Los Angeles. I also suspect him of having had a hand in the writing, or at least the re-writing, of several plays in which he has appeared. He is also a producer, in partnership with Gilbert Miller. Together they have done several plays, in New York and London, and their successes have pleasantly outweighed their failures. Their batting average is high: at the moment there seems to be no reason why Leslie Howard shouldn't sometime turn out to be a highly successful manager.

THIS is probably what will happen, since he doesn't actually like to act. He thinks it's a silly occupation which pays well. And this, in spite of the fact that he obviously is one of the best actors in the world. He gets a very real pleasure out of writing plays and I assume that he likes to produce them; hence the logical result, to me, is that in a few years we will be seeing Leslie Howard plays produced by Mr. Howard, and *not* starring Mr. Howard.

He has had more success in America than in England. Had he originally appeared in London in the plays which have marked his greatest success in New York, the story would be reversed. It simply means that he has appeared oftener and in better parts in this country than in his own. A good play is a rarity; a successful one is a miracle. If Leslie's choices in America have been more fortunate than in London, it's not his fault or anyone's.

As I write this, Leslie is on his way back to Hollywood. The pictures lined up for him hold great promise. It's going to be especially interesting to see what Leslie and the films do with "Of Human Bondage." I have always respected this work of Maugham's as one of *the* greatest pieces of literature turned out in our time. You may rest assured that the superb character which is the central figure in the book will be handled with great care and feeling by Leslie and I think that it is this assurance in our minds about every part he tackles that so endears him in our hearts as an actor and so definitely commands our respect for him as a person.

Next month in MOVIE MIRROR: a grand, revealing story about Doug Fairbanks, Jr., written by Leslie Howard, himself in person. Don't miss it!

GREAT WEEK-END ISN'T IT? JIM'S NEW WIFE IS A PEACH!
YES..BUT I'M NOT SO KEEN ABOUT MOLLIE'S HOUSEKEEPING. JUST LOOK AT THESE SHEETS AND THINGS!

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"

...and here's what to do about it

It's sad—but true! No matter how HARD some women work, their washes look simply awful! The clothes won't come white—they *will* come gray . . . People notice—and whisper!...What's the trouble?... Dirt still hiding in the clothes! They aren't really clean! That's what makes clothes tell unpleasant tales. But . . .

Change to Fels-Naptha Soap and say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Unlike *trick* soaps, Fels-Naptha goes into every tiny thread and gets out *all* the dirt. Gets it out—because it brings you two cleaners instead of one. Rich golden soap—*and added to that*—lots of naptha. So much naptha you can smell it!

Surprise yourself! Get Fels-Naptha Soap today and see how *dazzling white* it gets your clothes. Learn how gentle it is—safe for daintiest stockings and lingerie. Easy on hands, too! In tub or washer, whether you soak or boil clothes, Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help—sweet-as-clover washes!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

NRA

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Capable Hands
must be lovely, too!

Woman's place in the scheme of living has changed, but Romance still holds sway. Wise indeed is she who preserves her feminine charm at any cost!

Don't let the workaday world rob you of the allurement of soft, smooth, white hands. It's too easy to keep them lovely with Pacquin's! Apply a pat of this marvelously penetrating, skin-feeding cream every time your hands have been in water. Use it before and after every exposure to the wind and weather. You'll be delighted at the way rough, chapped skin regains a smooth, soft texture. Pacquin's protects your hands against the drying out of natural oils that is so fatal to hand beauty.

Try Pacquin's and you'll never be without it. It never leaves your skin sticky or greasy, and it's pleasantly economical because a little goes a long way! Don't try to hide your hands—use

Pacquin's

In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to $1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

Spencer Tracy's Love Confession

(*Continued from page* 11)

Spencer looked at me. He said, slowly *"What man wouldn't?"* He smiled that deep and kindly smile of his. He shrugged his shoulders a little. He reddened behind his ears. I had touched a soft spot in his emotions. He has played many a love scene on the screen that has tugged the heart and dug a memory—no love scene so tender, so heart-tugging as the one he played alone, with me for audience.

He went on, rather hastily, "It must be pretty obvious, the way I feel. But, after all, I can't answer your questions with facts and dates much as I might like to. I can't give you dates about the future as I can about the past. You want me to tell you the *truth* about this situation. That is what I am doing. And the truth is that I can't possibly say, definitely, what the future holds for us. *Our* future is too far away. Too many things stand between. I am not, after all, divorced. No action for divorce has been taken as I talk to you. If a divorce is to be got Mrs. Tracy will have to get it, in her own time, in her own way.

"I can only tell you, honestly, what the present line-up is. At the moment Mrs. Tracy is living at home, with the children. I am living at the Town House with my mother. I have dinner at the house, with the children, every Sunday. I go out there to see them as often as I can. This morning, for instance, I had a late call at the studio. I drove out there to see the kids. Johnny hasn't been told anything about it."

Johnny, you may know, is Spencer's dearly beloved little eight-year-old son, who doesn't hear with his ears but hears doubly with all his other senses.

"Johnny believes that I am working and away, as I've had to be before, on location and so on. When the time comes and everything is settled one way or another I'll tell him the truth. He is entitled to that.

"Sometime this month Mrs. Tracy is going back to New York with the intention of returning to the stage. When she is gone I plan to take another house and to have the children with me. Then, after I finish this picture and one other, I am scheduled to go to England for ten weeks to make a picture over there. Which means that we will be separated for that ten weeks, Loretta and I. It will be something of a test. It will be a very good thing for us both. We were, for a time, going out together every evening. It's a good thing to make this break. After all, Loretta is very young. To predict the emotions is all but impossible. Emotions do not remain static. They go one way or the other. They are Life and so, they move. I believe that after this separation we will be able to plan something more definite than we have been able to do to date. When Mrs. Tracy goes East she may take some action back there. I don't know. I can only repeat that whatever action is taken must come from her. And, also, my problem and Loretta's is not Mrs. Tracy's problem at all. It has nothing to do with her. She is not in the slightest degree interested in us or in what we intend to do. *It is a separate thing.*

"Then there is the religious element which will have to be very seriously considered. I am a Catholic, you see. Loretta is a Catholic. And so, on account of all of these complications it would honestly be rather ridiculous and wholly untrue for me to attempt to make a definite statement. Our personal emotions have nothing to do with what we *can* do.

"THE way I feel about Loretta must be pretty obvious. We haven't tried to hide or to beat about the bush or to camouflage anything. We have nothing to be ashamed of. I am free to go with whom I please, at any time I please. If I were just playing around, if this were just another 'Hollywood romance,' if I were a man, recently separated from his wife and from the bonds of marriage and wanting to have a good time for myself I would be going out with three or four different girls. There is only the one.

"This is profoundly sincere with me. It is serious. It is important! It stands apart from any other experience in my not very experienced life. I mean, even before I was married I was working hard, trying to get a foothold on the footlights, struggling, worrying, no time for play. Loretta is young. That attracts me, of course. I can kid her a lot. I do. We have good times together, by ourselves, in our own way. Do you know what we did New Year's Eve? You'll never believe it. We went to a movie—and a lousy movie it was, too—and then we stopped in at a Drive-In stand for a hamburger! And had a swell time doing it. First New Year's Eve I've had in years when I didn't have so much as a drop of the bottle that cheers! That's our favorite sport, anyhow, a movie and a hamburger. Now and then we go to the Grove or to the Beverly Wilshire and dance but for the most part we take long walks and have long arguments and a lot of fun. Loretta is fun to talk to. I, who have always especially liked and enjoyed the talk and companionship of men get a kick out of just being with her.

"We always go to Church together on Sunday mornings. I drive out to her place and pick her up and we go. Mrs. Tracy is not a Catholic and so, of course, this is something I never had before.

"This is, honestly, our Past and our Present—the Future is not entirely in our hands. There is nothing we can do about it but wait—and hope—I'm telling you the *truth.*"

MOVIE MIRROR IS
The ONLY Film Magazine Edited From Hollywood

What does this mean to YOU? It means the very latest news, reviews of the very latest pictures, and hot news stories which MOVIE MIRROR puts in type long before other magazines even KNOW about them. You can't afford to miss a single issue of MOVIE MIRROR!

Jean Harlow Talks About Divorce Rumors

(*Continued from page* 15)

corporation? But Hollywood guesses without knowledge of the worldly and humanly wise Mrs. Bello. I have been a guest in their home many times, and believe me when I tell you it is no typical mother-in-law set-up. In the first place Marino Bello and Hal were friends and cronies long before Hal's romance with Jean began. Mrs. Bello is young, attractive and above all, humorous. She has a grand gift for laughter at the right time. Though Hollywood doesn't know it, and probably wouldn't believe it, it was Hal's express wish that they return to Jean's home during the time of her convalescence! When Jean is stronger they are planning to find a place of their own, or, if her contract difficulties with M-G-M are not immediately ironed out they plan to take a short vacation trip to Europe. If Hal Rosson is not happy in the expertly managed household of the Bello's, how come he has spent so much of his time there both before and after his marriage to their daughter?

"Since we have been married we have gone about very little, socially," Jean said, "but if the gossips who seem to be making such a point of this would only remember, neither one of us went about socially very much before we were married. Desire for a quiet existence is one of the many things we share in common. One columnist recently wrote: Jean Harlow has been seen several times without her husband . . .

"I should like to reply: 'Perhaps I have—and I shall probably be seen several more times without him!'

"The other evening Hal was working late on a picture at the studio. It was the night of the Hal Roach dinner. And so my mother and I went. On another evening during this siege of Hal's night work, I dined at a popular café with a man who is advising me about my studio difficulties. Later, Hal joined us and we all went to a night club. And whenever Hal is busy, and whenever a business friend invites me to dine, I shall continue to do this in spite of Hollywood's interpretation.

"You asked if I sincerely believed my marriage can last in spite of Hollywood gossip. The most honest answer I can give is this:

"As I say these words, I am happy. I am deeply in love with my husband. I want my marriage to last. But I refuse to be a stubborn arbitrator of Destiny. Plans are made only by the foolishly inexperienced. Too often I have discovered in my short life that my will is not always Fate's way. I want to treasure what I have found in marriage—*not brag about it!*"

ROMANTIC AT FIFTY

Do you notice how an audience reacts every time Lewis Stone appears on the screen? Year after year he keeps his tremendous following; young and old alike admit his amazing appeal. Read the fine, revealing story about him in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

Still... it's her Eyes

THAT MAKE HER SO COMPLETELY... SO IRRESISTIBLY...

SO RAVISHINGLY *fascinating*

Lovely figure, beautifully gowned . . poise and style . . yet, withal, just another mannequin unless her *eyes* express the fascinating charm of her own unique personality.

She knows well how important is the appearance of long, dark lashes, delicately shaded lids, and graceful, expressive eyebrows, to bring out all the alluring beauty and depth of expression in her eyes. Like five million other clever women, she achieves this natural-appearing loveliness quickly and easily with the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids.

Don't let pale, scanty lashes, blank-looking eyelids, and scraggly brows rob you of the glamorous beauty that can be so easily yours with these exquisite yet inexpensive Maybelline preparations.

A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe. Tear-proof, non-smarting, and absolutely harmless, it keeps the lashes soft and silky. Delicately shade your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is deepened and intensified. Form lovely, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now behold...! Your eyes have become twin pools of alluring beauty, expressing your every mood with irresistible charm.

Encourage the natural growth of your lashes by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower nightly before retiring. Stimulating and beneficial, it is, like all the Maybelline eye beauty aids, absolutely pure and harmless. Try these four effective aids to eye beauty today. They are obtainable in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores.

Black and Brown

Black and Brown

Blue, Brown, Blue-grey
Violet and Green

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EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up 'n' see me sometime" lure

NOW *YOU* can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum MaeWest—exquisite bottles at 65c—$1.00 to $25.00.

If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order

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Mae West's Life Story

(*Continued from page 63*)

"I like a Man Who Takes His Time." Only, for this hand-picked audience, I sang them a few of the *real* verses that *couldn't* go into the picture. Even today, Hollywood is still talking about it. And they told me Hollywood was *hot!* . . . They ought to hear *some* of the songs I know!

As for that "Lady Lou" outfit, I'm still getting countless letters from girls who want to know how to attain the—uh—well—the bulges here and there that I had in that picture.

Me, I weigh 120, regularly. And I'm only five feet four. "Lady Lou" had to be a taller, roomier gal than that. Here's how I did it!

First, I did eat more and differently than usual. I took so much cream that I began mooing. I raided pastry trays in the cafés. I stuffed with candy and ice-cream. But even that only boosted me to about 135. The rest of it was just plain stage trickery. To make myself taller, I wore shoes with heels so high that I was walking around on my toes. I piled a pompadour on my head. That boosted my height to about five feet nine. And to get that bosom all it took was a specially designed corset which did just the opposite to what these "maiden-form" brassières do to you.

THE rest of the story is history. The success of "She Done Him Wrong" has been so phenomenal that it's been the sensation of the year's picture game. I say that not just to brag about myself—but because I'm glad to learn that American audiences aren't the narrow-minded, ignorant-of-life, afraid-of-facts sort of people that censors seemed to think they were.

Somebody once said, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." I suppose it means that when you click once, you gotta get busy and shake that lead out of your p—er—shoes, so that your next effort won't be a flop in comparison. So I went to work to make "I'm No Angel" even better. Because I worked so hard on the writing and the preparation of that picture, I got a backwash of criticism. You see, I denied myself to interviewers, callers, takers-up of time. I had work to do, and hoped they'd understand it. I know I've been called high-hat and swell-headed and a lot of other less printable things because I preferred to do my work. But I knew I had to work. I knew that if "I'm No Angel" weren't better than what I'd done before, they'd say I was slipping. And I know what that means. I hope I've succeeded—the verdict is still up to you.

And naturally, you're asking me now: "What about the future? Do you think that even though you are Mae West, you can go on making pictures better than the one that's gone before, indefinitely?"

My answer is "No." My further answer, if you ask, is that I don't intend to go on *acting* indefinitely, at all. I love to act, but even greater than that is the fact that I love *the theater*. That is, my joy in acting is only one facet of my joy in things theatrical. My real ambition is to write, direct, produce my own films—and only occasionally act in one.

Even now, I'm getting bids from other companies besides Paramount to write pictures for some of their stars. Metro recently offered me tens of thousands of dollars to write a story for Jean Harlow. I've had other offers. Maybe I'll accept 'em—some day. But not now. Why?—well, for one thing, I'm too busy doing my job for Paramount. For another, I'm too busy right now writing things for Mae West and looking out for Mae West, to have any time left over to make a second Mae out of Jean Harlow. And I don't mean I'm snooty about Jean, either. She's a swell gal. Why don't they buy my book "Babe Gordon" for her?

They've been after me for the radio. Maybe I'll take the air sometime. I don't know. They've even named a perfume Mae West, but that's not hard to take. In fact I'm keen on that. It's a swell perfume and I do think it's like me.

What about my *personal* future?—as distinguished from my professional plans, you mean? Well—h'mmmm—well, the only answer I can give is that *some* time I'll marry. I c'n be had. Right now I'm too busy. Maybe ten minutes from the time I'm telling you this, some man will come busting into my life and I'll forget all about being busy and yank him off to some church where there's a preacher who can do his stuff. And, because I'm still burned up about that damn story that I'm secretly married to Jim Timony, I want to tell you again, here, that when I do marry, it'll be no hush-hush stuff.

And maybe it's silly to say what kind of a guy I'll make Mister Mae West, but I know it's not gonna be one of those handsome sheiks with the sex-appeal. I'll provide the sex-appeal in the family; all *he* need do is to provide the *he*. Anyway, as far as I'm concerned, it's the big, masculine-looking man who's not so pretty who's got the real sex-appeal.

And besides, if he's not too good looking, I won't have to be fighting sixteen other dames away to keep my man.

WE won't go out much, to parties. I don't like 'em. That's another reason I'm not likely to marry a party-type of sheik. Myself, I don't drink or smoke. I get my fun out of work, going to the prize fights, and the theater. I like to get up at seven in the morning, and get to writing or planning my work. You can't stay up till four A. M. and do that.

Before I came to California, I thought it'd be, say, a six-months' or a year's vacation. But since I've lived here, and worked in pictures, I've learned to love it. It's another Broadway to me—so very, very different, and yet with so many of the things for me that Broadway has.

And so, today, I'm building a house in California, not more than a half-hour's drive from any of the studios. When it's finished, I'm moving out of my apartment, and then I'll have my own house in California, and my own house in New York. If I'm lucky enough to be able to manage it, I want to split up my time about fifty-fifty between the two. Because, I've *got* to have Broadway half of my life, at least.

And so there you are. I've told you a lot about my life. O sure—there's a lot more to tell. But—well, if you've GOT to know all the rest—well, come up and see me some time. Any time.

Has Virtue a Chance in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page* 13)

or mine, barring the profession which is theirs, and the attendant publicity.

There is a morality clause in their contracts. There is also a black list. Producers won't talk about it, but it's there. When a star, no matter how important, defies certain laws of average decency it is curtains for him or her.

HERE are some actual cases, nameless and disguised. Once upon a time there was a talented and beautiful girl. She won the lead in a film. How? Because her little noodle was filled with this "woman pays" idea, and the idea, too, that the road to success is neither straight nor narrow—so went out after the producer! But she took a crack at the director too. Producers don't care to be two-timed any more than other men. And people aren't edified by such a graceless spectacle. She never had a real part again. She had some quickie jobs because of the publicity she'd garnered and that was all. The last one hears is that she has a position in a small city night club. And no girl more beautiful ever came to Hollywood!

And what about that girl who played big parts for five years? She was the—well, let's say protegée—of an important executive, who ruled that she was to have any part in any picture his studio made, if she wanted it. Swell for her, wasn't it? But the executive left pictures and so did she. Why? . . . Because no one else wanted her and said so. After all this time of importance and adulation she was really no further ahead than an extra girl. Peace to the ashes of her ambitions!

And then there was the stage actress from the Main Stem. She was signed and came to Hollywood. She became the darling of the lot. The trouble was that she became everyone's darling. She had never learned the little word NO. She was entirely too generous. Along came option time and there was no renewal. Here was a NO she had to learn. The upshot was a train back to New York, a city which didn't mind her charitable impulses nearly as much . . . and she hasn't been in Hollywood since.

There's a woman I like on the screen. She has glamor, lots of it. She's had several husbands. That didn't bother me. She plays parts which are "wicked" sometimes. Sometimes she doesn't. I've always been keen on her. But when I learned from unimpeachable sources that she plays bigger and better "wicked" parts off the screen than on, although I was not shocked I was disgusted. It annoyed me to think that a woman of her beauty and talent should squander herself cheaply and for no good reason. I haven't bothered to see her since except by chance. And somehow she's spoiled for me, yet like Miss West, I'm no angel and I believe myself to be sophisticated.

No, I won't tell you who she is!

YOU must remember that the paid scandal mongers are very important. They depend on scandal for their livelihood. Sometimes their gossip is true, more

(*Continued on page* 77)

Best news in years for lovely fingertips... GLAZO now only 25c!

The new Glazo is getting hearty cheers from girls who formerly paid lots more than a quarter for nail polish. But they're much less excited about the money they save than about Glazo's superior virtues.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre . . . so fingertips are lovelier, more gloriously beautiful, than ever before. What's more, actual tests show Glazo wears 50% longer.

And colors? Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by leading beauty and fashion authorities . . . and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows just how they'll look on your nails—solves the whole problem of selecting the exact shades you want.

Glazo's new metal shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, assures perfect application on every nail. And the brush *just can't* come loose.

Ever run out of Polish Remover at the most exasperating moment? Glazo Remover now comes in an extra-size bottle... enough to last as long as your polish.

If you've been paying two or three times as much, you'll just appreciate the new Glazo all the more.

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. *Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. *A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. *A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO TWIN KIT. *Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.*

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

_____

_____

"Don't blame that tie!"

YOU had planned a nice quiet evening at home with the family . . . when you found other plans had been made, you asked "Why drag me out?"

That was not natural. It was your subnormal condition that made your overworked body rebel against social activities. You had started the day off at top speed—keen and alert—but gradually you had slowed down and by nightfall you were exhausted.

A most likely cause of this let-down feeling was that your red-blood-cells—the carriers of oxygen to all parts of your body—had been reduced to the point where you were not up to your full strength. You were all worn out. No wonder you did not like that tie.

Though you have no organic disease*, you may have a lowered red-blood-cell count with deficient hemo-glo-bin. When this occurs, and it is very common, you need a tonic. Not just a tonic so-called, but a tonic that has the virtue of stimulating gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to make it natural for you to "carry on" without exhaustion.

Don't wait until you face a breakdown. It is well to remember that you cannot have good health, energy, and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition.

If your condition suggests a tonic, we recommend S.S.S. because its value has been proven by generations, as well as by modern scientific appraisal.

S.S.S. is truly a blood and body tonic. It is carried by every drug store in America in two sizes—the larger being more economical. ©The S.S.S. Co.

*Consult a physician if you suspect an organic trouble.

S.S.S. builds sturdy health

How to Be Three People in One Day

(*Continued from page 37*)

whenever she sits down at the table to meals for there are many studio calls and other important messages that cannot be entrusted to her secretary.

I know that she has eaten her dinner while her hair was being set by a coiffeur and, at the same time, dictated telegrams and business letters.

It is quick thought and not systematic planning out of days which accomplishes so much. That certainly goes against all the old be-whiskered rules of efficiency. But in the picture business there is no possible way to plan ahead.

When a star leaves her studio at night she may be called for nine o'clock in the morning only to discover at ten that night that changes in the "shooting schedule" have been made and she is not wanted until one.

Ah, four beautiful, extra hours. What does she do?

IF it's Jean Harlow she probably dashes for the beauty shop. The complicated process of keeping her hair that gorgeous platinum color can not be done so well at home as at a shop. And her hair must be done three times a week.

If it is Claudette Colbert—well, she has been promising the publicity department that she would have publicity pictures taken for weeks—so she can spare a part of those four hours to that.

If it is Joan Blondell—then she, who has been refurnishing her drawing room, can dash to the interior decorator's and look at that new cabinet he's been calling her about.

There are long periods of waiting on the set when they cannot leave but have no scenes to do. Some stars sew—making elaborate rugs and tapestries; some read new books which might become new film stories for them. In the portable dressing rooms there are always telephones. They carry on a land office business—shopping and arranging household details by 'phone. And that is a simple enough lesson to learn. All of us make dozens of unnecessary trips out of our own homes—when picking up a telephone receiver would answer the purpose.

They work terrifically long hours while they're working—but they do have time between pictures. Ah, a glorious holiday. But even these weeks are chock-full of duties. In the first place the between-pictures rest is not so long as it seems since after the picture is finished the star is held prisoner until after the first preview awaiting the possibility of re-takes and before the picture begins there is a good week's work on fittings, wardrobe tests, etc. Since New York trips are necessary—for shopping and seeing shows—the star usually manages to crowd such a jaunt into the allotted time of comparative freedom.

There are just two things in a star's life that must be planned out ahead—a trip to Europe or a baby. These things take a little time.

Before Norma Shearer had had her baby she earnestly presented herself before her studio's bosses (and one of them also happened to be her husband) and asked their permission to become a mother. Oh, there was much to-do. In order that she stay off the screen the allotted time she had to make three pictures one right after another and have them ready for release so that she would not appear to be off the screen for an unusual length of time. Even then she worked as long as she could.

Eleanor Boardman was making "The Crowd" not very long before her first child was born. And re-takes were filmed just three weeks before the child arrived!

Europe takes time, too, and a star must ask permission to take it. But in Europe she may be re-called to the studio, as Helen Hayes was not long ago, a couple of days after she had landed abroad.

The only actual release from the work that must go on is illness—but it has to be a darned serious illness at that. A sprained ankle doesn't count. Joan Crawford fell and sprained her ankle while making "Dancing Lady"—but just three days later she was tripping the light fantastic in a couple of yards of adhesive tape.

Elissa Landi got an eye infection. This did make her stop studio work and even prevented her from working on the novels (which she writes in her spare time and actually sells) so, her energy getting the best of her, she composed a piano sonata and wrote down the notes the minute her eyes were healed.

But always and forever the outside interests and duties must be fitted around the main interest—pictures—like costume accessories. That's why, out of necessity, this economy of moments, this brisk activity is accomplished.

FOR even in an emotional crisis the stars keep on working. Divorces and marriages and deaths must be incidental to their schedule. When Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were being divorced and the entire town of Hollywood—including Ann and Harry—were in a dither of excitement, Ann was working on a picture. Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford both were at their studios during the time of their separations from their respective husbands. Jean Harlow reported for work on a film a few days after the suicide of her husband. When she married again it was between pictures.

It sounds as if they lead breathless lives. In a way they do, but they have accustomed themselves to it and although perhaps you and I might become nervous wrecks by packing our days so full we can learn a lesson from the stars—to be opportunists with our hours, to save ourselves as much time in the carrying-out of details as possible, to be instantly ready to do something else when what we had planned to do fell through and to use the energy we have stored up during our more or less idle days.

I look at those girls in amazement and seeing them accomplishing so much I take a solemn resolve to go to the stars, thou sluggard, and be wise and energetic!

At last! Our perennial favorite, Lewis Stone, and his amazing romantic appeal are dissected for Movie Mirror readers—in next month's issue.

And you'll want to read the complete fiction story of "Laughing Boy," Ramon Novarro's and Lupe Velez's next picture. We recommend it—for real thrills!

(*Continued from page 75*)

often it is not or has only a modicum of truth. I just wrote a novel to prove my theory that much harm is done by the spoken and printed rumor, whether unconscious or malicious. Of course scandal mongers *do* make retractions but for one person who reads the retraction a thousand people don't bother to read it—and wouldn't believe it, anyway.

Someone recently home from Hollywood told me that the people out there are "like anyone else only much crazier." "Crazier because they had to be. If they weren't they couldn't stand the gaff, the gruelling work, the hours, the public appearances, the living in a gold-fish bowl, without even the privacy of darkness at night or a weed under which to hide.

Studios often try to keep married couples together . . . even after the split has come. Recently a studio did everything to keep one such couple together for the sake of the fans' illusions. Yet you all know how such an attempt didn't work in the Fairbanks-Pickford case. But that separation seemed inevitable to their intimates years before it actually broke into print.

Every time a cute Hollywood youngster goes out with a new man, romance is in the air. When she has several strings to her beau, so to speak, she is called fickle. She isn't. The kid who lives next door to you has just as many dates and boy friends yet you say of her, merely that she is only looking for the right man and having a normal good time before she settles down. Isn't that so? Well, give the Hollywood kid a break, too. It's just as true of her.

VIRTUE is from the Greek. It hasn't primarily a sex meaning. It means, "worth." We speak of a medicine having virtue. A woman may have virtue too and plays the rôle of abandoned females on the screen. She may have several virtues, that of honesty, that of generosity, that of decency. She may even have that other virtue, too. She probably has. Why not?

Has virtue a chance in Hollywood? Of course it has. Ask yourself if there's a chance for virtue in your home town. The answer is the same. . . .

Hollywood suburbs are full of the girls who believed everything they read in the papers and who went out there convinced that virtue hadn't a chance so they couldn't be bothered with it. Almost without exception, they have disappeared. Deliberate *lack* of virtue didn't have a chance and in the long run, and in all communities, whether civilized or uncivilized, famous or obscure, it hasn't a chance either. Or not for very long.

What really succeeds in Hollywood will succeed anywhere! Talent, capacity for hard work, ability to take criticism and the power to grow. Success, in brief, lies along the straight and narrow path.

You'll know Watts what and Who's Who in the Watts controversy next month. We've received so many fine, intelligent opinions from our ardent fans, it's been a bit difficult to choose the winners, but those of you who have contributed letters enumerating your ten best and ten worst actors of 1933, look for the award announcement in Movie Mirror's April issue. Maybe you're one of the lucky ones!

WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS _double quick!

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THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

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Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 223, Atlanta, Ga.

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Jimmy Cagney's Health Road to Success

(*Continued from page 29*)

a week and does buck-and-wing routines. He was a dancer on the stage before he was an actor, you know. Now and then he boxes at the Hollywood Y. M. C. A., and he has a swimming-pool at his house and goes in every day winter and summer, but he has no gym. With Al and Ray Hackett and some other friends he plays baseball on a vacant lot on the edge of Beverly from time to time.

"Keep no regular schedule of exercise," he advises. "The important thing is *not* to make work of it. If it's work it does you no good. If it's play—if you have fun doing it—it's all right. No one can tell you what kind of exercise is the right kind for you. You've got to find out for yourself. If you don't enjoy any kind at all, you may just as well not do it, for all the good you'll get out of it."

TRUE enough, many of the world's outstanding men in all lines take no exercise whatsoever. Indeed, better physicians nowadays agree that too much of it is highly dangerous for a person who is not naturally husky. Your own common sense must be your guide. If you haven't got any common sense, don't worry, because you won't be here long. You'll collapse of a heart stroke some hot afternoon, trying to play eighteen holes and down your share of Scotch at the nineteenth with youngsters half your age! If you're young, and if you happen to have been born with an athlete's build, then exercise your head off if you like. If you're not strong—be careful. You hear a lot about Theodore Roosevelt building himself up from a weakling to a roaring, tearing whirlwind of energy. Theodore Roosevelt died when he was 61.

Diet, sleep, and exercise.

Those are the three outside factors Jimmy watches. The rest of his care, it may surprise you to hear, is mental!

Doctor Charles H. Mayo, perhaps the most famous surgeon in the world, says that four out of every five hospital beds today contain a mental case. Neuroticism is America's curse. The strain of our high-speed modern life has turned us into a nation of worriers. Jimmy's care in safeguarding himself against worry might be a valuable hint for thousands, if only they would consider it. "Everybody in Hollywood, from the producers to the studio messenger boys, worries day and night," Jimmy says. "Part of it is unavoidable, because you can't work well without concentration—and if you concentrate you worry. But if worry gets the upper hand over you, everything goes! You can't think, you can't sleep, you can't even digest your dinner. The trick is to find some scheme which will keep *you* from unnecessary worrying.

"Here's mine. The instant I start to worry, I stop whatever I'm doing and ask myself, 'What is it?' It may be a line of dialogue, it may be my bank account. I find out. Whatever it is, I pin it down and think of nothing else for a few minutes. Then I say to myself—out loud, sometimes— 'Drop it!' And I drop it."

The other half of Jimmy's mental care of himself comes under the head of conservation of energy.

Everybody is born into the world with a set amount of energy inside of him. You can not increase the amount you're born with. But you *can* keep from wasting it. If you're 20 years old and weigh 150 pounds, you have fifty million calories left to burn up. That sounds like a lot, but sewing takes 111 calories an hour, typing 140, and a hard job like sawing wood takes 480. That means that, if you take it moderately easy, you've got another fifty or sixty years to live. If you work hard seven days a week you'll only live forty-eight. Thin people burn up energy faster than stout people. If you're tall, you burn it up faster than your brother who is short. So—if your job is strenuous, do all the loafing you can in your spare time to make up for it. Think up little ways to spare yourself. If you have to pick up a heavy object, don't just stoop and try to swing it up. Squat down and make your thigh muscles do part of the lifting. If you have to carry a ladder, pick it up at the middle where it balances. If you're a house-wife, don't wash dishes at a sink too high or too low for perfect comfort. Just one such small energy-waster will take weeks and months off your life.

"Busy people learn that they must spare themselves whether they want to or not," advises Jimmy. "That's why bankers have office boys and secretaries to keep unnecessary callers from butting in on them. It isn't just that callers waste time, it's that they waste *energy*. Think over all the things you do every day and find out which ones are making you tired. Then find a way to make those particular things easier for you. Use your brains. It's not easy. But the hard way is *always* the bad way, any crack athlete will tell you. The man who wins a hurdle-race uses only about half as much energy as the poor dub who comes in last.

"There isn't room here for me to give you anything more than hints.

"But here's what I'm trying to say: Most people just live along from day to day without ever spending a second's thought on the way they live. All right. That's their own business. *But no successful man or woman has ever lived that way.*

"IF you want to accomplish anything in the world, you have to live according to a plan, whether it sounds silly or not. You've got to study your body and find out how it works. You've got to study your brain and find out how it works. *Your* body. *Your* brain. You've got to see that you get the right kind of food *for you*, the right kind of exercise *for you*. You've got to discover the little psychological tricks to get the most out of that head of yours—the most action when you're awake, the most rest when you're asleep. You've got to learn to keep from wasting your energy on useless things like worry. My rules won't work for you. *You are a law unto yourself.* But there are rules which will work for you.

"'How'll I ever find them?' you may be wondering.

"Well—every successful man and woman in the world has found them for himself or herself. It's no harder for you than it was for them. They did it. So can you."

Saturday Night Hero

(*Continued from page 62*)

to hold so much muscle. But the two Apollos weren't a bit jealous of each other. They got along like cheese and crackers. Johnny and Lupe were two of the steadiest visitors at Maxie's beach house.

But those weren't the only friends Maxie made. To top it all, he made Garbo laugh!

"Garbo's dressing room was near mine. She was working on 'Queen Christina' and I saw her in costume every day. She looked like a real queen. I'd say hello, but she wouldn't answer, only nod." A shy, likeable quality came out in Max as he talked about Garbo. "Then one day I saw her mumbling to a bush. I walked up closer to see what was the matter and there was a little bird looking at and listening to Garbo like it was charmed. When she saw me, she laughed. After that, she smiled at me every day. I feel like we're real friends."

When he stopped talking about Garbo, he became more confident. He became the Saturday night hero again. Pleased with everything. Pleased with him.

WHY shouldn't he be? Out in the audience, a packed house was eagerly waiting for him to appear on the stage. In Hollywood a script is hurriedly being prepared for him. Matchmakers are chasing Carnera over a continent for a title bout. In the nightclub the girls are rehearsing the Max Baer routine.

But how about the future?

Maxie isn't afraid of it. The build-up is over. The rest is easy, he feels.

"It's the ballyhoo that counts. After you're famous you've got it licked. I'm the most publicized fighter in the world."

He doesn't realize that ballyhoo must be a sustained thing. "Red" Grange was a great athlete and made a swell picture. Are the movie producers fighting to get him now?

The athlete's life is the shortest of all. Shorter even than the actor's.

Maxie hasn't thought about that. Maybe he doesn't care. It's still Saturday night. And he's still the hero. His stage is no longer limited to a barn. He's an international figure now. But he gets the same kick out of it now, that he got that night some time ago.

The watchman knocks at the door.

"It's time to go on, Maxie."

You can hear the pit-band now. They're playing something fast and hot.

Maxie stands and smiles. He shakes hands with you, his hand three times as big as yours.

When he opens the door, the chorus girls stare in.

Maxie winks at one.

Then he strides down the hall to the stage. He towers above everyone.

It's Saturday night in New York. It's Saturday in the theatre. In the nightclubs. In the prize ring. In a pent house.

And they all want Maxie!

"Gene Raymond, Gentleman of the Old School," by Jamison.

If you want to know what that handsome blond young actor is really like, don't miss this fine story about him in Movie Mirror's next issue.

HELP KIDNEYS

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says Mary Brian

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It's Tough to be On Top

(*Continued from page* 44)

and adopted father, who have been so unselfish in their devotion to me are not completely vindicated, I must only conclude that deception and ulterior motives count for more than sacrifice and loyalty."

Sylvia's own loyalty was under question some weeks before this suit, and its consequent withdrawal. This was at the time of her celebrated walk-out of Chevalier's "The Way to Love." On the face of it she was acting in bad fashion, to judge from reports, and considerable hysterical comment, including statements from actor groups, showered down on her. No star as big as Sidney can go walking out of a picture that is in production without very good reasons. It did not appear at the time that Sylvia had those reasons.

Sylvia went her course, taking the criticism. Now listen to her side of what was behind one of the year's most discussed actions: "There is a troublesome gland in my throat. You remember, a couple of years ago, all the bother it caused me and all the time I spent with dentists, thinking the pain was caused by a tooth. They extracted the wisdom tooth and after a time the condition seemed to clear up. But the cause of the trouble hadn't been eliminated, by any means.

"A FEW months ago I began to be bothered again. As it couldn't have been tooth trouble, pictures were taken of the area. These showed stones in one of the glands. It was obvious they would have to come out.

"I was wanted for the Chevalier picture, and agreed to go on, if I could. Before we started, however, the condition became worse and I told the studio they had better look around for another girl to hold in readiness, as I might have to go to the hospital at any moment. And sure enough, five days after we started, that is what I had to do.

"We had only progressed ten pages through a script of 160 pages, so you can see we weren't very far along. My face was so swollen that it could be photographed only from one side. Unquestionably, it was best that I draw out before we got any farther. I gave notice that I was unable to continue—contrary to reports—and went to New York for treatment from a specialist.

"The gland was opened and the stones removed. It also was necessary to lance my tongue. I was in frightful shape. The company's own doctor telephoned that I would not be able to work for weeks, that for me to go on with 'The Way to Love' was impossible. So Ann Dvorak was secured in my place, and to recuperate from the operation I took a short trip to Europe. I got well, have returned able to work, and am busy with a new picture, 'Good Dame.' That's all.

"But what a furor! If I were Jane Doe, housewife, and unable to go on working because of illness, no one would question my right to try and get well. Perhaps I even might have received a bit of sympathy. But with a film star it's different. Getting sick comes under the head of a treacherous act."

That's a changing girl speaking, a wiser, more mature person. Time was when Sylvia was one of those "The Show Must Go On" people down to the final curtain. Once, in her first professional play, "The Challenge of Youth," she fainted in the middle of a performance with what seemed to be acute appendicitis. A doctor stood around for the rest of the week, happily sharpening his knife, but she finished the run all wrapped up in adhesive tape and a smile that was pretty white around the edges.

Sylvia is both near-sighted and breakable, and later, in "That Old-fashioned Girl," she fell downstairs and cracked a bone in her ankle. With tight bandages on the offending member she went on not very actively, but on. Half the time she was in such pain that she didn't know if she were facing the audience or the backdrop. But she carried it through. She fractured the same ankle just before the picturization of "Street Scene" began. Yet she wouldn't drop out.

Yet slowly Sylvia has come to wonder if perhaps all that sort of rapt attention to a questionable duty isn't a bit foolish? You break your neck achieving the heights, there you are—and so what? The entire pattern of your life has been changed, and too often the change isn't pleasant.

"One of the main pleasures of my life used to be wandering around New York streets, looking in the windows. I can't do that any more, which is but typical of a lot of other similar simple things now impossible. I used to be able to mosey around by myself, having a swell time, without being stared at as if I suddenly had sprouted a purple beard.

"Everything has become so much more complicated. It sort of just happens without one's realizing it. At heart I'm a hotel liver-in. Yet here I am with this great big house.

"But how are you ever going to shake yourself free," I asked, "if you keep on spending the way you do?"

SHE grinned, acknowledging the habit of rapidly getting rid of her salary which is one of her few consistent characteristics. "This house? But it's only the library larger, actually, and I don't have any more servants. All the furnishings are from the other place, and you don't see me driving any Rolls Royces. I'm smarter about money than I used to be. Really! I realize now how vital it is in bringing about the real things.

"I didn't used to have any aim, except to be a success professionally. Now that I've won that, peace looks best. For years I've heard from George Jean Nathan what a grand place England is for that reason. Now I understand. I don't mean the London of those veddy smaht young men—but the lovely countryside and small towns where one may take time out to get acquainted with one's self, to do the thinking that the haste and bustle of getting ahead prevents.

"Just now I'm living along from day to day, not thinking any too much about the future, simply doing my job and taking from life what I can. Today my act is here. Who knows about tomorrow?"

They're Not Afraid of Love

(*Continued from page 35*)

photographer, who was so in love with her blonde beauty that he made hundreds of enchanting photographs of her. Those photographs got her into pictures.

Adolphe met her at a dinner party in New York at the Ritz Carlton and fell for her hook, line and sinker.

Their engagement was a period of enchantment for Adolphe. Kathryn looked up at him as if she thought he were some sort of deity.

Their marriage was a period of disenchantment for Adolphe. A writer once said that the first Katherine was the kind of woman who would demand privileges, the second the kind who would get them. If Adolphe had been a less intelligent man, he might have remained indefinitely in love with blonde and lovely Kathryn Carver. But being intelligent, he could not help discovering flaws in his perfect woman. Being romantic, he tried to shut his eyes to them. His marriage was a constant series of quarrels and reconciliations. One week it was announced that they were getting a divorce, the next that they had made up, the third that they were getting a divorce, the fourth that they had made up again. Adolphe fluttered back and forth, as is characteristic of the person who is fundamentally romantic. One day in bewilderment he told a writer, "I don't know anything about women—I only have a face that looks as though it ought to know about 'em."

He was probably right.

In the end he let Kathryn get her divorce. She charged cruelty. He protested her charges, but let the divorce go by default.

And so there you have him, a man who couldn't find happiness either in marriage to a highbrow or to a doll-like beauty.

RICARDO CORTEZ was similarly disillusioned.

When he fell in love with Alma Rubens, he did not dream that this girl with the pale face and the luminous eyes was in the clutches of a craving that gave her no rest. He says he saw her for the first time when she was standing across the street from Saint Patrick's Cathedral, in front of a photographer's window.

"I'll admit I was overcome. I walked back and forth watching her—trying not to be too apparent in my admiration."

Years later he met her in the lunchroom at the First National Studio. George Fitzmaurice, the director, introduced them. In the meanwhile she had been married and divorced twice, the first time to Franklin Farnum, an actor, the second time to Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, a writer. Ricardo Cortez was engaged to marry Agnes Ayres. Within a few days after his introduction to Alma Rubens that engagement was broken. In February, 1926, Cortez and Alma were married.

That marriage was the most tragic, heartbreaking experience that ever came to any man. Ricardo could not understand Alma. One day she was as sweet as springtime and the next day she would mock at him and revile him.

Finally a doctor furnished Cortez with the key to the mystery. When Ricardo knew that Alma was the victim of drugs,

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he did everything in his power to help her. He neglected his career because he knew that she had to be watched every minute.

Because Ricardo had always been something of a lone wolf in Hollywood, and Hollywood resents those who do not hunt with the pack, it was quick to misinterpret everything he did. When he begged Alma to enter a state hospital for her own salvation, Hollywood branded him as needlessly cruel. When he had to go on a vaudeville tour to pay for hospital expenses, Hollywood branded him as heartless. Hurt by Hollywood's attitude, Ricardo drew further and further within his shell. When Alma Rubens died, he became one of the most solitary figures in the film city.

When Adolphe Menjou was hurt by love, he sought the companionship of other people. That was because from boyhood he had been brought up in a social atmosphere. But Ricardo, whose life is lived largely within his own mind and in his emotions, retreated further within himself.

He could not bear to mingle with other people, people who might misunderstand and misjudge him. He trusted few people. He had few friends, and practically no intimates. At one time he and George O'Brien chummed round constantly. But even in friendship, Ric prefers the privacy of his own thoughts. Gradually he and George O'Brien were seen together less and less. When George O'Brien married Marguerite Churchill, their interests became very different and Ric became almost a social hermit.

FROM time to time there were rumors of a romance. Sometimes it would be the story of some New York society girl who had won her way to Ric's heart; then again it would be a romance that had sprung up at Palm Springs, Agua Caliente, or some other romantic spot—but nothing ever came of them.

When Ric was loaned to M-G-M to play in "Flesh," Joan Crawford was making "Today We Live." Joan's marriage was going on the rocks at that time, although she had not yet announced that she saw divorce as the only solution. Still, she was moody, disillusioned, unhappy. Her marriage had failed to live up to all the bright dreams she had built around it. Ricardo Cortez, who had been so bitterly disillusioned himself, understood how Joan felt. They found a certain amount of comfort in each other's companionship. Joan thought that because she and Ricardo Cortez were so straightforward about their friendship, Hollywood could not misconstrue it. Hollywood, of course, did. Hurt by the gossip and misunderstanding, they gave up that friendship. Ricardo Cortez once more retreated into his shell.

He moved out of the apartment he had once shared with Alma Rubens and into another suite of rooms. For a while he enjoyed the luxury of his new apartment. He would sit alone evening after evening listening to the radio.

There were always invitations by the dozen. A bachelor in Hollywood and one as attractive as Cortez is always in demand. But his desire for privacy and a quiet life kept him to himself.

At one of the rare parties he did attend, Ric was introduced to Christine Lee. Like Veree Teasdale, she is charming, cultured, intelligent and at the same time thoroughly feminine. She is quite unlike the hot-cha flappers who were the type of women Ric met in his daily life on the movie sets.

For several months Ric and Christine Lee went about together constantly. She is exactly the sort of woman to appeal to the mature Ric Cortez.

Ric once expressed himself as to the kind of woman he might some day hope to meet and marry. She must be a gentlewoman—with a good background. She must be a woman who loved a home and children. She must be a very feminine person and one who took great pride in her appearance. He specified that she must not be an actress—he would be the one to have the career in the family. Her career would be in her home. He wanted a woman who could assume her place as the head of his household and fit in perfectly with the surroundings of a genteel home.

Evidently Ric has found this person in Christine Lee.

His love for her is probably a different sort than the blind attraction he felt for lovely Alma Rubens. Perhaps that is why he was not afraid to marry again. He is so sure that this time everything is different.

Just as Adolphe Menjou is sure. In Veree Teasdale he thinks he has found the ideal woman. She has all the intelligence that the first Katherine had. She has the femininity and grace and beauty of the second Kathryn. Her prettiness is not of the doll-type, but she is always exquisitely groomed. When he enters the smartest places in Hollywood, he can be proud of the gorgeously gowned statuesque blonde clinging to his arm. One like Menjou must be proud of the woman he loves.

When they announced their engagement, they said they preferred to go their own way—just the two of them alone. All the efforts of Hollywood's cleverest reporters were useless. They were gracious and smiling—but begged to be allowed to keep their romance to themselves.

"Ours is not a Hollywood romance," Adolphe told them. "This is not some fly-by-night affair or silly romance. It means a lot to both of us and we do not want it exploited on the front page."

AND Veree Teasdale says, "Hollywood treats its romances like a publicity stunt. This is different. We are not a couple of kids starting out on a career. We've both been married before and we know it to be a very serious thing. We made mistakes and now that we've found each other, we don't want anything to spoil it.

"Adolphe does not get his final decree until next August. Many things can happen in that time, especially in Hollywood. We don't want to talk about it too much or make any plans. It is too far off yet to know just what we are going to do. But one thing we do know—we are both very much in love and we just want to be left alone to enjoy our happiness."

And so, as you see, both Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are running counter to the pattern that psychologists say men usually follow when they marry more than once. The women they now love are so different from their first loves.

Will they recapture ecstasy that way or will they find that in the secret places of their hearts they are still in love with the qualities that first attracted them in those other mad marriages of theirs?

At Last! An Entirely New Trend in Beauty

(*Continued from page 65*)

a stunning evening wig of strawberry blonde. She looked simply luscious!

These wigs are terribly interesting! A few feathery ones are being worn at Hollywood's swankiest, most formal parties and little Juliet caps which show a lot of sleek, shining hair are popping up here and there on the more elaborately dressed beauties. The coronet coiffure is becoming more and more the rage and the girls seem to be catching on to the fact that their own hair, dressed that way, is more come-hither-ish than the jeweled ornaments—and cheaper, too!

The "Little Women" Influence

The last person in the world to go unmodern is Carole Lombard! But she's weakened and gone in for that quaint "Little Women" hairdress that everyone is simply dying to try. When she arrived at the Mayfair opening she not only had a gorgeous new white satin gown and Mr. George Raft, but this cunning new coiffure as well! You should see her with that brushed-back-off-the-forehead effect and a shock of almost-straight blonde hair in the back of her lovely neck. Its inconsistency is grand—who would have thought Carole would ever bother with anything but the very ultra of ultra's but possibly Carole, herself? Carole's gone pale, too!

Take It From Tobin

There's one girl in Hollywood who creates a new coiffure for every character she plays in pictures, and for nearly every new dress she buys. Genevieve Tobin! Remember the famous "Mitzi" bangs she started in that picture with Chevalier called "One Hour With You?" Remember when she started the center part with little stylized ringlets on either side of her very short bob? Well, she's started another new one now that is simple, charming and easy to imitate. It calls for straight ends . . . and very little wave. Part the hair on the side and brush the sides back but not enough to uncover the ears. Then comb it and set it a little with the hands until it looks as though there is just a shadow of a wave in it. This is for a very short bob of course, and is the nearest approach to a boyish coiffure you can get without going completely un-feminine. Genevieve emphatically prefers shorter cuts and claims that they are just as easy to re-arrange and re-do in different ways as long, bothersome locks.

In fact, a good many of Hollywood's very smartest stars are having the shears more often than they have for a long, long time. Pauline Gallagher, Mrs. "Skeets" to you, inspired about a dozen hair cuts when she appeared at the swank opening of the shop she runs with Bebe Daniels. Her head looked adorable with a very close, chic, slick, short cut. There were wide waves, just one on each side, with the ends flatly curled and the back was a perfectly smooth swirl. Incidentally, the short bob makes a girl look very babyish—so if you have one of those days when you feel antique, why not cut yourself a few inches of hair? Or better still, go in and ask your pet barber to do it for you.

How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy

HOW'S YOUR ROMANCE WITH TOM COMING ALONG?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE HE TOOK ME SKATING!
NANCY OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION
AFTER TOM SAW NANCY'S SKIN IN THE DAYLIGHT HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANOTHER DATE
OH, SO THAT'S IT!
MY COMPLEXION IS AWFUL. BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP ME
WHAT'S THIS? YEAST FOAM TABLETS DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN. I'M GOING TO TRY THEM
AND ONE DAY SIX WEEKS LATER
HELLO, NANCY, MY, BUT YOUR LOOKING GREAT!
THANK YOU, TOM
NOT A CHANCE, FELLOWS, NANCY'S TIME IS MY TIME FROM NOW ON!
NOT LONG AFTER
YOU'RE MY SWEETHEART FOR LIFE NOW, AREN'T YOU, TOM?
YES, DEAR, AND AWFULLY PROUD OF IT!
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Hepburn's Hollywood Creations

(*Continued from page 27*)

little round neck close around the throat. The veil is draped in such a way that there is a narrow ruching around the net which hangs around the shoulders.

The street coat has a nice high waist line and is made of a ravishing dark red tweedish cloth trimmed in dark brown velveteen.

The negligée is something to make every woman in the world scream with delight. It is of silvery-gray chiffon velvet with the same skirt line the wedding dress has and big sleeves that grow from the belt line and fit into snug folds at the wrist.

All of these were designed to suit Katharine Hepburn—to accentuate her best points and cover up the ones that are not so good. For when Kate has clothes fitted she has her problems even as you and I.

SHE has, as I've said, beautifully modeled shoulders which look well under cloth, but mustn't be exposed. Her hands are very large—she takes a seven and three-quarter glove! Tall as she is she has a twenty-two inch waist! Get out the tape measure and put it around your waist just to realize how very tiny that is. Although there isn't an extra ounce of fat on her body that small waist makes her hips look larger than they are—hence the skirt lines that sweep from the belt.

Greer says that she's one of the grandest gals he's ever worked with because she knows what she wants and doesn't bother with small details. When he shows her the sketches she goes through them like a flash, in the amazingly vital way that characterizes her every movement, and picks the one she likes immediately. Nothing will change that instantaneous choice. At fittings she is completely tireless and will stand for hours if it is necessary.

Impatient of wasted effort, she gives generously of her time when it is needed. In New York she lives in a beautiful old town house which takes five servants to manage. Kate leaves the management to the servants. She is too busy to give them instructions. So, after she has rehearsed from early morning until late afternoon she flies home, yells for tea as she goes up the stairs, three steps at a time, and the fittings begin. Howard and the fitter and Hepburn stand around with cups of tea in their hands and the clothes work begins at a time when you'd think she was utterly exhausted from the long rehearsals. But there's no exhausting the Hepburn woman.

It is general effect for which she strives and not petty detail. One day she was posing for pictures in a gown Howard had designed for her. To his horror he saw that a front seam was as crooked as a mountain road. He thought that she would throw a fit of temperament right there. Howard knows his stars—he's seen them do just that for much less than a crooked seam.

Hepburn saw the seam. "Why, the damn thing's crooked," she said. Howard's heart sank. Then she went on, "It can be fixed later. Never show in the picture. The lines of the dress are swell—what difference does one little seam make?"

By the way, that's a lesson for all of us girls. General effect in our clothes is so much more important than details.

She is one of the least star-like girls in pictures. Everything she does is thoroughly natural and impulsive and those who work with her and for her must be quick as lightning to keep up with her. When she is ready to go to the theatre for a dress rehearsal she snatches up part of the packages that need to be taken and her maid must grab what is left. "Hurry up. Hurry. I'll go without you," she calls out. Away she runs carrying eight boxes of shoes with the maid panting after her.

On the way to the theatre she is as apt as not to sit on the floor of her car instead of the seat. This is partly because she doesn't want to be recognized.

Her face is freckled. Her hair stands out at all angles. She calls this hair her "fright wig"—an old vaudeville phrase for the kind of wig that Harpo Marx wears. Her temper is as quick as her movements, but she's over a "mad" almost as soon as she's in one.

AND her chief virtue is her loyalty, the loyalty that was proven when, able to have anything she wanted in New York clothes shops for nothing, she brought Howard Greer with her from Hollywood. It's a great break for Howard and a great break for Hollywood, for it is the only time I recall that Hollywood-designed clothes have appeared on a New York stage star.

Yet Kate Hepburn isn't a New York stage star, really. She's a Hollywood-created actress who is knocking the Big Town over. Still bewildered by her success, not yet understanding it, she knows that in New York she was just another actress trying to get along before the films discovered and made her! And it's kind of swell that she's letting the world know what she thinks of Hollywood products!

Colleen Moore's new picture is "Social Register," with Alexander Kirkland opposite. (Mickey Neilan directed.) "Success Story," with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is her first for RKO.

Can Gloria Come Back?

(*Continued from page* 59)

Can Gloria make *you* like her so well that you will restore her her laurels? You enjoy a different sort of picture, today, than you enjoyed ten years ago, five years, two years ago. Can Gloria make the kind of pictures we go for in 1934? Can she compete with infants like Toby Wing and Katharine Hepburn and Pert Kelton?

Far from being jealous of the newcomers, Gloria is mad about them! "Hollywood is better off today than ever before," she says. "We've been crying for new faces for years. At last we've got them. I think most of the new stars are very good. As for the new ways of making pictures—the technique of 'The Power and the Glory,' for instance, telling a story just as a person would tell it—they're astonishing!

"I'll tell you the kind of picture I want to make, myself. More and more I feel that the good pictures are the ones that have something to say. I don't think it's so important who the star is, any longer. I want, first and foremost, a picture with something serious to say. I don't want any more comedy roles for the time being. I won't make *any* pictures until I can make a serious one. I'd like to do two dramatic pictures a year and one light, although that depends entirely on the stories. I've had, and outgrown, three or four personalities. From now on I want to do characterization—real, honest-to-goodness acting. An actress' real job is to create characters, not herself over and over again, the way we used to do."

OUT of date? The producers themselves are just beginning to realize that they must give us characterization. Gloria's ideas are abreast, even a little in advance of, the producing office's.

Yes, Gloria can change herself to suit the times. She has done it before. With only silent-picture experience behind her, when talkies first came in she buckled down to work and became, overnight, an accomplished deliverer of lines and a singing star as well. She's a veritable chameleon for changing color to suit the trend of the moment. It takes nerve to risk her entire future on being able to do it, but—nerve! Gloria has the nerve of the devil himself. Always has had! In the old days there was a rule on the lot that no girl employed by the studio could have dates with a man employed by the studio. Gloria needed that pay-check, but she went out with Wally Beery anyhow—married him, finally. Later, when she was a star in her own right, she made her famous trip in a private car. You know the story. Always careless about finances, she was broke, and she had to borrow money from friends in New York. To get to New York—flat broke, mind you!—she hired a railroad president's private car. If that isn't nerve nothing is!

So you won't be surprised to hear that Gloria has already turned down three picture offers because they promise her only $25,000 a picture and she won't take less than $50,000. Gambling on a long chance of getting back into pictures at all, she still has nerve enough to hold out for her own price. This, when I suspect strongly that she needs money. Her children are

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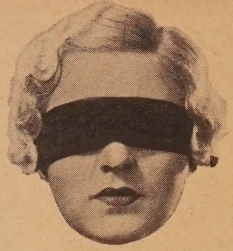

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in school in Switzerland, with a nurse and a governess. That takes money. So does the lovely old house in Beverly, with its half dozen or more servants. So do her Rolls-Royces and her two or three smaller cars. So do the clothes she must have for the endless round of parties which Mike, the playboy of the family, so keenly enjoys—whether or not she still keeps the little dressmaker who used to live in the house and do nothing but make clothes for her all day long.

As I say, I went out to see her prepared to pity her. I will be franker. I went out to see her convinced that the only reason she wanted to get back into pictures was to recapture her salary and her fame. But Gloria said something to me that, at first, I hardly believed. She was apologizing for being sleepy. "We were up until two o'clock last night at a party," she said, "listening to a young composer sit at a piano and put bits of music together to make a song. That's the biggest thrill of my life, you know."

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

"BEING where creation is going on! Heaven knows it's wonderful enough to hear a composer creating a song or watch a painter creating a picture! But the most fascinating thing for me is a moving picture. Twenty or forty people creating, together, instead of just one artist." Into the marvelously shaped eyes came a look so intent, so excited, so eager that it almost frightened me. "To think of all those clashing personalities and temperaments, of all the cooperation of different departments, of all the intrigue and sweat and work—all of that, together, finally running through a camera and coming out on a little strip of film!"

There, I think, was where I began to know the real Gloria Swanson, for the first time in my life. It *isn't* just the money. It *isn't* just the fame. It is truly the artist's thrill at creating something, which she wants, more than anything else in the world. *That* is what binds her to Hollywood. *That* is why she wants to make this come-back.

"People change," Gloria says, with a shrug. "When I was young I was, oh, so skeptical and bitter. Now, the older I grow, the completer grows my faith. No one can tell me today that there isn't a magnificent purpose somewhere behind this life. What we endure! What we survive! More and more I am shaken by the mystery of life itself, of us humans and our creations. To this day a radio is uncanny to me. I catch my breath when I think of all these miraculous inventions we accept every day so casually. The magnificent brains that are at work in the world! The magnificent, noble ideas we're beginning to get! Right now, for example—nations beginning to live as friendly neighbors instead of killing each other off in wars the way they've done for hundreds of years. It's enough to make you go down on your knees and thank God you're living in our time!

Gloria has lived wisely and she has lived very, very foolishly—but that she has lived no one will deny. Travel since she was 8. Her career well begun when she was 15. (We think of Gloria as belonging to the Mary Pickford era, but really she is only 32.) Four husbands. Rich one moment and broke the next. Up and down. In and out. And always her insatiable vitality—that tremendous, staggering zest for living. "More, more!" she cries. "Whatever it is, joy or pain, wisdom or error, give me more!"

And so I ask, "What if, for all she can do, for all she is, she simply fails to come back?" And I answer, Nobody knows better than Gloria that the chances are all against her. If she fails, she will simply turn herself toward another goal. All that vitality of hers, all that splendid power will surge in a new direction. She will disappear from the screen, yes. We won't hear of her any longer as an actress. But—somewhere—will be Gloria. She will design clothes. She will direct plays. She will write books. She will sing in concert. (Her early training was for grand opera.) She will be an interior decorator. I don't know what she will be, but she *will* be something, and she *will* be a success at it. There is no denying a personality that sweeps you off your feet, sets you afire, starts your ears to singing, and makes you want to go out and knock down skyscrapers with your bare hand!

Pity her?

Don't forget—no matter what happens, she will still have her three children, whatever and wherever she is. "I don't think of a home as a place, but as 'us'," she told me. "Oh, it was so good to get home to Beverly—and then, when I had been in the house about ten hours, all at once it struck me that something was wrong—so wrong! No piano lesson going on. No little Gloria asking, 'Glor—whatcha doin'?' No little Joseph yelling, '*Mom*-ma!' And no little Michele Bridget!" Gloria never played with dolls when she was small, but anybody who knows her will tell you that she is first and foremost a mother. And her children she will always have, no matter what else happens—and with them, no matter what happens, she will be happy. Perfectly, utterly, completely happy. Without a career she would simply pour all of herself into her children.

Pity her?

IF I try hard, I can imagine Gloria without her career, without her husband, without her children, without her lovely house and her big cars, without a stitch to her back—without anything. If I try very hard I can imagine her running a sewing-machine in a sweat-shop, or wrapping cigars, or scrubbing floors at night in an office building. And do you know what I hear her saying? I hear her saying just what she said to me as we shook hands goodbye on the wide front porch in Beverly, as a winter sun like a flattened orange dropped into the purple Pacific. Her face whitely radiant, there in the gathering dusk, she said:

"Once, when I was a little girl, I prayed, 'I hope a lot of things happen to me.' The gods must have heard me! Unhappiness and happiness, they've sent me both. All I ask is more of the same!"

You can't pity Gloria Swanson. Nobody can. You can't pity her for the reason that nothing you, nothing I, nothing Life can do to her will ever, ever down her. Whatever the future has in store for her, success or failure, she will open wide her arms and cry, "Welcome!"

Upon a goddess, pity is wasted.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 49*)

day, M-G-M are going to wake up and realize what a prize package they have in Una Merkel. Even with the bad parts they have given her, she never fails to make a decided hit. Isabel Jewell is splendid as Kruger's mistress and we get brief flashes of a very promising young lady named Muriel Evans. The balance of the cast try hard to make the most of their uneventful roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another picture with good performances by your favorites.

For Children: Not quite suitable.

✓ "Moulin Rouge" (20th Cent.)

You'll See: *Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone, Tullio Carminati, Helen Westley, Boswell Sisters, Russ Columbo, others.*

It's About: *A stage-struck wife who impersonates a famous French actress, makes good in her own husband's show, and completely fools him.*

Perhaps not as sensational as the title would imply, this picture still is unusual insofar as it offers a wide scope for the talents of Constance Bennett.

Wearing a black wig, she appears in the earlier sequences as the wife of Franchot Tone, who is a writer of musical comedies. Once a member of a sister act, Constance still has ambitions to do something behind the footlights. This meets with Franchot's hearty disapproval. He wants a wife who wants a home and will stay in it.

They quarrel and they separate.

Connie looks up her former partner of the sister act. She is now a famous French star and in love with a handsome gigolo. They look so much alike that Constance changes places with "herself,"—giving the French lady a chance for some private love-making. While in disguise Connie meets her ex-husband and you'll want to see what happens.

The real treat of this picture is Franchot Tone! Not only does his acting reflect a keen intelligence, but he creates a genuine person in the role of the husband. Tullio Carminati, as well as Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters of radio fame, do much toward the excellence of this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy Constance Bennett's sparkling personality in a musical comedy of gay intrigue.

For Children: Too sophisticated.

"Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady, Baby Leroy, Jack LaRue, Dorothy Burgess, "Spanky" McFarland and others.*

It's About: *The kidnapping of a famous movie star's baby.*

Congratulations to the Paramount Studio for producing a picture dealing with the timely subject of kidnapping.

Not only is this a constructive picture but it is one of the most entertaining. It opens up on location with a Hollywood picture star. She rushes to her home three hundred miles away to spend the night with her beloved little son. That night he is stolen and from then on, there is one continuous round of drama and suspense.

Baby LeRoy is the center of all the ex-

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citement. He dominates the screen with his irresistible personality every moment. Alice Brady certainly has created an unusual and distinct place for herself in the talkies. She easily walks away with all acting honors.

Much as this reviewer liked Dorothea Wieck in "Cradle Song," he found her unconvincing in this picture. Somehow, one did not feel her suffering.

The final fade-out, but it is the funniest in the annals of screen history.

Your Reviewer Says: This picture is made for the universe. Don't miss it.

For Children: Yes. It even points a good moral for them.

"Beloved" (Universal)

You'll See: *John Boles, Gloria Stuart, Albert Conti, Dorothy Peterson, Morgan Farley, Ruth Hall, Anderson Lawler, others.*

It's About: *A suffering composer whose entire life is dedicated to music.*

Once again we have a story of great love that carries on until it succumbs to feeble old age. It exists between a composer, who dreams of thrilling the world with his music and his pupil. They marry, and from then on life is very complex.

When their son is born, they hope to have their fondest dreams realized. Instead, the boy turns out to be a wastrel with no love for music. His father forces him to marry the girl he has betrayed and when a grandson is born, hope is renewed.

The grandson becomes a great composer, but only after taking his grandfather's unsuccessful tunes and placing them to modern rhythm. This causes a breach, until the grandson pays a composer to buy his grandfather's symphony. This creates the best situation of the picture.

Picturesque costumes of the Civil War period, music and romance play a great part in the telling of this sentimental story. The story is episodic. At times it almost touches greatness but most of the scenes are average screen entertainment.

The leading roles played by John Boles and Gloria Stuart are capably handled.

Your Reviewer says: A charming picture for sentimentalists and music lovers.

For children: Perfectly harmless.

"Mr. Skitch" (Fox)

You'll See: *Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts, Rochelle Hudson, Charles Starrett, Harry Green, Florence Desmond, others.*

It's About: *A ne'er-do-well family who go across country in a flivver.*

This is simple and homely. If you like glitter and sophisticated stuff, stay away. If you want a nice evening, with laughter and heart throbs, go by all means.

The plot is slight. Mr. Skitch, father of a tribe of children, finds himself penniless after the crash of his bank. And so, in a battered tin lizzie, he and his family take a long tour throughout the United States to find somewhere else to settle. They start out—and then the fun begins.

It is a typical Will Rogers part and he plays it just as you expect. Zasu Pitts is simply elegant as the wife, and the love interest is nicely handled by Rochelle Hudson and Charlie Starrett.

Your Reviewer Says: Highly recommended to Rogers' enthusiasts.

For Children: You bet.

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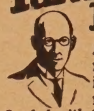

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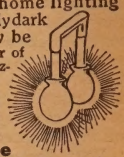

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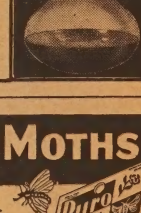

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Hollywood Takes Care of Its Own

(*Continued from page* 31)

week—and a tidy little sum left over for a retirement fund.

But—if you want to arouse Skippy's ire, ask her that well known question, "What *do* these actors do with their money?" Skippy knows what they do with it when they have it!

Talking pictures lopped off a number of promising careers before their logical time. Some of these people are coming back just now. Hollywood is helping them, Hollywood is seeing that they are still fine actors and discovering to her astonishment, that some of them can even talk! But the years between have been bitter.

Remember Gladys Hulette? Gladys was a child star in the very early days. Later she was an important star in silent productions. Talking pictures deleted her completely and she went to New York to see what she could do. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her the other day for an important role in "Fugitive Lovers"—and I rushed to Culver City to see her. Remembering that her hey-day had been in the silent days, I somehow expected to see a maturing lady. Well, she isn't. She is one of the cutest little numbers I have encountered in a long while. Young, petite, charming, lacking the studied sophistication of some of our youngest additions to pictures—but intelligent and sensitive. That anyone so young could have known such triumphs and such defeats!

"THINGS were pretty difficult for a while," she recounted. "I tried to write, met with some small success . . . and then gave it up. It didn't come fast enough and I hadn't the patience. I realized that acting was my job—if I could just get some acting to do. After a painful period, I got into 'Little Accident,' on the New York stage, and that was a lucky break. It ran on Broadway for months and then went on the road. I thought that my success in that might convince Hollywood that I could talk—so I came back. But it was a year—a long, bitter year—before I had anything more than an occasional day's work as an extra. Then this part came up in 'Fugitive Lovers.' I have never suffered such stage fright in my life—and pictures were my real job. I had always known that.

"People tried to help me—my old friends who remembered my work before were grand. It isn't always easy to help anyone. I didn't need money. I had enough to—barely—get by. I needed a chance. Now I've had it. If I don't 'click' in this part, well, it's my own fault!"

A brave little person and a jaunty one.

I saw Betty Blythe at a supper party not long ago. Betty—the gorgeous Betty of "The Queen of Sheba"—has been living on a chicken ranch. Living there and working at it, bravely and cheerfully. Betty would be frightfully annoyed with anyone who sympathized with her over that fact. She wore blue satin and a tiny, shining sequin hat. She looked quite as young and lovely as I remembered her. She told us amusing tales about the chickens and behaved as if she expected us to envy her so interesting an existence.

But Hollywood has not forgotten Betty. She has had work in a number of pictures recently. You will see how lovely she still is when you see her in "Only Yesterday." Just now she is working at Fox in "Heir to the Hoorah!" in which she plays Mary Brian's mother. Betty will probably never be a big star again . . . but Hollywood has given her a chance to come back and she has taken it and used it to good advantage. She is working regularly after the long, lean time.

There are six ex-directors whom Josef von Sternberg always uses, as extras, in his pictures if it is humanly possible. Directors who were as important in their day as he is now. There are a number of "old timers" who are almost completely dependent upon the extra work they do in Marie Dressler's pictures. Marie knows what it is to be out of work. . . .

Helen Jerome Eddy had a profitable role in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Alice Lake, Vera Steadman and Mae Busch started together years ago at Sennett's. Each has been a star in her own right since those days. They played bits together in a picture called "Wicked" for Fox not long ago.

Alice—remember Alice with Bert Lytell in "Lombardy Limited"?—tells me that she is working with fair regularity now. Extra work, of course. But she is as proud of that now as she used to be of her stardom. "Bob McIntire, at United Artists, tells me that I am set for all of next month!" she said, proudly. "Now, if I can just line up the month after. . . ."

Not all of them are as lucky as the ones I have told you about. Mary Carr of "Over the Hill" fame has had a terrific struggle. But Mary is working with fair regularity now. Working enough. Mary Alden has known bitter times which have grown better recently.

But the Motion Picture Relief Fund has a list of names of formerly famous people who need assistance now which would break your heart. People you have loved and admired and laughed at and cried with. People whose names you have, perhaps, forgotten but whose names you would remember instantly if I should tell you.

THIS is the only organized agency which looks after needy members of the industry—and it is supported, of course, wholly by members of that industry who have jobs at the moment. The Fund organization understands its people. It doesn't "give" them money as do most charitable organizations. It "lends" them sums to tide them over rough places. If they can repay at a later date, the Fund accepts it, gratefully. No one investigates their circumstances or asks impertinent questions. No one scolds them because they have been improvident. It is taken for granted that these people know nothing of business and everything is done to assist them to untangle their snarled finances, to find them work, to save their pride, to get them back onto their feet. Their names are kept in strict confidence. Even when an actor is accepting charity, he does his best to keep up a "front." The Fund organization realizes that this is important—that he *must* do it and they help him as far as they can.

They were not impatient, for instance, with the former great star who got into

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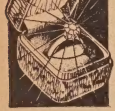

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difficulties because of a three hundred dollar hotel bill. "Why," she said indignantly, to the management who was trying to collect, "I know someone who owes you twice that amount! Why are you bothering me?"

The Fund organization settled the account and they did not chide the lady. "They always mean to pay," it is explained. "They just can't manage and they are always so hopeful. They are just children."

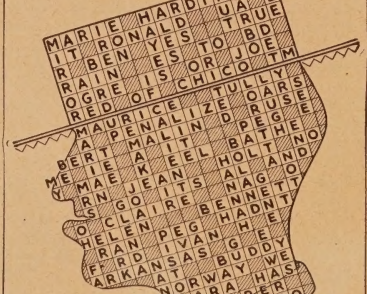
I know a writer who acquired, several years ago, a house which boasted more servants' quarters than he had servants. So he keeps the servants' cottage for the use of friends or acquaintances who are in financial difficulties. Picture people, of course. With this cozy dwelling the occupants receive free heat, water, light, gas, laundry and milk. Their host makes them small cash loans if their circumstances are so desperate that they need them. The cottage has never, since I have known of it, been vacant for more than a few days at a time. Some names now famous in pictures have received their mail there.

The writer accepts no repayment for these favors. It is understood that when the recipients regain their places in the industry, they are to devote whatever they can afford to helping someone else who is in temporary difficulties.

Everyone who has a job—even a small job—in pictures is doing something of the sort. Ramon Novarro told me once that after he became a star, he had much less money for his own use than he had had while he was struggling. "So many people need assistance. . . ." Richard Dix was asked for money twenty-six times in one day, by actual count—and gave all twenty-six times. (What *do* these picture people do with their money?)

The actors who do the most beg you not to tell. The letters and requests which they receive and which they cannot possibly accommodate, break their sentimental hearts. These are not always, of course, from picture people. But those who have given of their youth and vitality, their talents and their enthusiasm, come first always. No one who has ever contributed his talents to pictures need be really in want.

Hollywood takes care of her own people sentimentally, conscientiously, perhaps a bit superstitiously. Who knows what star of today may need help tomorrow?



Solution to last month's puzzle

Sorry, but for lack of space, this month's puzzle and "Speak for Yourself" do not appear. Look for them next month.

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Trigger

(*Continued from page* 57)

Shouting outside reminded them of their predicament, holding what was really a kidnapped baby. The mountaineers had caught up with Trigger. Threats of tarring and feathering were heard. Fleet pulled down the shades of the little cabin and stepped to the door to meet them. He succeeded in convincing them that Trigger had not come that way. When they had departed he made her take his room for the rest of the night, and made himself as comfortable as possible on the porch, where John found him at dawn.

"What's up, old man?"

Fleet disentangled himself from the blanket, stretched cramped limbs and said: "I've had a baby."

"You look it!" John shouted with amusement, but sobered when he heard Fleet's tale. He himself had found the General Store in an uproar with the kidnapping, and had joined one of the searching parties, hoping to be able to protect Trigger if they found her. The men talked it over and decided that Fleet should go down to the settlement and bring back the father of the baby. John could pretend he had found the child in the woods. Later on, they would get Trigger away in safety.

While Fleet was gone, John got breakfast and Trigger watched him with adoring eyes. "You're enough to drive a man crazy," he said to her.

"You mean ye air carin' fer me, Mr. John?"

"Yes, I care for you, but Fleet is right . . . I shouldn't. . . ."

"Even if hit ain't right, I couldn't help keerin'. How kin hit be wrong, that makes yo' throat so full of song, and yo' heart so meltin' like and lovin' even to the lousiest of folk?"

John was not proof against this. He kissed her, and Trigger told him it was her first kiss.

"It won't be the last time, will it?"

"Not ef ye ask me agin. Ye shore kin talk nice, cain't ye?"

"Did anyone ever tell you that you're beautiful?"

"Me beautiful? Heavens above, man, I'll have to pray fer yore eyesight. Sorter purty, early in the mornin', ain't it?" She gazed up happily at the sky.

"God, but you're lovely, Trigger," John cried and drew her to him again. They heard the baby whimper and Trigger sprang up to go to it, just in time to miss being seen by Grayson, who came up the path with a very pretty girl. John recognized his wife.

"Eleanore! What a surprise."

"Darling. I just couldn't spend my birthday without you." She looked around her. "Why didn't you tell me how lovely it is here? I'd have come before. And who is the girl, dear?" as Trigger came out.

John had the grace to feel acutely uncomfortable. He was fearful, too, of what Trigger might do, but her face was a mask. Even when it was made plain to her that this was John's wife, there was no outburst of betrayed trust. But inside Trigger something had gone dead.

Fleet returned presently. He was taking the baby back to the parents and asked that Trigger stay in the cabin till they could plan further for her protection.

"Ye're not my boss."

Fleet was brusque with anxiety: "I don't want to be your boss, but for some ridiculous reason I want to save your hide."

Trigger promised nothing, and when he had gone, she collected Zedrack from his vigil under the porch and fled away silently. Like a hurt animal, she turned instinctively to the forest.

When Fleet returned, he was wild to find her gone. He and John spent the day searching for her, but she was not in her cabin, nor in any place they looked.

Late that evening when John went once more to her cabin he found her gathering up her small possessions for flight.

"Trigger," he began, "I'll explain about this morning, but that isn't the reason I came. The people in the settlement are upset."

"What's eating 'em now?" scornfully.

"Why, about you and the baby. There's trouble in the air. We want to get you away. Fleet and I'll give you money for it."

She turned on him. "I don't want yo' old money. Maybe you think I'll be comin' round yo' ole house agin. I won't, don't never fear. I didn't ast you to make love to me, you know."

"I'm desperately sorry for that, Trigger. I lied to you about being married. I don't know why. Can you forgive me?"

"I ain't a-carin' nothin' 'bout it one way nor tother."

"I didn't lie when I told you I liked you. I'm crazy about you."

"What's the use o' sich talk?" She lowered her eyes and said more softly, "But you hadn't ought to a-kissed me."

Neither of them heard a murmur that came from the surrounding woods till it swelled to a roar and was close on them.

"Trigger! They're coming after you. The people, the mob!"

He would have stayed by her, he meant to stay by her. But he let her shove him out the back door, to safety, and she faced them alone.

"WHAT do you think you are, a lot a ruffians?" she demanded of them, arms akimbo, head thrown back.

Bill Grayson had come with them, and he tried to hold back the crowd till Fleet could get there. They milled about, driven two ways by superstitious fears.

When Fleet hurried in, they tried to make him understand, everybody talking at once. He silenced them and spoke to the ring-leader:

"Now, what's this all about, Jake?"

"Somebody's bin doin't strange things round here, and we've jest found out hit's her. She went back yonder and stole Sawyer's baby. They wuz waitin' fer hit to die, but arter she done somethin' terrible to hit, hit's all right. And what's more, if she kin do that, she kin do tother things. West knows, and Ole Granny Raines knows, and they is others as knows too."

Trigger blazed where she stood. Even in his fear for her, Fleet noticed how magnificently shone the spirit within her.

"Shet up, Jake Hawkins. Ye old bald-headed buzzard. All one day I prayed God to spare yo' little girl when she wuz dyin' with the fever. She lived, didn't she?

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Thar ain't one of ye here, nor out thar in the dark that's askeered to come in, but I ain't prayed fer, for somethin'. I dunno why, unless, in spite of all ye've done to me, somehow, I've loved ye.

Mrs. Sawyer pushed her way up to Trigger asking: "Whar is the gal that saved my baby?"

TRIGGER answered: "I stole your baby. God saved hit."

The mother's voice was anguished: "I was thankful when they brought my baby home to me, well, but all of a suddent, hit's took worse agin. I've prayed all I know, but I cain't a-carin' if hit's devil or God in her, if ye'll help my baby agin."

Trigger took the child and the avid crowd pressed around her. Fleet held himself ready for what might happen. There was a long moment. Then a cry from Trigger. She scanned the baby's little face, gave a moan, and silently returned it to its mother.

The crowd went mad. Screams of "Lynch her! She's kilt hit!" broke from them.

Fleet was beside her in an instant. Perhaps they were afraid of the authority he represented, perhaps it was Trigger herself who turned aside the murderous impulse.

"Strike me!" she cried shrilly. "Come on, strike me! Feered o' me, ain't ye? Well, ye needn't be. Now ye kin do yo' own prayin', fer I'm agoin'. I'm goin' termorrer at noon, and I'll take my own trail."

They went away, all but Mrs. Sawyer, who chose to remain for the night. When morning came, inquisitive little Etta who lived down the road, arrived at the door. She said she had come to borrow some soap but she stared at Trigger wide-eyed. Trigger answered her questions shortly and heard without comment what Etta repeated: "Thar seems to be trouble everywhar this mornin'. Ma had to go in the night to see ole Mis' Johnson who took sick, and Paw's got a turrible misery, and Mis' Tweedy's baby is low with the croup."

Trigger gave her the soap and sent her away. Her calm deserted her when Mrs. Sawyer waked and came out from the bedroom. "I wanted to save yo' baby. I tried." Trigger reiterated, near to tears.

Mrs. Sawyer soothed her. "I know ye didn't mean to kill hit."

"Kill hit! I'd bin a-willin' to die if that would a-saved hit. They wuz all agin me, and I wuz agin' them. Thar wuz hate in my heart for all o' them, but ye and the baby. I loved the baby, but that wuzn't enough. That little bit of love wuzn't strong enough to reach up so high as ye have to do, to God. It wuz my thinkin' o' somethin' else when I wuz a-prayin'. I wuz prain' to God fer the baby, but I was askin' fer myself, too. That's why God didn't hear me."

"I know ye tried." Mrs. Sawyer put her

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arms around the shaking girl. "I reckon ye couldn't help hit with them folks ready to tear ye to pieces."

Trigger was honest. "No, no!" she broke in on the kindly woman's words. "No, I wuzn't skeered of none of them, but I wuz afeerd that somebody I loved, didn't keer enough to come back and stand by me."

Mrs. Sawyer repeated: "I know ye tried. Now I'll git the baby's paw to come arter us."

Noon came and went, the hot close noon of the mountain summertime. Outside the cabin, the heat waves danced over the road, and the little forest animals panted in what shade they could find. Inside, Trigger sat on the floor, her eyes vacantly fixed on the ashes in the fireplace. It was much later when a shadow fell across the doorstep. Fleet came in.

She looked up. "Whut ye want?"

"I want to speak to you, Trigger."

Her eyes returned to the fireplace.

"Mrs. Stafford has sent you a message. She invites you to come to her home and stay until this trouble passes."

"I ain't in no trouble." Trigger said woodenly.

"The people have treated you badly."

"All I got wuz comin' to me," she muttered.

"NO, you tried to help. I know that. Come down to our cabin and wait till things quiet down, and then you can leave with Mrs. Stafford."

"No, thank ye," Trigger shook her head with firmness. "I tole them I'd be gone by noon and hit's past that now."

Fleet answered. "In a day or two this talk will all quiet down and the people will change their minds, Trigger."

There was no hesitation in Trigger's words. She had thought it all out during the night. "I don't keer what they do with their minds. Hit don't change me."

"You must let me be your friend."

"I ain't never had no friends and I ain't a-goin to begin to have none now. I've got to go, Mr. Fleet."

"I can't let you go alone." Of the two, Trigger was the calmer. Something was happening to Fleet and he knew it, but he was content to let it come.

"I won't be alone. Thar'll be Zedrack to talk to and the road will go with me."

"But how in the world will you live?"

She had thought that out too. "Oh, I'll live. Folks along the way won't know me, and they'll give me a handout for washin' a few dishes or clothes. If they don't, I'll help myself to whut they've got. I've got to go, Mr. Fleet. It ain't only just the people, hit's . . . tother things. Ask Mr. John if I didn't try to git him to make love to me, and you tell his wife it was all my fault. Oh, yes, I gotta go."

"That's not true, I don't have to ask John. I know he made love to you, that he has probably made you very unhappy. Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to ye. I couldn't help from keering for him. That's why I used to hang round the dam, jest to see him a-walkin' about. I didn't know he wuz married, but I knew all the time he wouldn't marry me. When I found out yisterday, he wuz married, I knowed I couldn't even keer without hit's bein' wrong. I made up my mind to go, before last night when the folks came. I thought maybe, away from here, I would larn to be somebody. My paw wuz somebody afore he come here. I'll git over this. Don't seem like hit now, but folks do. If I git to be somebody, maybe next time, hit'll be different."

"Trigger, there's no great difference between you and him. The only difference is that the things he knows he knows because someone else has learned and known them before him. The things you know you have found out for yourself. His knowledge, you can learn. What you know, he couldn't learn in a thousand years." Fleet spoke vehemently. He must make her understand. He must.

Trigger sighed. "Hit's all wrong, somehow. He ain't to blame, though!"

Fleet's hands clenched. "I'll settle with him."

She said hastily. "Now, ye ain't a-goin' to hurt him, nor nothin'. If ye do, I'll git even with ye."

"You're game, I'll say that, and you know how to love a man."

Fleet knew at last what it was he had come to say. None of the other things mattered. "Trigger, stay," he begged. "Stay here. I can protect you when we are married."

She stared at him, listening for what was behind the words. Was it pity?

"No, thank ye. I ain't marryin' no man to protect me, nor because he's sorry fer me. I'm goin'. There's bin trouble enough 'cause of my foolishness. If it hadn't bin fer me a-thinkin' of him last night, ah, I ain't believin' enough to pray no more."

"You told me once that if one believed enough, death didn't matter. Wasn't it a feeble faith if one failure can destroy it?"

Bill Grayson spoke to them from the doorway. He had come with a message. "We bin talking some and the upshot is, that folks is darn nigh skeered to death. Misery has overtook a lot of 'em, and they think hit's a jedgment fer the way they treated ye last night. They've sent me to say they air willin' fer ye to stay if ye'll help all them as is sick git well, and then promise on yo' oath not to pray fer nobody 'cept they come askin'."

Fleet waited for her answer, though he knew what it would be.

"YE kin tell 'em I've done took my oath to never pray fer another mother's son of 'em. Tell 'em I ain't done 'em no harm. Tell 'em I'm goin't cause I want to go, not because they tole me. Tell 'em I'm a-goin't singin', and if they listen, they kin hear me hummin' as I kick back the dust o' their durned ole town."

Bill went away. He knew argument was useless.

Trigger got up and began her preparations.

"Mr. Fleet, will you stay here till Mr. Sawyer comes fer the baby?"

"Of course, Trigger. And tell me, does this little house belong to you?"

"My paw built hit." She was surprised at the question.

"Sell it to me till you come back."

"Ye kin have it if ye want. I ain't comin' back."

"I wouldn't feel it was mine unless I paid you for it."

After some discussion, she agreed to accept twenty-five cents. Then she was ready to leave.

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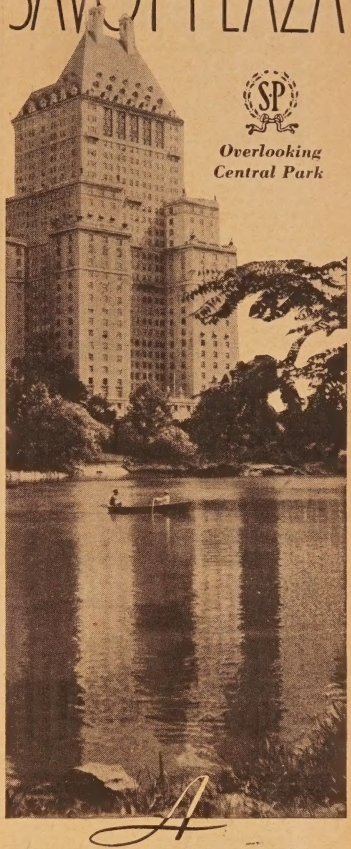

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"I'll not say good-bye, Trigger, for no matter how far away you go you'll never quite leave me. I'll remember you as the woman who has taught me what I needed most. Those I have known haven't given me much except reasons to distrust the lot of them. But I've wanted more than anything else in the world to find a woman who could teach me to trust. Now listen, I'd like to send you to school. I'd like to be a big brother to you for a while. And in time, when this hurt is over, we can't tell what might happen."

"But there's somethin' I've got to larn fer myself, first."

"I see. Something I can't teach you. I'll not stand in your way. If the roads and the woods can give it to you, take them. They can't hurt you. I've never known a woman before, who had the courage to take to the road alone. You're not afraid, and I'm not afraid for you, little Trigger. So I let you go. But promise me you will come back."

"What fer?"

"So I can tell you something I've just found out."

"In a year?"

"IF you say so. Will you promise to meet me here in this house, at noon, a year from today? I may have to come from the other side of the world, but I'll be here."

Trigger reflected, and scanned his face. "If I be livin', I'll come."

"Good! And thank you, Trigger. Goodbye, until a year from today."

The touch of his hand gave her added courage. Trigger became aware how much this man had done for her. She realized that here was another soul, seeking, as was hers, and that he was near her, and in some vague way, asking her for something. Her own troubles were still too close, she must resolve them before she could understand this other thing.

"You've bin so good to me, as if I wuz somebody. I'm goin' now. She hitched her bundle up her arm and turned to the door. Fleet made no move, but his silence pleaded, reached her. She came back on swift feet and flung her arms around him. On tip-toe she stood, and he kissed her. He kissed her as he knew he must, gently. She said: "Kin I come back afore the year, if I want to?"

"I'll be here," he said, "for three months more, and beginning tomorrow, I'll come to this house every day at noon and wait an hour for you."

She ran from him, out into the sunshine, and as she ran, she called: "Maybe I'll be back soon."

Then he was alone, with only the sound of her singing, dying away in the distance.

As its last echoes were muted, he thought he heard a tiny whimper. With a bound, he reached the inner room where the baby lay. He drew down the coverlet from the little face, and when he saw, he knelt, and bowed his head. The tears came from his full heart. This was the second miracle, that his heart should have come alive again, and that this baby should live.

Don't forget—MOVIE MIRROR is the ONLY film magazine that is edited from Hollywood. Watch for the grandest, most up-to-the-minute stories about your favorite stars you ever read in any screen publication. Keep your eye on MOVIE MIRROR—and tell your friends about it!

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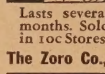

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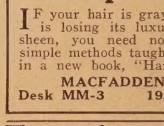

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The Salvation of Cary Grant

(*Continued from page* 45)

But he also would have been a wretched failure. In spite of the little suburban house he, in time, undoubtedly would have acquired. In spite of an increasingly adequate income. Because always interested in the business of acting, always fascinated by the theater, living any other life, doing any other work, Cary would have come a frightful cropper. And he was smart enough to know it.

So he left the comfortable, well-ordered existence into which he had been born to suffer deprivations of the worst sort, to accept humiliation and disappointment while he made his own way in the only life that ever could matter to him at all.

"Those employment agencies over on New York's Sixth Avenue, under the El," he says with a grin. "Boy! Do they bring back my past!

"I used to be one of the fellows that you see gathering around those dark little hallways early in the morning. I was hungry. And eager for any job, no matter what, that would mean dinner."

BY compromising just a little Cary could have escaped all this, the summer as a stilt walker at Coney Island, the bleak, back rooms in gloomy, frowsy rooming houses, his return to England, via steerage, that he might get on his feet and save enough money to come back and try it all over again.

Women would be intrigued and flattered by attentions from a young man with Cary's attractions and personality. And in the theater he met many actresses, still glamorous behind the footlights and therefore still popular and powerful, who also were susceptible and lonely. The young man who squired them about, who sent them flowers, who played their beau could have expected favors in return, could have counted upon their influence exerted in his behalf, could, as their escort, have attended some of the smartest dinner parties in New York.

And it was here, refusing to become a professional romantic, escaping the estate of gigolo and four-flusher, that Cary passed his second crisis. Fortunately, very fortunately, for him.

For had Cary played the beau, had he turned something of a gigolo, a four-flusher to put it mildly, he wouldn't have the charm, the shy, unconscious charm, which he possesses on the screen today. He might have gotten ahead. As a smoother, more sophisticated number, so to speak. But all the chances would have been against him. For the smooth, sophisticated type is a common type in Hollywood. He would have had tremendous competition. He would have lacked the very charming sincerity which today serves him so well.

I saw Cary in New York. He was not living in any grand suite. The waiter laid the table in the window of his bedroom and there we lunched surrounded by half-packed trunks and interrupted by dozens of telephone calls.

"I think my three Japanese boys manage to serve luncheon and answer the telephone at the same time very well, don't you?" he joked.

After all the humble, lean years he experienced it would be understandable enough if now, earning an excellent salary and assured of the many thousands which tumble into a star's lap, he lost his head, went a little berserk.

But facing this, his third crisis, Cary again proves wise.

His trip to Europe was not the proverbial movie star's tour. It was a trip planned months and months previously, because he wanted to see his father, his family, his nephews who are at school.

For months before this he had shared a comparatively small house up in the hills with Randy Scott. Where one man served them. Where they entertained simply.

Courting Virginia, Cary didn't go in for any flamboyant extravagance either. It was only rarely that they attended the big, expensive parties. They spent most of their evenings and had their greatest fun driving out to the beach or going to a neighborhood movie.

The first thing Cary did when things began to break for him was engage a manager who handles all of his business affairs, invests a good portion of his income in government bonds, and allows him only a modest income.

"I'm an actor," Cary says "I know very little about anything else. My manager does my worrying for me. He leaves me free to do my job in the studios. I have no doubt he saves me many times that ten percent of my income I pay him."

As a married man Cary plans to continue living simply and conservatively. He and Virginia want a small house somewhere outside of Beverly. With grounds enough to accommodate a swimming pool and a tennis court. For them these things are not luxuries. They are in fact close to being necessities. Occupied for long hours in the studios yet largely dependent upon their good health and fit appearance, on their free days they must be able to have recreation and exercise. And neither of these things can be had at public places because of the crowds that swarm about picture personalities.

Virginia is to keep on with her career.

"I WOULDN'T consider asking her to give it up," Cary says. "She's worked darn hard to get where she is. Besides there are certain things she wants to do. She's made plans. She has ambitions. . . .

"Virginia and I have talked it over. We have an idea we can profit by all the mistakes we think other people have made. We're going to confine all of our acting to the studios. At home we're going to be . . . well, just a guy and his girl.

"And doing this I think we've a darn good chance of making a go of it, a better chance even than if Virginia gave up her work and I was the member of the household who stalked around the house, the one who had to be catered to and waited upon."

All ready, you see, Cary anticipates the next crisis he must face, the crisis which will decide whether his marriage is to be a success or a failure. And judging by what he says, and his past which after all is the best indication you have of his future, I have an idea he and Virginia will make it, happiness, I mean.

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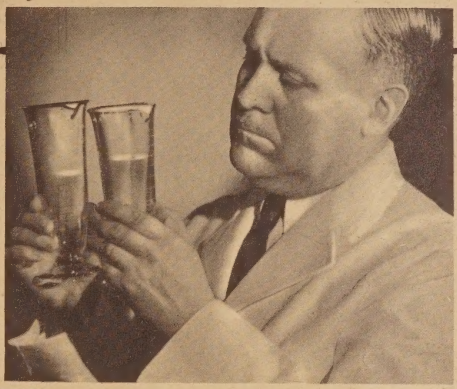

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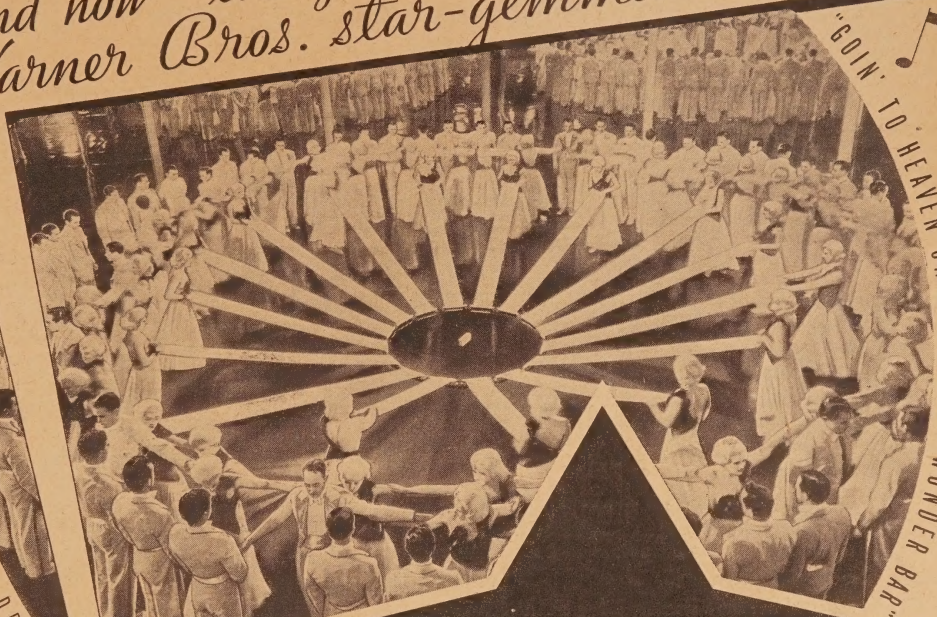

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VOL. 5 No. 5—APRIL, 1934

SPECIAL FEATURES

Glenda Farrell's Hidden Romance.....Nina Wilcox Putnam 12
A Gallant Woman's Soul-stirring Experience

Hollywood's Loneliest People.....Faith Baldwin 14
This Famous Author Finds Them for You

Doug Jr. As I Know Him.....Leslie Howard 16

Why Our Marriage Failed!.....Jerry Asher 24
Virginia Bruce Gilbert's Exclusive Revelations

Forbidden Loves of Hollywood.....Gladys Hall 26

Clark Gable Tells About the Greatest Thing in Life..Mary Sharon 28

Janet Gaynor's Great Friendship.....Virginia T. Lane 30
How Margaret Lindsay Fits into Janet's Life

What Jean Parker Taught Mary Carlisle.....Sonia Lee 36

Wha'd'ya Mean, BIG TOWN!.....Marquis Busby 40

Romantic at Fifty!.....Muriel Babcock 43
Who? Lewis Stone. This Tells Why!

A Gentleman of the Old School.....Jack Jamison 46
None Other Than Gene Raymond

Laughing Boy.....Dorothy Emerson 52
The Moving Story of Ramon Novarro's and Lupe Velez' Movie

And That's How Talkies Are Born.....Arthur Kober 56

Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen Tell on Each Other
George Madden 58

AND ALSO:

Significant Shots..... 32
Can You Tell 'Em Apart?..... 38
The Wonder of Wonder Bar..... 44
Let's Visit Clara Bow's Ranch..... 64

COVER PORTRAIT
Joan Blondell
by Mila Baine

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'Movie 'Mirror's Departments

Speak for Yourself..... 4
Inside Stuff..... 6
Movietown's Fashion Parade..... 48
Hollywood Patterns and Their Stars..... 51
Movies of the Month..... 60
Crossword Puzzle..... 96

★

Exclusive Portraits

Fay Wray..... 17
Irene Dunne..... 18
Carole Lombard-George Raft..... 20
Sylvia Sydney-Fredric March..... 21
Barbara Stanwyck-Joel McCrea..... 22
Richard Barthelmess..... 23
Claudette Colbert-Clark Gable..... 42

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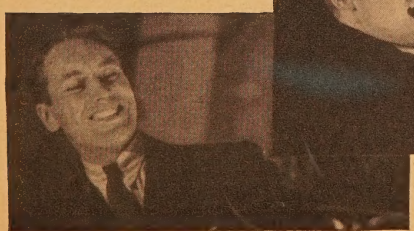
PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.



"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern

Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences

SPEAK for Yourself

You remember we had no room last month for this department, so Movie Mirror is awarding the two months' prizes together this month, which accounts for the fourteen prizes, instead of the usual seven. $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$20.00 PRIZE LETTER

Let's Not Forsake the Lady of "The Lake"

To me, Katharine Hepburn is the greatest actress on the screen today. I've admired her every minute from the time I saw her in "Bill of Divorcement" to her part as Joe in "Little Women." She has the convincing appeal that carries conviction with every portrayal. Perhaps she isn't exactly beautiful, but what is beauty compared to the charm, warmth and aliveness that emanate from her?

But now I'm afraid for her. I'm afraid of what her failure on the stage in "The Lake" will do to hurt her popularity on the screen. Everyone adores an idol, but how many will stick when that idol has slipped a little? And when her next picture is released, will her work be received without prejudice? Will her great artistry suffer by comparison? I cannot help feel that her stage fiasco will take its toll, but I'm hoping that her loyal fans will understand how much more at ease Hepburn is before the camera—how really timid she is before an audience. I've heard tell she becomes frightened to the point of illness.

So you see, it's hardly fair to judge talent under those circumstances. And I'm hoping her screen public will continue to judge her by her screen successes.

Lillian Licker, Los Angeles, Calif.

$10.00 PRIZE LETTER

They Can't Always Excel

What amuses me is the way you fans will rave over a star in one picture and then expect all following pictures in which that star appears to eclipse your first good impressions.

You don't stop to consider that even a star's best efforts can't quite raise the quality of a poor story. You go home and feel disappointed—something doesn't click—and instead of attributing it to its proper source, you proceed at once to find flaws with your idol.

I don't know how much power a star has to choose his rôles, but whether he has any choice in the matter or not, it might be well for you fans to think first and then judge wherein the fault lies—whether in the play or in the performer. If a star puts everything he has into his part, whether that part affords him the best opportunity to shine or not, that should be the measuring stick by which we should appraise our stars. They cannot always excel . . . even in the simplest performance. There are always external influences to make or mar a rôle.

Joseph Morse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$20.00 PRIZE LETTER

Succumbs to Sullavan

All my life I looked upon a fan as some slightly insane person. And really when you stop to consider the origin of the word "fan," coming as it does from the word "fanatic," do you blame me?

And then suddenly something snapped, and with it my reserve. When I went to see Margaret Sullavan in "Only Yesterday" I came home teeming with enthusiasm—my eyes red and bloodshot from crying. I raved with all the exuberance of a regular movie addict. My family, and they are all iconoclasts, looked at me strangely. Had I become imbued with the spirit of an idol-worshiper, after all their years of debunking influence? It seemed unbelievable to them, and even I wondered at my own sudden profuseness of praise for an actress who up to the time of this picture was little heard of.

Well, what of it? I became defiant as I thought more and more of it. What's wrong with raving a little? At last I understood why people must occasionally step out of the confines of reason—to bubble over, as it were, with appreciation for something well done. And so it was, that I rationalized and concluded that a fan is really a generous person showing his appreciation. From now on fans, rave on—and maybe I'll rave with you!

Ella Dorn, Newark, N. J.

$10.00 PRIZE LETTER

Arliss Policy—Best Policy

An actor's rise to stardom isn't ever accidental. My long association with the guild has proven that conclusively. It's the result of many hard years of privation, hard work and complete resignation to this art. But why is it that so few of them

(*Continued on page* 65)

HEPBURN

Completely and daringly different from anything she has ever done.

in

SPITFIRE

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

inside stuff

by PETER ABBOTT

Illustrated with Photographs taken by HYMAN FINK

LAST MINUTE FLASHES: **Gloria Swanson** has signed up with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—and insiders say she will divorce Michael Farmer, despite denials.

Joan Crawford hasn't given up hope of that "Merry Widow" rôle . . . she made a record of the music from the famous operetta and sent it to Irving Thalberg!

It looks as though **Clark Gable** is going to be *starred* not just co-starred—despite his wishes to the contrary. He's gotten a new lease on fame as a result of his grand performances in "It Happened One Night" and "Men in White," particularly the former. Anyway, he's *not* to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee" after all! They're testing Kent Taylor for the job.

Franchot Tone, who's in that picture, too, is getting pretty discouraged, they're whispering. He seems to get no rôles except leads in Joan Crawford's vehicles.

Why is **Norma Shearer's** picture being delayed? "Lady Mary's Lover," formerly "Rip Tide," should be finished by now. Scouts report that **Mrs. Patrick Campbell** has a way of wandering out of scenes and forgetting lines—but she's a grand actress so we're sure she's forgiven.

George Raft is definitely set as **Mae West's** next leading man. Won't *that* be sumpin! Now that's a team for you!

Lee Tracy gets a comeback chance after all—in Universal's "Where is Brown?"

They're teaming **Lyle Talbot** and **Patricia Ellis** as a romantic twosome.

When **Leslie Howard** writes about **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** in his swell story in this issue of MOVIE MIRROR, he tells you that Doug's in love again. The girl, whom Leslie doesn't mention, is Gertrude Lawrence.

Doug was pretty tickled when they gave him the rôle in "Success Story." They promised him "Stealing Through Life" but now we hear it's been shelved. So what now, Doug?

Just as Hollywood was saying that the **Cary Grant-Virginia Cherrill** marriage plan was definitely *off* they upped and married.

And here's this month's glitter-glamor note: **Cora Sue Collins** went to the Hollywood opening of "Queen Christina" in a *gold* coach drawn by six white Shetland Ponies.

* * *

ALICE FAYE in reality owes her success to Hyman Bushel, her legal adviser, instead of Rudy Valee. So the story goes, Bushel was so impressed with Miss Faye's unusual possibilities, he insisted on her making a voice recording on the crude apparatus he had in his office. It turned out so well he sent it to Rudy—and it went over so big with the crooner, that today Alice occupies the top spot in the private and professional life of the "Vagabond Lover."

★ SCOOP! A rare photo that shows you the whole Gable family for the first time, on the observation car of the Chief. That's Mrs. Gable's daughter, Jana Lucas—and the boy is Al Lucas ★

* * *

THE first dance of the Screen Actors Guild turned out to be quite a gala affair. Even the twenty-five dollar admission "fine," didn't keep the big names away. Dick Powell had to pinch hit for Rudy Vallee because he was dodging the subpoena servers. Jimmy Cagney practically wore out his dancing pumps making the rounds of all the tables. And when Charles Butterworth, Frank McHugh and Bing Crosby appeared in orchid satin dresses and black wigs, and did a take-off on the Boswell Sisters—there was just no holding back the applause.

* * *

SEEN at the Screen Actors Guild Ball: Joan Crawford wearing a black velvet skirt with long-sleeved blouse of gold sequins. Claudette Colbert in lip-stick red crêpe—long sleeves with shoulders protruding through cut-outs. Evalyn Knapp featuring an evening cape of pink quilted silk. Una

Merkel in blue net, wearing an orchid slipped through her wrist-watch bracelet. Irene Dunne, hair dressed in unique top-curl fashion, wearing a dress of gold metal brocade. (See picture on page 10.)

* * *

WHAT a break for Jeanette MacDonald! At the Screen Actors Guild Ball, most of her dances were reserved for executive Louis B. Mayer. So naturally, when Jay Whidden's orchestra broke into the "Merry Widow" waltz, Jeanette, who is dying to do the picture—did her stuff.

* * *

IT was at a benefit given for the flood sufferers of the recent California deluge. Joe E. Brown was making a personal appearance to help the good cause along. On his way out from the theatre, a small boy stopped him and asked him to autograph his undershirt. "But what's the use to do that?" said the comedian, "it will only come right out in the wash." "No it won't," piped up the lad. "Looky, here's one I got from Johnny Weissmuller last Christmas!"

* * *

A little extra girl repeated this: It was in the gallery where Al Jolson was watching Ruby Keeler pose for photographs. Either the lights were too hot or Ruby was just plain tired; anyway, she began to fret and frown. "Now La Chatterton," chided the mammy singer, "is that nice?"

* * *

SHOPPING in Bullocks Wilshire is the height of smartness. One meets more stars in one hour than there are in heaven (credit M.G.M.). Constance Talmadge in black broadtail, George Raft going buy buy with Marjorie King in mink, the dark kind, and orchids, Claudette Colbert in a royal blue ensemble half hidden by a black caracul coat and dozens of others equally as smart. But star-gazing came to a standstill there recently when Universal's new sensation Margaret Sullavan barged in. She wore the dirtiest pair of corduroy pants outside the Bricklayers' Union, frayed at the bottom and gathered informally at the waist by an ancient weatherbeaten belt. A faded blue polo shirt, high tennis shoes with black cornices and a moth-eaten beret perched on stringy hair completed the newsboy make-up. If Sullavan is trying to outdo Hepburn, she is well on her way to fame.

* * *

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL is taking Hollywood by the ears. She asked Bebe Daniels at least three times when introduced at different

TOGETHER for the FIRST TIME
CLARK
CLAUDETTE
Gable and Colbert
in
IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns
. . . An unforgettable entertainment . . . the outstanding performance of two outstanding careers.
A FRANK CAPRA Production
From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams
Screen Play by ROBERT RISKIN
—COMING—
JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century"
with CAROLE LOMBARD A Howard Hawks Production
COLUMBIA PICTURES
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

inside stuff

CONTINUE

parties. "What was the name please?" She met Aileen Pringle the other day and said "Were you ever in pictures my dear?" Pringle looked at her to see if she was making a little English joke and said "Yes Mrs. Campbell. Do you make the soup?"

* * *

MR. AND MRS JAMES CAGNEY are perfect guests. They have saved more dull parties from inertia than any other couple in Hollywood. If James can't pull the expiring soiree out of the slump with a few medical highlights, Mrs. Cagney can go into her tap dance. And Ruby Keeler can do no better.

It takes spry little Pert Kelton to give so convincing an imitation of the one and only Charlie Chaplin. Or is it Charlie himself?

* * *

DOROTHY MACKAILL is on the loose. Much to the joy of the men-about-town she and her husband have separated. For Dorothy is one of the most popular girls in town. She swims better than most men, plays tennis like a professional, rides like a cowboy, dances all night and is up at the crack of dawn the next day to start all over again. Where Mackaill is, there is excitement. When she left Honolulu the last time, her mother who was on the boat stood at the rail until the gang plank was raised. No Dorothy. As the boat sailed out of the harbor, Ma Mackaill (Flo to her intimates) was put to bed in her stateroom in a complete nervous dither. Some hours later a speed boat was seen racing like mad to catch the Malolo. As it neared the big boat, a pair of chocolate brown arms began waving to stop the ship. It was Mackaill of course. A ladder was lowered over the side and after a few falls into the ocean, Dorothy made the grade. She appeared wet and battered in her mother's stateroom. But Ma was beyond even relief. It took three days and hours of explanation to get her on her feet again.

* * *

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S costumes for "Cellini" in which she co-stars with Fredric March will be so costly that muslin replicas are being made first. Even though she is to play a Duchess in the picture, the studio fears that she will retain her own Marquise disposition. Her pet trick when she doesn't like a costume is to say "Well, make me another one!" And with costumes running around a thousand dollars each, this idea was hit upon.

* * *

Sign on a Hollywood Boulevard marquee: "Should Ladies Behave With Lionel Barrymore!"

Hyman Fink sneaked up on Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller at the tennis matches—just to show you they were together again!

* * *

THE day the Hollywood newspapers carried an exclusive story on the separation between Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, that couple were enjoying a vacation together, camping out in Death Valley.

* * *

CLARK GABLE was being interviewed about his horse, Beverly Hills, that came in first on his initial race. "Horse racing is certainly a gentleman's sport, isn't it?" someone asked. "Oh, my no," answered Clark. "Several of my best friends are doing it."

* * *

WHAT'S in a name? Nothing, as far as Russell Hardie is con-

Scoop, again, because Ronnie Colman just won't pose for news cameramen, usually. At the tennis matches, with Elizabeth Allan

F. D.'s son, Elliott Roosevelt with our own Marie Dressler at a banquet

Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster snapped with Monte Bell and Betty Lanford

cerned. Just as he was finishing his rôle of a young intern in "Men In White," he was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendicitis operation. He was attended by Dr. *Hurt*.

* * *

Zasu Pitts collects handkerchiefs for a hobby. But they have to be a yard square. Zasu has them in every color and kind of material.

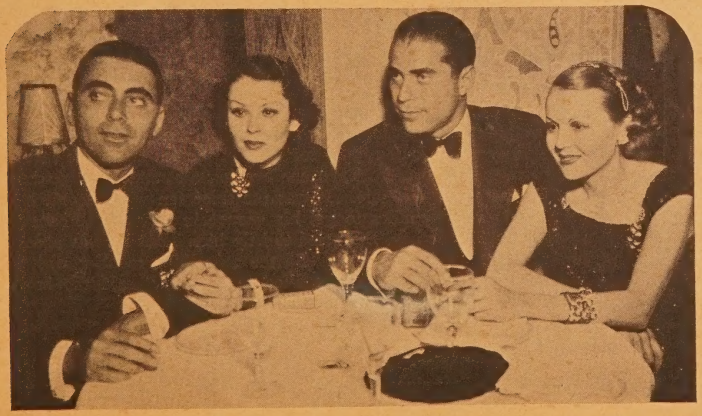
* * *

PAPA WATSON is Hollywood's most original tailor. He looks like Tweedle Dum and his ideas fit the same book. He dresses Garbo and Dietrich, clearing the store when these mysterious ladies order trousers. Right now he is whipping up a model for Franchot Tone that will stop traffic on the Boulevard. A pair of powder-blue flannel pants topped by a brown and white checked sport coat with squares as big as dimes. And running through the checks goes a powder-blue stripe. And we mustn't forget the gardenia from Joan. Whew!

* *

ANNA STEN had an appointment for a corset fitting at six one evening. Her masseuse came at five for the usual treatment. The masseuse pounded till six and no corset lady. The masseuse kneeded till six-thirty. Still no girdle gal. At quarter to seven Sten was getting so upset that even the pounding failed to hold her down. At seven the girl arrived just ahead of the smelling salts ordered for la belle Anna. The girl had been locked in the store when it closed for the night. If the night watchman hadn't heard her yells, Sten would be back in Russia by now. She is *that* high-strung.

Below, Stephen Ames and brother a-stepping out with those dark-eyed Torres sisters, Raquel and Renee



* * *

HOLLYWOOD is literally holding its breath until Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard and Bruce Cabot all get together at one time. Those boys are sort of outdoing themselves in wearing those plaid sport coats. Up-to-date, Gary is creating the biggest flash!

* * *

THIS is the long and short of it! With such tall and willowy ladies as Kay Francis, Claire Dodd, Jean Muir, Mary Astor, and others, all on the First National lot, it's becoming quite a problem to get them teamed up with Jimmy Cagney, Richard Barthelmess, Edward Robinson and Joe E. Brown—who are also on the same lot, but not as tall as their cinema sisters.

inside

CONTINUED

Note Irene Dunne's interesting hairdress. At the Screen Actors Guild Ball with Ralph Bellamy

Some crowd — at Rudy Vallee's NBC broadcast. Leslie Howard, Margaret Sullavan, William Gargan, and Carmel Myers

That Florence Desmond has been bowling 'em over these days with her clever imitations of famous people. Here she shows Jimmy Durante how she does it

NO more long-distance marriage for Bette Davis. Harmon Nelson, Jr., is going to make his home in Hollywood instead. Up to date, Harmon hasn't decided whether he's going to be doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief.

* * *

EVIDENTLY Edward Robinson believes in keeping his attitude. Now that he is about to play Napoleon, "Little Cæsar" has been busy reading up on his favorite character and practicing his mannerisms. Recently a friend stopped him and engaged him in conversation. Quite unconsciously, he pressed his hand against his chest and assumed his most Napoleonic attitude.

* * *

Upon their recent arrival in Hollywood, the Earl Carroll beauties were being escorted around the Paramount Studios. "That is Mae West's dressing room," said their guide with no little pride in his voice. "Is she the one who died?" piped up an innocent voice from the rear. And now you know why publicity men are sometimes found wandering in the streets—their mind a total blank!

* * *

HELEN MACK is the recipient of a most unusual fan note. She was dancing at the ball given in honor of the Earl Carroll beauties' arrival in Hollywood. At midnight hundreds of balloons were released from the ceiling. One of them landed in Helen's lap. On it were inscribed these words: "I'm using my wife's lipstick to tell you what a swell actress I think you are!"

* * *

HE didn't mean this the way it sounded, but Richard Dix couldn't help getting a kick out of it. For five years Dix corresponded with a fan, who someday hoped to desert the farm and come to Hollywood. Then one evening a strange young man met him at the studio gate. It was the same fan who had hitchhiked thousands of miles to get his chance in pictures. Feeling responsible for the boy, Dix tried to help him. But he was absolutely unsuited for the screen. So the only thing to offer was a job on Dix's farm. "I just wanted to see you," said the boy. "Now that I have, I'm satisfied to milk cows!"

* * *

IF you must wise-crack, you can make up your own on this. Anyway, ever since Barbara Stanwyck suffered an injury to her back, she had been forced to sleep on a hard board.

stuff

CONTINUED

ANN HARDING was racing back from Carmel, where she is interested in the little theatre movement. Suddenly a heavy rainstorm came up and her car stalled in the mud. It meant a five-mile walk back to the nearest town unless she could hail a ride. Finally, a farmer came along in an old wagon. Ann did a Hepburn by borrowing a pair of his overalls. Then climbing up next to him, she drove the horses, while the farmer caught up on his sleep.

* * *

PERHAPS if Tilden and Vines would have had their way, they might have socked something else besides the ball at the recent tennis matches in Hollywood. Lupe Velez, who was supposed to be separated from her "Johneee," was sitting with him in the spectators' row. When the "Loop" wasn't screaming at the top of her voice, she was rolling on the floor or biting Johnny on the hands. And Tarzan just sat there and tried to enjoy the game, while he shoved her off with his elbow.

* * *

M.G.M. has gone continental. In Norma Shearer's new picture "Lady Mary's Lover," there is a cocktail bar. Placed along its polished surface were trays of appetizers. Lilyan Tashman and Earl Oxford were lounging against the potato chips in one scene when Tashman decided to get cute. She picked an olive with its surcingle of anchovy, ate the anchovy and fed Oxford the olive à la seal. It was a delightful game until they discovered that Norma Shearer was directly in front of them and that they were to continue the action for Norma's close-ups. At the end of the afternoon Oxford was as stuffed as the olives and Tashman drove blocks out of her way to avoid a fish market.

* * *

RONALD COLMAN takes over the Mary Pickford bungalow at the United Artists Studio. With the exception of Marion Davies' miniature castle on the M.G.M. lot, it is the most pretentious dressing room in pictures. The quiet Ronnie till now has been in a two-room suite. What a change! He now has a crystal chandeliered dining room that will seat fourteen people, a steam bath, an early American bed room, a butler's pantry as big as most dressing rooms complete even to an electric dish warmer and last but not least, a reducing machine left over from the Pickford régime.

* * *

Arthur Jarrett who has recently married Eleanor Holm the swimming champion and who (*Continued on page* 93)

Leslie Howard reveals himself as a swell writer—on page 16. Here he is with Mrs. Howard

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan give a party for Fay Wray, Dolores Del Rio and their husbands, Messrs. John Monk Saunders and Cedric Gibbons

When Hollywood had its first chance to see Francis Lederer, Charlie Chaplin was there with Pauline Goddard and two of their friends, Miss Hill and Mr. Vidor

Glenda Farrell's HIDDEN ROMANCE

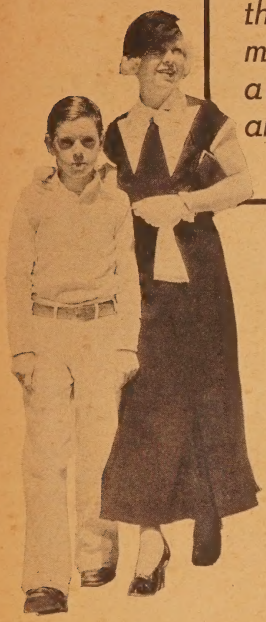
THE evening newspaper was clutched in her little hands and she stood motionless by the long windows in her apartment. Below her the myriad lights of the broad Los Angeles plain were already twinkling in the rosy glow of the setting sun, and through the open casement came the distant, confused sounds of the Film Capitol, settling to its evening life. To Glenda Farrell it seemed as though a whispering chorus chanted, blowing the hot breath of gossip at her . . . the town there below was, she knew, already talking about her . . . and him . . . the husband she had not heard of in five years and whose name now stared up at her from the printed page, a man accused of theft, of drunkenness, a lodger in the county jail . . . her Dick, her blue-eyed, laughing Irish sweetheart . . . her gallant sailor-man had come down to this! It was all so distressing.

"The shock was terrible," Glenda told me in her frank, open manner, sitting cross-legged in pink satin pajamas, the lines of nervous tension and strain gone from her sunny face after the trying week which had followed discovery of her husband's whereabouts. "You see," she went on, "it was not only that people didn't realize I had a husband living, but that I, well, that I'd loved him terribly. We were so poor . . . and it was so marvelous! And it's all so long, long ago."

It began when Glenda was sixteen and playing in stock at San Diego, California—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" one week and some equally sweet and suitable character the next. Rehearsals were after the show at nights and after

Digging deep into the unexplored strata of ecstasy and heartbreak, Movie Mirror presents a brilliant series which reveals untold romances of the stars. This, the first, is a magnificent human document, a gallant woman's soul-stirring and heart-rending experience

by Nina Wilcox Putnam



No matter how much suffering her lost love has meant to Glenda, there's compensation in the joy of having Tommy, her son, the fruit of that love. The picture at the right shows her in pre-movie days

"IT was violent love at first sight," said Glenda, her face softly aglow with the memory of it. "I'd rather not tell you his full name for reasons you'll understand as you hear this story. I only knew him for six weeks before I married him and I still thought the stork brought babies. There was not much sex to our attraction at first. We had such fun when we were together—so much happy laughter

school by day, because little Glenda was making a success on the stage in a small way, even then, and the authorities, realizing the advantages of education kept a sharp eye on her to see that her education was not neglected.

The navy was in and the town alive with sailors, eager for shore-leave and looking for trouble or romance or preferably, both. The navy was not only in but stepping out, and a big benefit ball, for the sick-fund ashore, I believe, was planned. Local talent was sought and Glenda Farrell, whose name was then Glenda Farrell (and whose father's name is, curiously enough, Charles Farrell, though her father and Charlie Farrell, the actor, are not related) well, anyway, Glenda was chosen to do a dance number with a talented young gob whose feet were as clever and quick as her own.

What a good-looking boy he was! Blue eyes—dangerous Irish eyes, and crisp black, curly hair, a slender figure, a fast line and the hero of one of the most spectacular acts of heroism the world-war produced. At nineteen Dick had been bombed thirteen times, rescued a boatload of survivors in the last disaster, and received the D. S. M. His picture had been on the front page of every newspaper in America and the story of his heroism on every tongue. No wonder that Glenda, hand in hand with him behind the footlights, dancing the intricate steps he invented, looked into those alluring eyes and was lost!

and we were so gay. He'd been discharged from the navy directly after I met him and Mother always chased him away from the house. She disapproved of him on principle because he was a sailor, penniless, and without a job. So pretty soon we had to meet at a little candy shop . . . it seemed a palace to me then. But Dick wanted to get me alone. So in spite of Mother's orders, one night he sneaked to our house after dark and tapped gently on the window of the parlor, where I happened to be sitting. 'Let me in!' he whispered. And I did. What's more, up to midnight we thought we'd got away with it. But promptly on the first stroke of the hour, Papa's voice boomed out from the head of the stairs.

"'Get that so and so of a sailor out of here, Glenda!' he roared, 'and keep the son of a gun out or I'll break his head for him!'"

I might mention, in case you haven't noticed it, that Glenda's father was Irish, too!

"'This,' said Dick solemnly, 'can't go on!'"

And it didn't: it went further. Charmingly, lightly, naturally and gaily, the romance danced into a headlong marriage. A motion-picture agent had seen Glenda on the stage and bought her a ticket to Hollywood, where a screen test had been arranged for her. So two days after Dick's final expulsion from the Farrells' home by the O'Farrell Himself, Glenda had a perfectly splendid excuse to go North. On the same train, by strange coincidence, was Dick and before Los Angeles came into sight they had decided to get married. This idea originated through an accidental encounter with some friends who assumed that the youngsters were eloping.

"This was what put the plan into our heads," said Glenda. "We laughed delightedly and said 'Why not?' So we got married in Los Angeles right away. Dick had to borrow the two dollars for the license from a cop he knew only very slightly and I borrowed the wedding ring from the girl friend we had met on the train. (*Continued on page* 75)

Hollywood's

It takes more than wealth and fame to spare them this greatest of all tortures!

by Faith Baldwin

I SOMETIMES think that of all the words in the English language *lonely* has the saddest sound. Next to it, the word which describes that sound—*forlorn*. Somehow "lonesome," which means lonely, never gives me the same catch at my heart.

We are all of us lonely. Some of us are more conscious of it than others. Some of us become conscious of it only at times. We come into the world alone and alone we depart from it. In addition to the battle for food and lodging and a place in the sun, we fight loneliness. All of us. You and you and you . . . who read, and I, who write.

Love is an insurance against loneliness. It isn't always a safe one. Lots of us forget to pay our premiums of loyalty and honesty and sacrifice and we often let the policies lapse.

You've often heard it said that people are loneliest in a crowd, and that is so. If you are quite alone sometimes you are companioned at least by deep or idle thoughts. You turn on a radio to banish worry and fear, you pick up a book . . . But in a crowd, despite the noise and talk and laughter, a sense of your utter solitude seizes you. Is it any help to know that every person in that crowd at sometime or another has experienced the same unhappy sensation?

Look at Hollywood. There, of all places, you'd think people shouldn't be lonely. We are not, now, of course talking about the people who haven't work, who wait from day to day, terrified and curiously gallant and putting a brave face on things. We are talking about the people who have work, as a rule, and plenty of it. Or if not work, then friends and luxuries, parties and people. How, you may ask, can anyone be really lonely in Hollywood? With places to go and people to see and excitement and color and adventures and thrills, with love affairs galore and fan mail and people hanging on every word? With the beauty of the country itself, the choice one has between the desert or the mountains or the seashore—all in the space of a day! Loneliness in Hollywood, you may tell me, can't be anything but a pose.

IT isn't a pose. After all, Hollywood is just a place, no matter how strange and beau-

Alone in a foreign country, treated as though she were unworthy of friendship—that's beautiful Dorothea Wieck (top picture). And the wives of busy stars—Mrs. Jimmy Durante, for example (center). Or the great Garbo, for whom the essence of life became solitude!

LONELIEST People

tiful; and it is peopled by human beings no matter how publicized. The lives they lead outwardly may be alien to us, unnatural, high-keyed, and always on parade. But what about their inner lives? After all, even Hollywood people have inner lives!

Women! Women are always the loneliest, somehow. I think because being women, they know it. A man may camouflage his loneliness with love, light or deep, with excitement, with hard work, with study, with ambition, with even drink or excesses of any kind. And, of course, a woman may do all this too, only the funny part about it is, she doesn't fool herself, and a man does, for men are after all the world's dreamers. Women, as the child-bearers, have to be practical. They are biologically in honor bound to be practical!

Mae West, below, at the premiere which brought her a new and painful emotion! Alice Brady, center, has a brilliant mind, seeks companionship in books and dogs! Mary Pickford smiles and wears her Napoleonic jewels beautifully—but what is in her heart?

THE first person in Hollywood of whom we think is Garbo. We have been told over and over again that Garbo is a lonely, strange soul treading the crowded highways of what, in Hollywood, passes for civilization, but always, in her soul, walking a wild wet beach with the rain slanting down and the gulls screaming and the waves curling in foam on the shore. We are told this over and over and we do not believe it. Publicity, we say wisely, a pose. Look at Garbo on her first arrival . . . she didn't affect that then!

No, not to that degree. She couldn't. She was new and green and on trial. She had to submit to much that was distasteful to her. But as soon as she became mistress of her time,

outside of the studio, she no longer submitted. But I do not believe that Garbo had any such canny motive. I believe she is a woman who is, by temperament, lonely; and I also believe that if she suddenly takes to having a thousand friends, if she marries ten times over, she will still be lonely. She was created that way, and nothing can change it.

Watching her in "Queen Christina" I was very much touched at the abdication scene. To be sure, in the story, she thought that she was going to the man she loved, and that she would be free and companioned forever. But the story itself didn't interest me at that point. It was Garbo I saw, going her lonely way. And the story ended that way too, on the deck of a ship, with a strange wind blowing her hair. I've often thought that Garbo is not in love with Mamoulian—but that she finds in him an escape from loneliness!

Mary Pickford is another instance. Miss Pickford is idolized. She has more friends than she can count. She is a charming, beautiful woman, with a gift for making friends. She has, no matter what may be said, every opportunity for a still greater career. And she does not hide herself from the public eye. She dines and dances. She entertains and is entertained. *But is she really entertained?*

I suppose it is silly to speak of broken hearts. It is real sob sister stuff. They are strong, these hearts, yet they are very fragile. So now and then one of them breaks. And yet it goes on beating in the breast which contains it, and the person who possesses it still lives. And is forever lonely. That, I think, is Mary Pickford. Maybe she won't admit it—even to herself. She has a lot of gallantry about her. But this is what I believe. I believe that she is filled with nostalgia for earlier days, (*Continued on page* 89)

DOUG Jr.

One actor-author writes about another—intimately and honestly

As I know him

by Leslie Howard

MANY years ago Sir James Barrie crystallized the average Englishman's adoration for the thoughts, the playthings, and the pastimes of his childhood in a character, which has since become one of the most celebrated concepts in international literature—"Peter Pan—or the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up." This perennial youth of the British seems to be reversed by the average American who, at an early age, displays comparatively, a grown-up, a highly capable, and a serious-minded attitude towards life in general; though in fairness one must remember that there are those who insist that the most adult American is, in certain ways, an adolescent, compared with the most child-like, cricket playing Englishman. They said this, in effect, of President Wilson in Paris in 1919, while on the radio the other night Alexander Woollcott described the late Theodore Roosevelt as "A Harvard Sophomore to the end."

Be this paradox as it may, it was my privilege during the summer of 1921 to meet a young man of some 13 or 14 years of age, who was suffering, among other disadvantages, from the unavoidable drawback of being the son of the renowned Douglas Fairbanks. This encounter took place on the good ship *Majestic*, on which the boy, in the course of an alarmingly erratic and nomadic home life, was being taken to Paris by his divorced mother. He was an attractive lad with incipient signs of his father's dash and manner, but he was already very grown up and exhibiting all the signs of a pathetically curtailed childhood. He had a native intelligence, but his education had been of a haphazard stop-and-start variety, never sufficiently sustained to give him much real help. There hovered over him at all times the overpowering consciousness of his father as a sort of god that the entire civilized world alternately laughed at and revered, and yet he had no father as other boys had, so far was he removed from his association and guidance. And the idiotic people on the ship, like the idiotic people elsewhere only aggravated this condition by their constant inanities concerning the elder Fairbanks, their reiterated astonishment at the boy's likeness to him, and their encouragement to emulate him further. So that the conviction, I'm sure, grew within him that the more he simulated the resemblance to that celebrated figure, the better time he would have. A misconception that took the younger Fairbanks many years to eradicate.

I was at that time in the early stages of a precarious career in the theatre, and in astonishingly short order I flitted through a series of preliminary failures before hitting any stride, which at this time was a sort of hop, skip and jump. During this interim I learned that the Fairbanks boy had gone into the movies. It seemed cruel, I thought, to be exploiting the famous name at the expense of the child's future chances. If there were any latent talent, surely this was a certain way of destroying it.

AND then a few more years passed, and one day the talkies arrived, and those of us who could act a little and combine it with the miracle of speech were sought. I found myself in Hollywood to participate in the picture "Outward Bound." And in the company was my young acquaintance of the *Majestic*. Though still of comparatively tender years he was a man, a distinguished looking attractive male. He was tall, well built, with a genial manner and a disarming worldly-wise smile. He was intelligent and critical far beyond his years. I felt then, as I have ever felt since that for all my enormous seniority, I was in many ways his junior. Already a good actor he had further acquired a definite talent for literature and art. I was amazed that out of such a hodge-podge of early training so excellent a result had been achieved.

Soon, however, his latent immaturity began to manifest itself. I could see that he was (*Continued on page* 91)

Fay Wray

She began her career in a slapstick comedy called "Gasoline Love." The turning point from comedy to drama was in "The Wedding March." And more recently, under contract to Columbia, she adorned practically every Jack Holt picture and was loaned out to other companies for that horrible horror cycle when no monster could growl unless he had Fay to growl at. Busiest actress in Hollywood, she's appearing in "Viva Villa" for M-G-M, "Countess of Monte Cristo" for Universal and "Once to Every Woman" for Columbia. Somehow she manages to find time for a happy marital life with John Monk Saunders, writer

IRENE DUNNE

In her quiet, dignified, sure-footed way, Irene Dunne has built up for herself a truly magnificent reputation, in her career as well as in her private life. You will see her next in "Transient Love" and then in the Katherine Cornell rôle in "Age of Innocence." RKO is mighty proud of Irene and so is husband Dr. Francis Griffin

MR. CARR NEVER CALLED BUT ONCE. I WONDER WHY MEN LOSE INTEREST IN ME SO QUICKLY
SHALL I SPEAK FRANKLY, DEAR
PLEASE DO, SIS. I REALLY WANT TO KNOW
LATELY YOU'VE BECOME A LITTLE CARELESS... ABOUT "B.O" I MEAN. WHY NOT USE LIFEBUOY?..
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBUOY MAKES ME FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." NOW
"B.O." GONE—romance comes
MAMA, I SAW MR. CARR KISSING AUNTIE
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NORA. MR. CARR AND AUNTIE ARE ENGAGED

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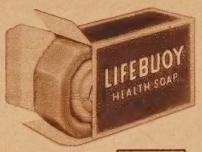

HOW BETTY SAVES MONEY ON WASHDAY

NRA

MY CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO
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CAROLE LOMBARD
GEORGE RAFT

The story goes that these charming lovers actually did the dance sequence in "Bolero." Executives saw the rushes—and ordered the scenes made over by doubles. Carole and her ex-hubby, Bill Powell, meet frequently nowadays and have grand times together — happy though divorced! George takes credit for introducing the Charleston; at any rate, he made his first success as a dancer

In "Good Dame" Sylvia does a hotcha dance known as a carnival rhumba. She hates crowds and card games but loves dominoes, honest! Fredric certainly deserved that New York vacation—what a string of pictures he made! His first for Twentieth Century is "Firebrand"

FREDRIC MARCH • •
• • SYLVIA SIDNEY

joel mc crea

barbara stanwyck

Glamor . . . and more glamor. Inside the orchestra plays soft music, below the myriad lights of the city blink and glitter . . . well, you write your own lyric . . . but it's got to be about love! Joel was borrowed by Warner Brothers to wear those "tails" in Barbara Stanwyck's picture, "Gambling Lady." When the whistle blows Barbara rushes home to her beloved Frank Fay . . . and Joel scurries to his adored Frances Dee. That's the movies for you!

richard barthelmess

Stars may come and stars may go, but Dick can always be assured of a hearty welcome. In this, one of the loveliest photographs of the month, he strikes the keynote of his home life . . . a well-ordered, healthy, happy, existence. He's not afraid to admit that he's thirty-nine. He's mad about his daughter by his former marriage, and is equally devoted to his wife's young son. You'll see Dick next in "A Modern Hero" which follows his recent picture "Massacre"

Why Our

Exclusively for the readers of Movie Mirror, the girl who married Jack Gilbert, tells the heart-rending truth about her disastrous romance

"If I had known what I know now, I never would have married Jack Gilbert until he was hard at work again!"

This is the true story of my romance with Jack Gilbert—our marriage and our separation. It is being written for the justification of all parties concerned. Naturally, I would prefer keeping a discreet silence. On the other hand, we are people who come within the spotlight of attention. As such, we are bound to be discussed and written about. Therefore, I have consented to give this one exclusive and authentic statement which presents the real facts, as they actually happened.

Virginia Bruce Gilbert

"BEFORE I say another word about my recent separation from Jack Gilbert, I would like to clear up, once and for all, a certain rumor that has become prevalent in Hollywood.

"Never in any way or at any time has Greta Garbo, or the name of Greta Garbo, entered into the thing that eventually caused Jack Gilbert and myself to come to the parting of the ways. Jack is one of the most honest people I have ever known. Had there been a rekindling of their so-called romance, I am positive he would have been the first one to come and tell me about it.

"I have never met Miss Garbo. I have often wanted to. I have all the admiration for her in the world. When Jack worked with her on 'Queen Christina,' she asked if she might come and see the baby. I begged him to bring her,

Marriage FAILED!

by Virginia Bruce Gilbert

As told to JERRY ASHER

"I thought the advent of our baby would be the one thing that would save us. Oh, I know Jack loves Susan Ann. Yet—"

but either she was too busy, or changed her mind. She never came.

"But to tell my own story, I must go back to the events that led up to my marriage to Jack Gilbert, on August 10th, 1932. As I think of it, I experience the same thrill and breathless enthusiasm. I believe I always will. No one could ever forget Jack Gilbert—even meeting him once. No one could come in contact with his dynamic, vitally-forceful personality without becoming eternally charmed.

"Long before I had dreamed of even seeing Jack Gilbert in person, I had been one of his most loyal and devoted fans. What young girl hasn't sat in a theatre audience and tried to imagine herself in the arms of her favorite screen lover? Even now as I look back on it, I can hardly believe that so much has happened in such a short time. Not only did I, a gangling silly little girl from Fargo, North Dakota, meet him, but I married him. I'm sure it could only happen again in books.

"My family came to Hollywood when I was eighteen years old. John Gilbert was the greatest of movie stars then, the screen's most romantic lover. I tried to break into pictures myself, was an extra girl, got a Paramount contract, got nowhere and became discouraged, signed with Ziegfeld and went to Broadway for a season, then came back to Hollywood once more and somehow managed to secure another contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, this time playing a few small parts and working hard for bigger ones. The one thought I had when I signed that contract was that now I might meet John Gilbert. Every noon I would sit at a certain table, in the far corner of the studio commissary. From this vantage point, I could look through the window and watch them all as they came out of the sound stages and headed for the lunch room. In reality, I was on the lookout for only one person—a tall young man with firm footsteps, flashing white teeth, eyes that burned right through, curly black hair and a physique that equalled that of a young Greek athlete. He never knew of my existence, but I was satisfied with just the thrill of seeing my favorite star in person.

"Then one day Monta Bell sent for me and asked me to make a test for Jack Gilbert's next picture. Naturally, I had to make it. It never occurred to me that I actually might get the part. Several days later, Mr. Bell sent for me again. He told me that Jack had seen the test, liked it and wanted to meet me.

"I'll never forget that first meeting. My knees shook and I could hardly speak. And then I could hardly believe my ears when he asked me to play tennis with him that afternoon. I said that I had a date. As I think back now, I believe I was so scared, I just wanted to run away and hide.

"That night a box of roses *(Continued on page 77)*

Forbidden Loves

Their hearts say, "We love!" but Hollywood, that "painted old beldame of a grandmother" raises her lorgnette and says, "I forbid you to marry!"

No one who sees Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone together can doubt what they feel for each other is love. And yet—

HOLLYWOOD is a painted old beldame of a Grandmother. Her middle name is *Career*. She wears rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. She is not a young and fruitful Venus with a full quiver of Dan Cupids in her arms. She is jealous of Hymen. She promises to reward those who sacrifice all else to her limelight discipline; she threatens to penalize those who go—the way of Love.

She points a ringed and menacing finger at Dick Powell, for instance—and says: "I will have a clause put in your contract if you're not a good boy, a clause forbidding you to marry Mary Brian or any other girl. If you marry you may lose your appeal, your attractiveness to your young Public. You will be of no use to me. I forbid this love—"

Old harridan of a Grandmother turns her attention to, let us say, Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy. She says: "You are in love. I know it. You are ardently and loyally and perhaps forever in love. But if you marry I will have vengeance on one or both of you. If you marry, Isabel, I will whisper abroad that you can never know the full fruit of your own achievement. I will see to it that the Public says 'She did not succeed on her own. She succeeded because she is Lee Tracy's wife. She mounted the ladder on the rungs of his already famous name.' All of your girlhood dreams, all of your struggle and sacrifice and hope for triumph will be dead sea fruit in your mouth because you will never feel that it is, individually, your own. I forbid this love in the name of your own Ego—"

Both Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers have experienced the tortures of unsuccessful marriage. They are skeptics, torn by their new-found hope in each other. Marriage? It's verboten!

And Hollywood is supposed to be young, a land where love flourishes and ripens like the mimosa, the night-blooming jasmine. But it is *not* young. It is old with knowledge and hard with self-seeking. Names twined together in electric lights mean more than names twined together on a marriage license. *Lines spoken on a set are more precious than a softly-said "I do—"*

Careers forbid love in Hollywood. They forbid the blooming of love because, in Hollywood, *careers are more than love.*

# of Hollywood

By GLADYS HALL

Does Garbo dare renounce the very legend that has made her so alluring? Can Rouben Mamoulian persuade her to?

In any other place but Hollywood Dick Powell would give Mary Brian a ring and she'd begin to fill her hope chest. But here there is a demon named Career . . .

Jean Parker and Pancho Lucas (below, center) have an amazing "pact," told about in this story. They are fighting against the anti-marriage decree. But can they succeed? Then there's Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell . . . circumstances chain their genuine romance to frustration!

A SCORE or more of frustrated, forbidden love affairs come to mind as I write—Garbo and Maurice Stiller—Garbo and John Gilbert—Garbo and, who knows, Reuben Mamoulian—Lee Tracy and his Isabel—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone—young Douglas Fairbanks and Gertrude Lawrence—Jean Parker and Pancho Lucas—Mary Carlisle and Edgar Allen Woolf—Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres—Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy—Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow—Mae Clark and Sidney Blackmer—Mae West and the man she once loved—Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie—

For one reason or another, emotional or financial, for reasons private or public Dame Hollywood and her sentinel Careers forbade these loves to grow to the marriage point.

When Garbo and Stiller first came to this country I lunched with them. It was, obviously, a case of enthrallment and adoration on both sides. Stiller's was the protective love, the late and hardy passion of an older man for the girl who was both his protege and his sweetheart. Garbo's was the love of a girl for an older man who had quickened her abilities and stirred her heart, possibly for the first time. They came to Hollywood and the cinema cauldron brewed and the order was reversed. Garbo was the star, Stiller, her satellite. There are sad tales told of Stiller in those days: Sleepless and haunted by the love that was eluding him, he took a house of many bedrooms so that if sleep would not come to him in one bed it might come to him in another. He saw the ineradicable handwriting on the wall—he knew that it spelled Career and that in that effulgent light the little light of love would go out. There are men who die when love is forbidden them.

Then came the Garbo-Gilbert love and the ardor of it flamed across the world. They were hymned in print. They were photographed when they knew it and when they didn't know it. They had no privacy. Their love was devoured by the multitude. They had stormy quarrels and the public made them stormier. The skies cleared for them again and they saw it printed, everywhere.

John has told me himself that Garbo is "a Solitary." He said, "She always wanted to be alone. She never wanted to have guests, not even old friends. She seldom wanted to go out. I am gregarious by nature. I like people around me, good talk, excitement. One time she disappeared for three weeks and I didn't know where she had gone. She used to tell me that she wanted to go down and sit by the sea. She would go off. I would follow her, suspicious. I would find her, as she had said, sitting by the sea, alone. And I would know that I was up against a rival more formidable than flesh and blood (*Continued on page 87*)

CLARK GABLE tells about the Greatest thing in LIFE

By MARY SHARON

I VISITED on the set of "Men in White" and watched Clark Gable, as the efficient and idealistic Doctor Ferguson, enact the scene in which the operation is performed upon the injured girl. There was something wholly convincing in his professional manner and bearing. The modern hospital room and appliances and the registered nurses in attendance lifted the scene from make-believe. I could almost believe that I was watching a qualified doctor at work.

It was over in a few minutes and Clark came across to me. The Clark Gable that I know. Cordial, alive with animation and nerve, giving a convincing portrayal of a man who is perfectly satisfied with himself, his work and the world in general. As a matter of fact, Clark is.

"I suppose it is fairly easy to get into the spirit of the picture," I suggested, "after your realistic rehearsal a few months back."

"Yes and no." Clark amended as he found a quiet corner where we might visit undisturbed: "I owe a lot to surgery, if you want to put it that way. Everything I have, as far as that goes, but my respect for surgeons goes back farther than my own need for them.

"As a young boy I thought seriously of choosing surgery as a career. I guess all boys pass through a certain idealistic stage. I had a pal who was crippled in an auto accident when he was fourteen. The doctor who took care of him said he would spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair. It had a strong impression on me to see my buddy, who had been doing all the things I did, suddenly deprived of it all. His folks finally took him to a good surgeon in Cleveland, Ohio, who operated upon him and in six months he was as strong as ever. This gave me a wholesome respect for surgeons and I thought I would like to be one. For that reason, I have really enjoyed making 'Men in White.'

"I have had a number of friends laid up from illness or accidents from time to time and I've felt genuinely sorry for them. But I have never translated their experiences into terms of my own. I have never thought about the possibility of such a thing as illness, accident or death happening to me. I've always been well. Never been sick a day in my life until last fall.

"Take it from me, you can't imagine what it is like until you go through it. You can feel sorry for the other fellow, but you've got to go up against sickness yourself to know what it really means. I'll never feel exactly the same since that appendectomy of mine."

I felt it coming and took out my pad and pencil.

"Whoa!" Clark interrupted and took them away from me. "I know what you're thinking. You are preparing to jot down the impressions of a young man about to go under

If you want love—and a life that's worth living—you must listen to the fact-facing truth this grand actor has discovered

ether. Don't do it. I didn't have any. I hate to ruin a perfectly good story but I'm going to tell you the truth. When I was being prepared for the operation, I didn't have any of those introspective moments that attack some people. I didn't give a whoop what it was all about, except that I wanted to get it over with. I didn't think about death or anything else except that it wouldn't be long before I could go on the hunting trip Joe Sherman and I had been planning. What I want to tell you is something entirely different.

"ALL my life I have enjoyed perfect health. And when I say perfect, I mean just that. I have never even had a headache or any sort of a pain, so my conception of sickness was something of a blank. It was a thing that happened to other people but not to me. Now, everybody knows that if anything gets wrong with a fellow, Nature usually gives some kind of a warning. I wasn't used to warnings and I didn't know them when they came.

"Doc Thorpe and I went on a hunting trip and I caught a cold. I never take colds, but I knew it was possible for anybody to get one under certain conditions. I got steaming hot and cooled off too suddenly while I was tired. I've seen lots of my friends have colds, so I didn't pay a lot of attention to it. Then, something funny began to happen. One day I got a stiffness in my neck and a tired feeling in my head. I told myself it was from working too steadily under the lights, because we had worked fourteen hours without interruptions. It sounded plausible. Then, my legs began to feel weak. This worried me some. It was something new to have my body talk back to me. I felt listless and no good and then one morning I woke up and my legs wouldn't work right at all. I had to use a cane to get to the doctors. Rheumatism, he said.

"That scared me plenty. Big, husky fellows in good health don't often come down with rheumatism. I couldn't get it, at first. I was working in 'Hold Your Man' with Jean Harlow and when I reported at the studio for the final scenes I could hardly limp out to the set.

"By this time, I was scared plenty. I began to picture myself slipping slowly into invalidism. I had a friend once who had inflammatory rheumatism. It was no joke. Suddenly, the value of this thing I was apparently in danger of losing dawned upon me. I guess it is the same realization that comes to people who had always had plenty of money and who suddenly find themselves bankrupt. You know the old saying, 'We never miss the water till the well runs dry.' I had been going along all these years enjoying perfect health and not thinking anything about it. Well, in those two weeks when I felt it was trembling in the balance, I thought plenty about it.

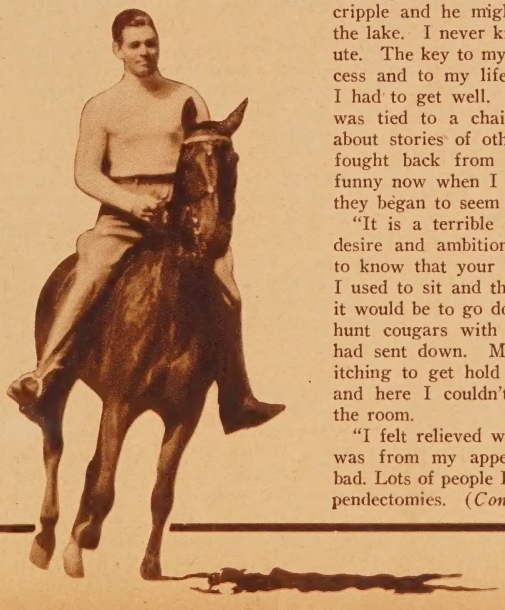
"Have you ever stopped to consider how important and necessary health is to all of us? I did, those first two or three weeks before the doctors finally diagnosed my trouble. I did little else but think. I knew then that no other possession can ever compare with good health. A fellow might have the wealth of a Croesus, millions of dollars, but if he hasn't got the health to go with it, what good is it going to do him? A person might have the greatest talent in the world, but if he has not the health to let him develop it, what good is it to him? You can take any possession you want to name and some place in the scheme of its enjoyment you have got to have health. Can people in poor health enjoy love or companionship? Of course not. You say that invalids are often showered with love and affection. Granted, but they can't return or really enjoy it. Men of power always have superb health. Look at Mussolini and his rugged physique.

"That is the track my mind was running on while the doctors were holding consultations to try and find a remedy for my illness. I used to wonder what I would do with myself, what life would be like if I should be doomed to walk always with a cane!

"I finally became semi-paralyzed. I couldn't get around without help from somebody else. It's a horrible thing for a man who has always been able-bodied to find it necessary to rely on someone else for strength.

"I knew then how fortunate I had been all these years not to have been ill. Although I took it for granted I would always be well and strong, I never dissipated and always took plenty of outdoor exercise. I supposed that was enough to insure a continuance of health.

"When I became paralyzed, I knew if I didn't get well soon, my career would probably go into the discard. The kind of fame movie actors have is a funny thing. You've got to move along with it or you're left behind. Let an actor get labelled as an invalid or a cripple and he might as well jump in the lake. I never kidded myself a minute. The key to my happiness, my success and to my life itself, was health. I had to get well. Those days when I was tied to a chair, I used to think about stories of other people who had fought back from invalidism. I feel funny now when I remember how real they began to seem to me.



"It is a terrible feeling to have the desire and ambition to do things and to know that your body won't let you. I used to sit and think about how nice it would be to go down to Arizona and hunt cougars with the new hounds I had sent down. My fingers would be itching to get hold of a rod and reel, and here I couldn't even walk across the room.

"I felt relieved when they told me it was from my appendix. That wasn't bad. Lots of people I know have had appendectomies. (*Continued on page 70*)

A fascinating glimpse into the personal life of the third most popular star in America—the real inside story of her meeting with Margaret Lindsay and of a companionship that meant new happiness to lonely hearts!

Janet Gaynor's

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

JANET GAYNOR, for all her fame, has never known what it is to have a girl chum. Little Gaynor, more popular with the public than any star, save Crawford or Marie Dressler, has actually been lonely in Hollywood. Since her divorce, she has lived quietly at home with her mother. Seeing no interviewers, going few places. Which is not, when you come to think of it, much of a life for a very young girl. Probably she never would have had a close friend if it hadn't been for a series of strange events . . . And thereby hangs this tale.

Queer, sometimes, how the threads of two lives are blended. How they start at such divergent corners—and meet.

It was so with Janet and Margaret Lindsay.

At school the little Gaynor had always been the odd number. An abysmally shy youngster. Try as she would, she couldn't break through that shell which her own sensitiveness had built up. "Janet is a jumping bean! Janet's a jumping bean!" You'd hear the shrill voices of classmates mocking the small dark figure playing hopscotch all alone.

Later, at business college, it was the same way. Girls smiled knowingly at one another. Confidences were whispered over humming typewriters. But nobody smiled or whispered to *her*.

Then—Hollywood . . . a fluke of fate . . . stardom, fringed with sharp envy. "Janet's stuck up. No need asking her to go to lunch!" But she wanted so to go. She wanted more than anything else in the world to be "one of the girls." To share their secrets—to *belong*. And she couldn't. . . .

"Miss Lindsay, when you're finished with the hairdresser would you mind sending her to me?" she asked timidly one day on the "Paddy-the-next-best-thing" set. Janet was the biggest star of the Fox lot and Margaret just a newcomer there. Neither realized that question was an important one to them.

"Yes, I'll send her," said Margaret so icily that the words might have been frost-bitten. She didn't like Janet. In fact, she had refused to be in her picture at first! Margaret had seen her only on the screen—and labeled her a "willy-nilly gal."

It wasn't an auspicious way to begin a friendship destined to become the biggest thing in the lives of both girls. But the little Gaynor chuckled softly. A shrewd person, this young one. She sensed immediately that here was a kindred soul. Someone else who was sensitive and enclosed in a shell of her own making. So she deliberately set to work to drill through it.

A volume of Rupert Brooke's poems helped. Margaret was reading it between scenes and Janet came up quietly behind her. "He's a favorite of mine, too," she said. Feelingly, she quoted an entire stanza from "The Soldier." Margaret looked up in astonishment. She hadn't suspected Janet of being well read. They talked books all morning. But it was difficult for her to rid herself of that aversion. There was a slight edge to her jests with Janet—"Would you mind, Miss Gaynor, giving me a little space in front of the camera!"

"Why should I, Miss Lindsay? You're only a stooge to Gaynor!"

Joy shone in those brown eyes of Janet's. Mischievous laughter. Underneath the light raillery she knew they were curiously, wonderfully akin. . . .

MARGARET brought Ludwig's hefty tome of "Napoleon" with her the next morning. She wasn't going to let herself be drawn to this five-foot star! But Janet, not to be outdone, ordered a black-board set up between their chairs and asked the "props" to bring the largest book in the Fox library. It proved to be twice her size and the whole cast was convulsed at the sight of her climbing up the pages.

That same afternoon a messenger came on the stage with an enormous box of flowers for one Margaret Lindsay. No card was attached. Amazed, she undid the ribbon and lifted one layer after another of tissue paper. Were they rare orchids to be so carefully packed? More paper. And finally on the very bottom—a single pansy!

Glancing up she caught Janet's demure glance. "Did you ever see such gorgeous flowers, Miss Gaynor? *It was so*

sweet of you to send them—!" And suddenly she and Janet were laughing. Laughing until the tears streamed down their cheeks.

That swept away the final barrier. They have been inseparable ever since. You see them everywhere together. At unique tea shops, wandering about Chinatown, watching puppet shows. . . . Usually they dress alike in slacks. No make-up. No hats. Just Alice-in-Wonderland bands around their hair. Gone is the sophisticated Lindsay. Gone, too, the retiring Gaynor.

At first, Peg had the natural fear of being dubbed a "star-chaser"—someone trying to share a celebrity's glory. But a telephone call one night changed that. It was from Janet. Her mother was on the way to the hospital and would Peg come over to be with them?

And now Margaret Lindsay herself is about to be starred. Maybe you've been one to wonder at her sensational rise. Hollywood has. It isn't generally known that *back of her success lies Janet Gaynor.*

"She's guided and directed and encouraged me at every turn," Peg confided. "Janet is the kind of pal you dream of finding—and so seldom do. She has delicious humor. She's *real.* And intensely loyal. Do you know she gave up a vacation to be with me when I had a touch of flu? I love the sort of life she and her mother lead in their darling English home. It seems so apart from the fantastic make-believe side of Hollywood . . ."

Great Friendship

Since Janet's divorce from Lydell Peck, her only true companion has been her mother. And, as for Margaret Lindsay—well, there was that famous hoax which made her ashamed to see the old friends who might expose her daring ruse. And yet, at first, Margaret hated Janet Gaynor!

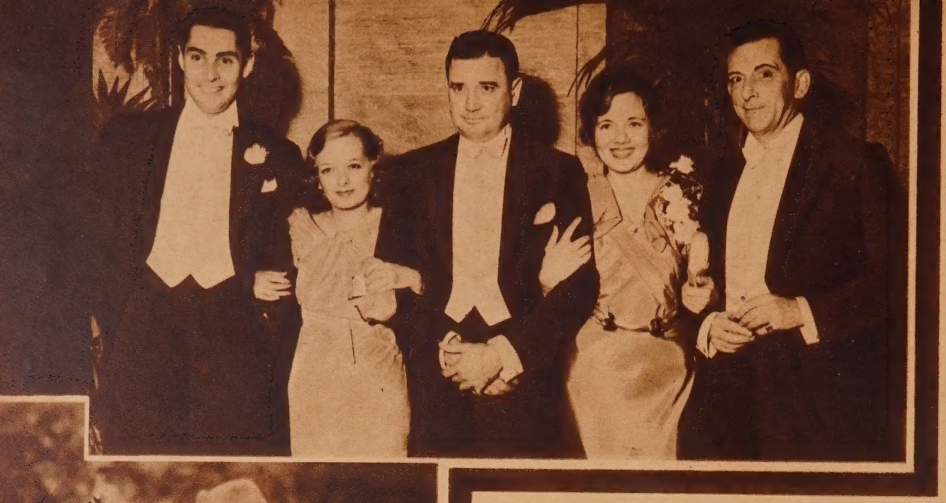
On her part, Peg—consciously or unconsciously—has done something for Janet too. She has lost what Frank Borzage used to call her "scared rabbit" look. *And oddly enough her voice has deepened an entire octave.* Fox has spent thousands trying to accomplish that. Her tones were considered a little too high for the microphone. But association with Peg, who has a rich contralto voice, has done the trick. At the end of "Paddy-the-next-best-thing" Janet's own voice was lowered so the sound engineer wanted to remake the opening sound track!

Their friendship has done much for both girls. It's *healed* a lot of things. The wistful longing of one, the aching loneliness of another.

For Margaret was lonely. Desperately so. And possibly if Janet hadn't guessed it, she couldn't have summoned enough courage to make the gallant little overtures of friendliness that she did.

Through an odd fluke of fate Margaret Lindsay had been cut off from all companionship. The truth is, she was living a lie. . . .

It had started out, of course, by being a mere white fib. A publicity man in London had thought it up. "Don't go back to your country as just another unknown American actress," he warned her. "Broadway wants English stars. (*Continued on page* 82)



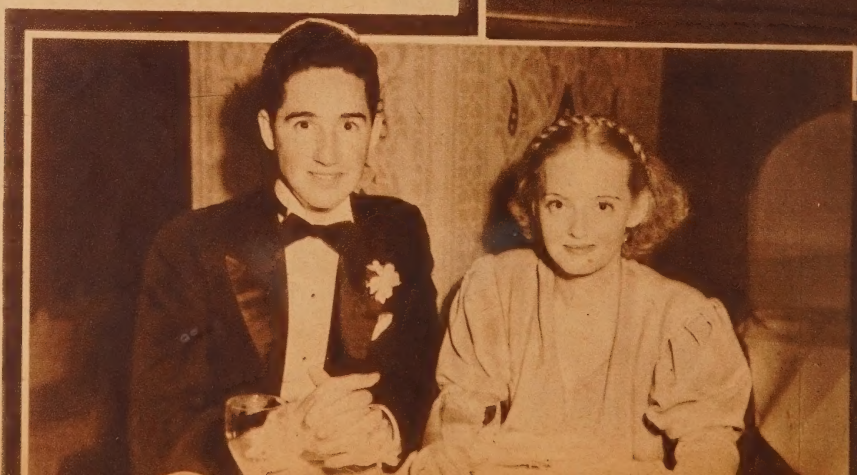
Richard Dix and Lois Wilson used to be sweethearts. What does this second appearance in public mean? With them, at the Guild Ball, are Phillip Reed, Marion Nixon and Edward Everett Horton!

Significant

Right, the most-discussed couple in Hollywood, Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young, as Mr. Fink caught them at the Guild Ball. It's their first appearance before the camera, off-screen

Adolphe and the photo boys have been tiffing lately so our own Hyman Fink was pretty proud of getting Mr. Menjou and his fiancée, Veree Teasdale, to pose

There's been a lot of speculating about blonde Bette Davis and her youthful husband. Are they getting along all right or what's what? They certainly LOOK happy!



Two important movie couples at the Guild Ball: Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea. Hyman Fink, who should know, will tell you it's hard to get Gary to smile for the cameral . .

SHOTS

It's not often that George Arliss is willing to watch the birdie . . . but this fine shot by Hyman Fink, caught at the Screen Actors' Guild Ball, has the qualities of a very fine portrait, does it not?

Behind-the-scene boys—David Selznick, M-G-M producer, and George Cukor, director. They look so much alike, they're always being mistaken for each other—this proves it

Good old Rudy Vallee, whose divorce suit has had so much front page space recently, is being besieged by Hollywood reporters wanting to know thisa and thata

Does it look like a merry quartette? Roscoe Karns, Jack Oakie, and husband Georgie Burns sing in perfect harmony while Gracie Allen is off on her own chanting, "I love the boys and the boys love me." There you go again, Gracie

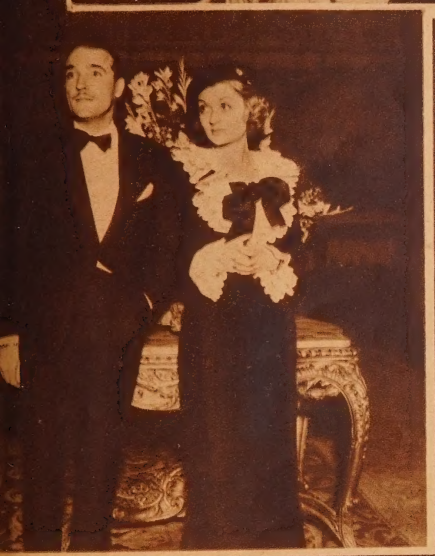
The name-linkers are busy again—this time with Carl Laemmle, Jr., and his stellar discovery: Margaret Sullavan. We understand there's another famous gent in the case but let's not get snoopy

How that camera wizard, Hyman Fink, gets around town! He caught this actual boulevard scene, left, in which Evalyn Knapp gets a ticket for speeding, and it's not merely a gag!

More Signifi

On the previous pages we showed scenes at the Guild Ball. Here, rehearsing for their "turns" are Messrs. Westcott, Montgomery, Morris, Cagney, Gleason and the Misses Astor and Harding

The gentleman with the mustachio is Joe von Stemberg. More name-linking here, folks—they do say that little Gail Patrick is Joe's latest discovery, cinematically and romantically. John Cabot Lodge and wife are with 'em



The Marquis and Connie as Henri sets out on one of his picture-making travels. The success of "Legong," in which La Bennett is financially interested, encouraged him to try another similar venture

Recognize 'em? Of course not! They're Diane and Charles Dario (in front) who double for Carole Lombard and George Raft in the dance sequences of "Bolero." The other is Charles Salerno

cant SHOTS

You don't mind our giving you another glimpse of Gary Cooper and that handsome bride of his, do you? La West joined Emanuel Cohen, Paramount executive, in welcoming Gary and Sandra back home! It was a swell party

What Jean Parker Taught MARY CARLISLE

A year ago, Mary Carlisle was a cuddly, babied, irresolute youngster who, she admits now, was too fat!

Jean Parker, more resolute had walked through the doors of opportunity clear-eyed and determined!

By SONIA LEE

MARY CARLISLE grew up overnight. With torrential suddenness she realized her own deficiencies and her own failures. Knew that she had defaulted on her opportunities.

She was thoroughly and completely disgusted with herself—with her passive attitudes and her infantile behavior.

And so began the startling change in her, evident today.

It was the coming to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio of the sensational little high school girl Jean Parker, which was responsible for Mary Carlisle's metamorphosis from a child who wanted to play all day long; from a buxom, irresponsible adolescent—into an alert, slender, consciously striving and serious actress—with adult ambitions and adult plans for realizing them.

Mary Carlisle had no bone to pick with life—only with herself. She had no envy in her heart towards Jean—only a grudge against her own quiescence.

She is no longer the cuddly, babied, irresolute youngster of a year ago. But a promising girl—a star in the making.

Mary and Jean are a study in contrast.

Jean—the Cinderella—dark and intense and serious—with the scars of her bitter childhood visible behind her curtained eyes.

And Mary, blonde and gay and carefree, whose days have been placid and uneventful, whose years have followed each other as even strung as waves on a happy sea! She, unlike Jean has had no turmoils, no hardships to complicate her serene outlook on life.

Mary, looking on Jean Parker, considering her sensational and sudden rise to screen prominence, compared herself with the newcomer—and found herself wanting.

She had been with MGM for three years. In all that time, her roles were comparatively unimportant. She had continued to be the pleasant child—the plump, dimpling, laughing darling who had come to them at sixteen. She had vague and tremulous ambitions, which remained unrealized because Mary considered life a joyous and never-ending parade.

In Jean, Mary saw a living example of sacrifice and ambition—and her own hopes were crystallized.

Without warning the cuddly, merry youngster disappeared. She ceased clowning around.

AND today she is stretching her stride to the measure of Jean's. Frankly, she refuses to be left behind. Call it a new zeal, call it sudden ardor—but don't call it envy!

Mary herself sums up the situation aptly.

"I've always been ambitious, but I never did anything about it," she declares. "Suddenly, there was Jean, getting some swell parts and doing them up brown. You know, she's a grand actress, don't you? I began to wonder what was the matter with me.

"I wasn't jealous of Jean. I've been asked repeatedly if I were—and I answered honestly that I was not. I was only disgusted with myself. Somehow I had managed to waste time and opportunity. When a good role came up, I was always kidded out of it. I went on my way being the 'hello, everybody' girl. Being the girl who popped into people's offices to clown around a while. Every one was always glad to see me. I made them laugh. And no one took me seriously.

"Life has been too easy for me. I am an only child. I have never lacked a single comfort. I've never had an uneasy, nor an uncomfortable moment in my life. I've had a private tutor, instead of going to high school. I've always had nice clothes; I've never had to worry or even consider where the money was coming from for my wants. I never had to be serious—and I really didn't know how to be.

"It took Jean to teach me."

No one took little Mary Carlisle seriously, including herself, until one day—she looked at Jean Parker and saw in her a rebuke to her own indolence!

The Jean whose face in a newspaper group photograph had intrigued studio executives. The Jean Parker who had worked and struggled for crumbs of education. The girl who had washed dishes, who had been a mother's helper—who has had to fight for every penny she spent, and for every mouthful she ate. Jean learned too soon how few illusions life held.

One day, as reward for winning a poster contest, she was riding on an Olympic Games float; she was photographed. Fame and fortune were behind that clicking camera. And they were smiling benignly on the little Jean whose feet had walked too early and too long, the rugged, the ruthless paths of her days.

And when this Jean, with her resolute purpose, found the doors of opportunity wide open, she walked in briskly, alertly, clear-eyed and determined.

Mary Carlisle saw in Jean not so much a rival, but a rebuke to her own indolence!

And she explains:

"Jean wasn't getting shoved into the background. She was being given every chance because she inspired confidence. I wanted chances too—but no one believed in me.

"I went to a very dear friend—an executive at the studio—and asked frankly what was the matter with me. And I was told — 'You're not serious. You're always playing around, and we're afraid to trust you with a responsible role. When you convince us that you're vitally interested in a career—and that you're willing to work — rather than play around — you'll get the roles.'

"I WENT home and did a lot of thinking. I must have grown up overnight. From then on I began to change—consciously and unconsciously.

"Naturally I was called 'high-hat' because I wasn't fluttering around any more. But I didn't mind. I felt that I could do something—that I could be a good actress—if I put my mind to it. *And nothing and no one could stop me.*

"I was too fat. So I began to diet. I adore food—pastries and candies and all the things which put pounds on a girl. But I stopped eating them. I had orange juice and bran and loads of vegetables—and all the non-fattening foods I could find. It wasn't a regular diet—it meant not eating anything I liked any more. I began to get thin—and look like a human being.

"I was sluggish mentally. I didn't know what it was to concentrate. So I began to study. Diction and voice and piano. I read plays; I watched great actresses work. I wasn't the fresh kid who had told a casting director when I first came to the studio, that I could do anything. I was very humble—and I tried to learn all I could.

"I went to a very dear friend, an executive," says Mary, "and he told me—'You're always playing around; we're afraid to trust you with a responsible role.'" But look at Mary now!

"I even stopped going out nights. Any girl wants to play around, but I realized that I couldn't be seen every night in a different place, with a different man, without having it reflect on me. In any event, I wasn't interested in play anymore.

"My job was to show the studio that I wanted to work—that a career interested me more than anything else in the world.

"I must keep on showing them. I am still dieting. I don't go out very much. I don't smoke and I don't drink. I've grown up. I know that in six or seven years I'll be awfully glad that Jean came along to wake me up.

"I've never been jealous of anyone. It's up to me to be so good that I don't need to be jealous.

"The present studio plans are to feature the two of us in High School! Before it goes into production I expect to be very thin. Certainly, I don't want to look

(*Continued on page* 68)

If you look like a movie star, you're all set for fame and fortune—maybe! Mrs. Leslie Fenton (Ann Dvorak to you) is a dead-ringer for Joan Crawford, as you can see at the right. Does it handicap or help Ann?

Katie Hepburn is really responsible for Adalyn Doyle's chance at success. Adalyn was Katharine's stand-in, they became friends, and through the Big Star's good auspices the Little Star got her opportunity to play in "Advice to the Lovelorn"

Here's the most striking resemblance of 'em all—Rosemary Ames and Marlene Dietrich. Unlike the other doubles, these two don't know each other. Rosemary is scheduled for "I Believed in You" and "Odd Thursday" at Fox!

CAN YOU TELL 'EM APART?

Wha'd'ya Mean—

by MARQUIS BUSBY

Boom! Goes Hollywood's Reputation for Hotcha Sophisticated Living! How's This for Small Town Stuff . . . ?

WHEN Lupe Velez chewed her escort's ear (only in a nice spirit of fun, of course) ninety-nine reporters broke all speed records getting to the typewriter. It was even news when Gloria Swanson picked up asparagus with her fingers, without bothering to remove shoulder length gloves—and no wonder! That's the sort of news folks like to read about Hollywood. Anyway it's the sort of stuff they *have* to read about Hollywood, unless they stop the subscriptions to the newspapers.

No one bothers with the fact that the Fredric Marches had their pals, the Ralph Bellamys, down to Laguna Beach for a quiet week-end. Or, that after seven years of wedded bliss Dick Arlen decided that he could afford to give Jobyna an engagement ring. Or, that when Una Merkel had a plateful of dessert left from dinner she wrapped it up and took it over to Madge Evans' house—not that Madge was going hungry, you understand, or that the journey did the dessert much good.

That's small town stuff, and the public doesn't care a whoop about it, says the city editor. John Public and his missus want to read about Lil Tashman's ermine chairs.

But during all these years, there has been a furtive underworld in Hollywood that has insisted on living a perfectly normal, small town existence in a town where privacy is supposedly found only in the dictionary. Stars have been going around having little dinner parties, playing anagrams, and planting petunias when they should have been out getting mentioned in breach of promise suits, or at least fighting at the Embassy Club.

Isn't it dreadful? Maybe Will Hays should do something about it instead of worrying over Mae West's dialogue.

The fact remains that many stars, in spite of having fame thrust upon them, insist on living just as if they had never seen a camera. It's like the Englishman and his tea. He drinks it if he's sitting on top of Popocatepetl or eating rice in Szechwan (whee!).

I hope, for instance, that Alison Skipworth will hang her head in shame when I reveal the harrowing news that she is building croquet grounds, and expects to while away the summer days by showing her friends some fancy batting.

THOSE people that live at Toluca Lake, too. If that isn't a suburban community I've never seen one. There are Dick and Jobyna Arlen, Bing and Dixie Crosby, Don Cook, Mary Brian, and Mary Astor. You almost have to drive them out of their houses to get them into Hollywood. The community life revolves about the nearby country club, and Dick and Bing play golf every time they can. At least until Dick gets mad at his clubs, or the ball, or the tee, or the caddy, or Bing.

Jobyna has been having a perfectly elegant time, looking after Richard Ralston Arlen and wearing slacks and gingham house dresses. Every once in a while she gets in her Ford and goes into Hollywood to the bank, just to see that it is still there. After last March she can't feel too sure. When an invitation comes along for a swank affair she sidesteps it. Once, not long ago, there was a shower for one of her friends. She had to go to that, but she didn't have an afternoon dress. She wasn't upset. She just wore a gingham house dress, and had as much fun as Joan Crawford in Paris' best.

And as for Jobyna's new engagement ring—Dick didn't feel that he could afford one when they were married. After that there was the house to be paid for. And then a swimming pool seemed more useful than an engagement ring.

It sounds pretty prosaic, too, that garden shower that one of Mary Brian's friends gave for her. Everyone brought a rose bush or a geranium or a grapefruit tree. Mary planted them in her new garden and expected a bower of fragrance come springtide. Those torrential January rains washed them all away. Some folks said it was a press agent's curse for going in for such rural delights.

Mary also revealed the fact that

Pity the poor press-agent when the movie boys and girls settle down to normalcy. Maybe Will Hays should do something about it!

BIG TOWN!

she was pretty handy with a paint brush, when it came to decorating her house. The turpentine she had to use to get the paint off her fingers invariably drowned out her expensive perfume when she went out in the evening, however.

Just the other night Russ Columbo, his heart bursting with romance and new croon tunes, dropped out to Mary's and serenaded her. Pretty old fashioned business, you say? Perhaps in Beverly Hills the neighbors would have called the police if a swain didn't bring along Rudy Vallee and his band, but it went over big in Toluca. The neighbors all

Scandal! Scandal! Joan Bennett did her own spring cleaning! Ssssh — listen, my dear, she had a towel around her head, can you imagine?

petitioned Mary to be nice to Russ, so he would come back again. Even Bing Crosby liked it, and when one crooner likes another, it's praise from Caesar.

Before we leave suburban Toluca (fifteen minutes over good roads from Hollywood) we'll have to tell you that Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby are planning on going in the real estate business out there. They're going to buy acreage and subdivide it into lots. Before you know it they'll be calling Dick and Bing "substantial citizens" and they'll be speaking at Kiwanis meetings.

There are girl chums in Hollywood, of course, but usually the two girls trust each other just about as far as they could throw Charles Laughton. It's an armed neutrality instead of a friendship and heaven help the hindmost if they're ever in front of a camera at the same time. A friend is a friend but a good cigar is a smoke. Maybe that isn't exactly the right quotation but you get the idea.

Una Merkel and Madge Evans actually became friends when they worked in the same picture and were still speaking when the picture was over. Theirs is the sort of friendship you often encounter in small towns but less seldom in cities. Least often of all in Hollywood. They even continued liking each other when Madge's dog took an instant dislike to Una and proved it by biting out a chunk of epidermis. Dogs are taken seriously in Hollywood, although the vogue is on the wane. Babies became fashionable last year which shows just how old-fashioned the town is getting.

Tsk tsk—there's no telling how far the movie folks will go—when it's possible for Alison Skipworth to build her own croquet grounds. What are we coming to?

Una's husband marvels how two girls, after working together all day at the studio, can find things to talk about for an hour at a time over the telephone at night. Or how they can go shopping together for an entire day and come home with nothing but a headache. Why, they even go to each other's previews.

PROBABLY no young man in pictures ever had a greater opportunity to climb on the social merry-go-round than Joel McCrea. He's the type of boy that everyone likes instinctively and unless I was misinformed there were several women who could have been quite interested if given half a chance. But Joel insisted on living the same sort of life he would have led if he had gone in the brokerage business. After beauing around some of the most glamorous of the Hollywood beauties, he married the quiet Frances Dee. They're living up on Joel's ranch, and Joel always said that the girl he married would have to like that sort of life.

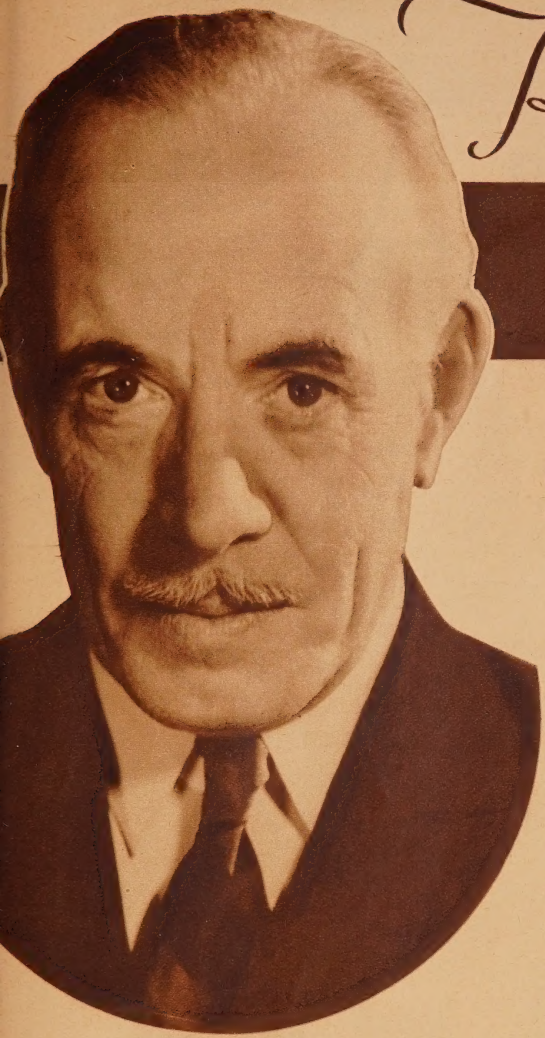
His house in Hollywood, where he lived with his mother and father, was never the scene of big parties. In fact he told me that only three stars had ever called on him there. Once, when he was ill, Constance Bennett called, and George O'Brien and Ricardo Cortez had dropped by on one or two occasions.

You could shed bitter tears over the quiet lives led by Robert Young and Buster Crabbe. They are such small town lads that it isn't easy to get publicity for them. Both of them married their schoolday sweethearts, and both have devoted their off-screen moments to keeping the home fires burning. Robert's friends are still the boys and girls he went to school with and Buster's chums have known him since he was at the University of Southern California.

When George Raft hits all the (*Continued on page* 68)

CLARK GABLE
CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

What a grand romantic team they make! Columbia borrowed Claudette Colbert from Paramount and Clark Gable from M-G-M to make their picture of life on a cross-country bus: "It Happened One Night." Why spoil the illusion by speaking of a wife and a husband? Let's just think of Claudette as a lovely, human woman and of Clark as a restrained but appropriately importunate and masterful romancer!



Romantic at Fifty

You must know Lewis Stone's past, his way of life, the real truth about his character to fully understand the secret of his amazing appeal

by MURIEL BABCOCK

PAST the half-century mark and yet one of the most romantic figures of the screen today!

That's Lewis Stone who has played in more Garbo films than any other man in Hollywood. Young leading men come and go in the Garbo set-ups but Lew Stone shines again and again.

This man of the iron gray hair, the direct hazel eyes half hidden under strong bushy eyebrows, those suave cavalier manners, the erect carriage and unfailing gentleness and courtesy—how does this man manage to retain his amazing appeal?

You have to know him thoroughly to discern why age cannot detract from the romantic aura that surrounds him.

You have to look carefully into his past, his way of life, his personality to understand his secret.

First, you must know that Lewis Stone, so adored by women, is a man's man—he hunts, rides, shoots, believes in military discipline, and holds a commission in the Army Reserve corps.

Next, he has that Continental knack of making every woman think she is the most attractive person in the world, of being solicitous and tender about her welfare.

(When I saw him recently I was all red nose, sniffles and coughs. I was coming down with the flu. He was very charming—he worried more about what I should do about my cold than the subject at hand which was *why* he was apparently such a romantic figure!)

If you ask Lew, he says he isn't a bit romantic but just a fellow who plays parts.

"I like anything I can get my teeth into in the way of a part," he said. "Then, I give it the best I can. When the job is done, I go home. My roles are just so many jobs. But I learned early in life to give every one of them my best. I do."

There's a tradition in Hollywood that while famous and revered figure after figure from the theater, blonde cutie after blonde cutie may blow up in their lines, Lew Stone never will. He is imperturbable.

In "Queen Christina," Stone's latest picture with Garbo, the unbelievable happened. He forgot a speech. Pandemonium broke loose on the set. Everybody cheered and yelled, from director to prop boy. Even Garbo joined in the hullaballo. Lew looked surprised, but not a bit flustered, made a perfect take the second time.

They worship Lew Stone on the M-G-M lot. While he is very reserved, he is forever doing unexpected and kindly things. Freddie Fralich, his manager and friend tells me, that Stone gives away a great deal of money in the form of "loans."

But they don't know him very well on the lot or in Hollywood. Polite, thoughtful, he is not the type of man people slap on the back nor that young squirts dare to call by his first name. He doesn't even—despite their many pictures together—have a bowing acquaintance with Garbo.

"Why?" he said, in answer to my question, "Miss Garbo likes to be alone. I see no reason why I should intrude upon her privacy. I respect it."

Imagine! Young leading men who have been chosen for Garbo films have googled and gargled and gurgled and simply gone to pieces at the mere thought of working in the same picture with her. Lew Stone is almost invariably cast with the Swedish siren and doesn't even speak to her when he meets her off the set. (*Continued on page* 80)

The
WONDER
of
"WONDER BAR"

Back again in this glamorous picture of cabaret life, Al Jolson is going to wow us with his rendition of a magnificent negro spiritual. Yes, he'll be in black-face in several scenes. What a cast! The dancing couple over there is Dolores del Rio and Ricardo Cortez. Dick Powell, Al Jolson and Robert Barrat join them in the lower picture. On this page, we have Kay Francis at her slinkiest while Dick Powell and Al Jolson each shows us one of his scenes with the heroine, Dolores

A Gentleman of the OLD SCHOOL

That description really fits that very modern young screen lover, Gene Raymond

by JACK JAMISON

IN the day of your grandfather and my grandfather, the motto of a true gentleman was a Latin phrase: *"Nec Multo, Nec Parvo."* It meant, to them, "Neither too much nor too little. Don't go to extremes. Keep the middle course. Balance! Moderation in all things!"

They were splendid chaps, those grand-dads of ours, with their fine dignity and their beautiful manners, their courage and their exquisite yet full enjoyment of life. They were taught their code from boyhood. They picked it up at their exclusive prep schools, at their universities. "Drink like a gentleman, but never too much. Dress expensively but never showily. Make money, but not too much, and *never* talk of it." Neither too much nor too little, in anything. *Nec Multo, Nec Parvo.*

Every time I see Gene Raymond—and I've just spent the afternoon with him, while Lilian Harvey and he put the finishing touches to "I Am Suzanne"—I'm reconvinced that the key to him lies in that old Latin motto. Where Gene got hold of it, and whether consciously or unconsciously, I don't know. From his father, perhaps, although Mr. Raymond died when he was quite young. From his mother, possibly, who comes from a family in the old tradition. (She and Gene are very close.) Or he may even have picked it up from schoolmates whose fathers and grandfathers had been actors in the grand days, at the professional school he went to as a child in New York. Wherever he got it, it is the thing which best explains him, that I know.

And he takes rather a bit of explaining, Gene! He's the only picture player who makes his home in the heart of Los Angeles' most conservative residential district. He's the only one who regards his word of honor as far more binding than any written contract, and works for Jesse Lasky under what both of them refer to as "a gentleman's agreement." (It rather fits in with my theory, doesn't it—that use of the word "gentleman"?) He's the only actor I know who swears he'll kick his success out the window if it ever interferes with his comfort. Finally, he has the courtly, gracious manners of an older generation. . . . In a studio restaurant, once, I was with him when a mousey little woman came up to him to ask for a job as his social secretary. "I'm awfully, awfully sorry, but I've foisted that job off on my mother's secretary, for the moment. Of course I shall be delighted to call you if I make a change," he told her—and, as she turned away, he gave her the same formal bow he would give to Greta Garbo.

Before he lived where he lives now, at the Town House on Los Angeles' conservative Wilshire Boulevard, Gene tried a couple of swank Hollywood and Beverly apartments, as well as leasing for a few months an enormous house at Hillside and LaBrea, owned by a multi-millionaire producer. "I didn't feel comfortable in those places," he says. "It's the service I'm getting now that makes the difference. Where I am now, I can phone from the studio and tell them what time I'll be home for dinner, and when I get there the dinner's ready for me. Then too, living in Los Angeles I get the feeling of being surrounded by a big city rather than by a small town. On top of that, this place gives me a sense of freedom."

Hollywood, a small town! But the swanky Hollywood and Beverly apartments certainly offer everything you could want in the way of service. And Hollywood is at least as citified as that part of Wilshire on which the Town House stands—surrounded by old mansions left over from the quiet 1900's, and looking down on a peaceful little park. And, all told, you probably get as much freedom living in Hollywood as you do anywhere else in the world, with the exception of New York or Paris. . . . No, I think Gene's real reason for his choice of a home—although he may not know it himself—is his desire always to be betwixt-and-between. Living where he does, he is in *neither* Hollywood nor Los Angeles. He hangs, balanced as it were, between them. It's that balance, that sense of suspension, that gives him his feeling of freedom. One night, turning the nose of his expensive but far-from-showy coupé westward, he can go to the Hollywood-iest of Hollywood parties. The next, by driving in another direction, he can end up at a sober evening of bridge or music in one of the old Los Angeles homes on West Adams Street or Lafayette Place. And he gets asked to those homes, does Gene! That in itself should tell you a lot about him.

GENE'S turning his back on Hollywood, I firmly believe, is an outward reflection of his inner refusal to let his soul dwell there. His objection to "going Hollywood" is different from any I have ever come across. "It can do two things to you, Hollywood can," he holds, thoughtfully. "Either it gets you into the picture rut and teaches you to like it—which makes you smug. Or it gets you into the rut and makes you perfectly miserable—which I don't want to be, any more than I want to be smug. It all depends upon what sort of human being you are, of course. Personally I happen to be one whose individuality means so much to him that he doesn't intend to lose it if he can help it. If I get to the point where, like so many other actors, I think nothing but pictures, pictures, pictures, twenty-four hours a day—if I lose my (*Continued on page* 84)

He has become one of the screen's leading young men in less than two years. He is very handsome, very blue-eyed and too definitely blond for his own peace of mind. The list of his telephone numbers is the envy of all the bachelors of Hollywood. He is Gene Raymond and you'll like him after reading the story on the opposite page

Movietown's FASHION

LONG before you had thought of laying off the Winter's woolens, Hollywood designers were frantic with the rush of Spring and Summer style ideas which will delight the fashion-conscious fan more than any they have witnessed for many a smart season! Let us present . . . 1934!

ADRIAN'S SECRET ART

ADRIAN OF METRO is more mysterious than the Parisian salons about *his* interpretations of the new silhouette. Over there, in Europe, they now require a special stamp on your passport before admitting you to the showrooms where their fashions are displayed. In Hollywood, where Adrian reigns supreme, not even *that* would get you a glimpse of the costumes Norma Shearer is wearing in "Lady Mary's Lover," her newest picture. She says, "Adrian has outdone himself!" Hollywood says, "How much longer must we stand this suspense?" Adrian, himself, says, "I believe in this pre-war revival and as soon as 'Lady Mary's Lover' is ready for release you'll see what I mean."

MOVIE MIRROR DIVULGES

BUT in spite of all this secrecy and suspense, MOVIE MIRROR has a little bit of advance, exclusive information about *one* of Norma's most important gowns in the picture. We'll never tell just how this news was acquired, but we vouch for its authenticity. She wears a cocktail dress which is a significant phase of repeal's influence on style. It is a shirtwaist and skirt arrangement with a black skirt of ankle length, *quite tight* and *split* so nearly to the knee that every time she steps that knee is visible. The

If you're staying out all day this really grand Peggy Shannon two-piece frock is guaranteed to meet all emergencies. Hers is blue—tucked at the waist to subtly achieve the top-heavy effect so popular these days. Fluted ruffles and pearl buttons relieve its utter simplicity.

Margaret Sullavan, in her refreshing white organdie (the scallops and moire sash are cherry red) looks quite ready for the semi-formal dansante, while Carole Lombard's statuesque beauty carries off to perfection this formal military evening cape of summer velvet

skirt is *not draped* but follows the *directoire* line. The blouse is white satin with long sleeves and a *little peplum.* The high neck is *buttoned down the back* with white satin buttons and in the front only there is a *roll-collar.* Can you imagine anything more effective?

With this gown Miss Shearer wears a hat shaped like the *"overseas" cap.* It is very severe and the fabric is black *"Summer"* velvet trimmed with grosgrain ribbon. It rests definitely over one eye and is ravishing on that new coiffure of Norma's which you will see in her latest picture, "Lady Mary's Lover."

(The reason I described that costume so completely is because it's *absolutely impossible* to get a picture of any of this important Shearer wardrobe. So try to visualize this stunning new silhouette from these very extra-special style notes.)

A HALO FOR A YOUNG HOLLYWOODER

HAVE you heard about the return of little taffeta hats this Spring? Elizabeth Young has one, shaped like a halo, which she wears at dinner-time and refuses to remove. Very becoming it is too!

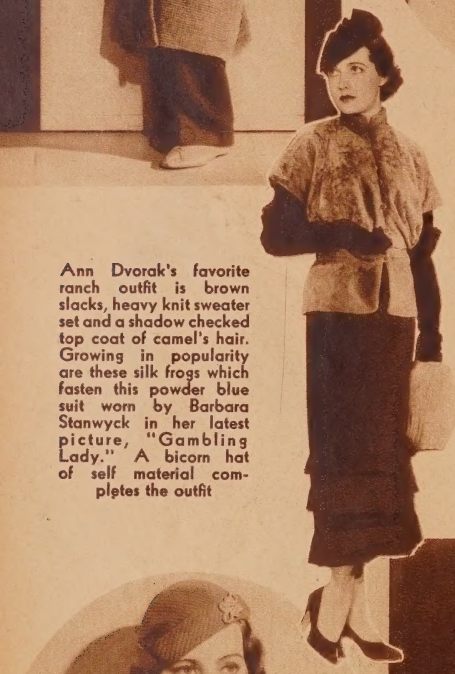
FASHION HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

TRAVIS BANTON, Paramount's expert designer, has seen one of his fondest dreams come true this season. Banton loves the 1913 and 1914 period more than any other in fashion history and when he designed Carole Lombard's clothes for "Bolero" he revelled in the wealth of "contemporaneous fashions" that period offered. The result is that Carole's newest personal wardrobe is an inspiration

Pre-war fashions with modern effects! Travis Banton created them for Carole Lombard. The hostess or dinner gown of yellow crepe has the once-famous panels, but it's backless! And this striking black evening dress, with its flounces and godets is made new with the high neckline —and the Lombard coiffure!

In pale green satin, Adrienne Ames illustrates one of fashion's newest notes—shirring! And the unique collar treatment of dark green velvet ribbon is ver' ver' smart this season

Ann Dvorak's favorite ranch outfit is brown slacks, heavy knit sweater set and a shadow checked top coat of camel's hair. Growing in popularity are these silk frogs which fasten this powder blue suit worn by Barbara Stanwyck in her latest picture, "Gambling Lady." A bicorn hat of self material completes the outfit



We picked this swell Bette Davis dress (above) because of the entirely new treatment of lace. No longer is it only relegated to collars. Mona Barrie's creation in shades of gray reveals you can have two necks in one. The dress, when the jacket is removed, has a V neckline. For a tailored ensemble, we salute this Bebe Daniels suit with fitted line and "faked" pockets

from the gowns she wears in the picture and the news has spread throughout all fashion circles that Banton has brought 1914 into 1934.

One of Carole's new gowns is of black *mousseline de soie* with the transparent top which was so popular in that period. The sleeves are identically the sleeves which were worn then, with their draped fullness starting nearly at the waistline and a soft flounce of the fabric around the elbow and wrist. The skirt has *godets* of *mousseline* and the satin slip with its *"camisole"* top is very low in back where the chiffon carries out the high line of the front.

Another of Carole's spring costumes is a dinner or hostess gown of yellow flamisole crepe. The important revival note in this gown is the *panel effect* which forms a train in back and the draped line in the front of the skirt. Her wide, soft belt is also very new to this age and Banton has enlivened the gown by just one modern touch *. . . no back at all!* That touch combines the old with the new and Carole's graceful figure does the rest.

The military influence of "those days gone by" is expressed in the formal evening cape Travis Banton has created for Carole to wear over her new frocks. This summer, in contrast to last, these simple capes with straight lines will replace the bouffant-sleeved evening wrap completely. Carole's is of flat fur, but in many cases "Summer" velvet will be used instead of fur. There will be a return of linings which match the gown and the three-quarter length cape is definitely *in*.

Can you see the effect these revived lines have on a truly modern girl by the coiffure Carole has adopted for them? What a contrast to the sleek, long-bobbed hairdress la Lombard so recently wore!

HEARTY HATS!

WAIT until you see "Scandals" . . . the show girls have one costume of red satin daringly designed, with which they wear heart-shaped satin hats with a hole *right on top*. Through this hole a bunch of real curls is pulled to trim these trick little chapeaux!

STRIKING AMES

ADRIENNE AMES still has more clothes than almost any other movie bride. One of her most striking gowns is a new evening ensemble of pale green satin. The very first thing you notice is its shirred hemline which is so important at the moment. Another newness about it is the wide shoulder strap which we haven't seen for years. The jacket has a long, shirred sleeve with a tight cuff and moss green velvet ribbon is looped to form a sort of collar which is much smarter than fur treatment on the 1934 Spring Fashion calendar.

RUFFLED ROMANCE IN FROCKS

YOUNGER girls will rejoice that "afternoon frocks" are back for this Summer's gala days. No more sports (*Continued on page* 85)

NEW HOLLYWOOD PATTERNS AND THEIR STARS

547—A little striped silk or cotton shirtwaist dress, with all the fresh young charm of Claudette. For sizes 32 to 46. Price, 15 cents

669—Kay is always dashingly dressed—this gay, printed frock will give you that same feeling. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Price, 15 cents

Each Hollywood Design is inspired by stars—a combination of glamour and economy

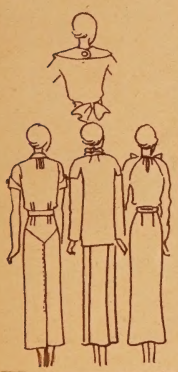
Claudette Colbert

Kay Francis

Dorothy Jordan

640—This bib front, a shaped collar with jabot, collar for a V neck, and scarf—all in one pattern. In small, medium, and large. Price, 15 cents

657—A soft, ruffled frock and acket . . . an ensemble as eminine and gracious as young Dorothy Jordan, herself. For sizes 14 to 42. Price, 15 cents



669

547

640

657

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Laughing Boy

"We must have money," said Slim Girl. "Money is surer than sheep. If drought comes, sheep die, and we be poor. We must never be poor."

"YOU have a pony and saddle bags here?" he asked her.

"Yes!" Slim Girl's answer was eager.

"Then wait for me on the hill behind the horse lines. We are leaving this place."

He turned from her and paced rapidly up the hill. From the crest of it, he could see the flaring glow of the many big fires and hear the voices of the people clearly against the padding thump-thump of the drums.

The big "Entah," the Navajo sing-dance held every year, was in full swing. Crowds of Indian families enjoyed it as their tribe have done for centuries. The horse races, the bartering, the games, the ritual dance of the youths and maidens, nothing was changed, or so it seemed. The old people knew better. With the coming of the white man, everything had changed and the elders of the tribe grieved for the lost heritage of the Navajo.

But this was the boy's first Entah and for him it had been a day of pure delight. He had won a horse race and bested an older, bigger man in a fair test of skill and strength, and now . . . he laughed to himself, the low happy chuckle that had earned him his name of Laughing Boy. Furthermore, most wonderful of all, he had found himself a woman. Man-like, he ignored the fact that she had

THE CAST

Laughing Boy ..... RAMON NOVARRO
Slim Girl ..... LUPE VELEZ
George Hartshorne ..... William Davidson
Laughing Boy's Father ..... Chief Thunderbird
Laughing Boy's Mother ..... Catalina Rambula
Wounded Face ..... Harlan Knight
Yellow Singer ..... F. A. Armenta
Jesting Squaw's Son ..... Julius Bogua
Red Man ..... Preston Scott

ought him out and deliberately aroused his interest. He wanted her now anyway. Beautiful she was, and full of spirit.

Some of her ways were strange, but he knew she came from the white man's school at Las Palomas. In time, she would teach him the best of what she knew and he would show her the Navajo, the beautiful old Navajo way. He would teach her to "walk in beauty," for it was a long time since she had lived with her

SHE WAS IN THE ARMS OF A DRUNKEN WHITE MAN

The white man's world brought heartbreak to these ill-starred lovers, the slim girl's pitiful urge to "walk in beauty" barring their path to happiness

From the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer production of Oliver La Farge's brilliant novel, "Laughing Boy"

Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

own people and she had forgotten much about them. Yet she had been willing to come with him. He laughed again!

BUT first he must find his uncle, Wounded Face, that it might all be accomplished in fitting, traditional manner.

Laughing Boy shoved his way through the noisy, strident crowds to where his uncle sat, wrapped in his blanket.

AT HIS SUDDEN ENTRANCE THEY LOOKED UP, STARTLED

"Say you are glad!" said Slim Girl. "I gotta admit it, you little devil," George Hartshorne cried, as she drew his face down for a kiss

"My uncle," he said. "I have been thinking about a wife."

Wounded Face looked at him gravely. "That is good. The earth should sow its seed. Young men should marry."

Laughing Boy nodded. "You are my nearest relative here. I must ask your permission."

"That is good. That is Navajo."

Laughing Boy knew his uncle was pleased so he went on bravely, but not so sure of his answer this time. "You know this Slim Girl?"

His uncle said sharply: "The one they stopped from her unseemly dancing?"

"That is nothing. We like each other. We want to marry."

Wounded Face went on as if he had not heard: "Her people are dead. She is not one of us anymore. She lives down by the railroad in Las Palomas. She does bad things for white men."

His nephew broke in: "That is woman gossip. I do not believe it. They talk because she is more beautiful. She is good. She is for me. We shall marry. You say she is bad. I say she is different. To be different is not a bad thing. It is true she knows the white man's ways, but why is that always bad?"

Wounded Face waited and then spoke as one who makes up his mind to an unpleasant duty: "To have her, you need not marry her. For two bits, she will do the worst thing."

Laughing Boy bounced to his feet.

"You have let a toad jump out of your mouth! I hope it follows you around always. It does not matter for I shall marry her anyway."

The rage in his heart could not stay, for his heart was filled with Slim Girl, and when he rejoined here, he said: "This place is unclean. It is too small for us. We will ride the three days to my people."

THEY set off together, their horses' feet the only sound in the wide country, white under the moon. Laughing Boy began to sing. Very beautiful was his song and very handsome was Laughing Boy as he sat on his horse with the inborn grace of the Indian.

He might have been the personification of some tribal god. To Slim Girl, who was called Lily by the rough men in Las Palomas, he was no god, but a very attractive man—and she wanted him. When he had finished the song, she glanced at him sidewise from under her long lashes and said:

"I never heard that song before. Is it about a girl?"

"It is about you. No one has ever sung it before. It just happened . . . as songs happen when I talk to the gods."

A shadow touched her face. "I have no gods now," she said. "The Navajo gods, the white man's God, they do not mix for me." She sighed and for a short moment was sad.

Presently they found a stream, with a pleasant bank to camp on. Laughing Boy brought wood for a fire and prepared a simple supper. When they had eaten, he said:

"I will show you much in the North Country. In three days we will be there and my mother and father shall greet you in their hogahn. We shall find a singer quickly to make prayers over us and in four days after that, we will be married."

Slim Girl sat up from her soft place beside the fire:

"A singer, prayers for us . . . you speak about marriage?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten. That is the Navajo way of marriage. It is very beautiful, I think."

He did not see her staring at him while he spread their blankets for the night, hers beside the fire, his by the horses up the hill. But he heard her say: "Three days, then four days . . . and *nights!* It is a long time to wait."

There was a throb in her voice and for a moment his own blood pounded an answer. Then he took his blanket and moved away. When she spoke again, her voice was only solicitous:

"You will be so far from the fire. Here is something to warm you."

He took what she offered.

"This is whiskey, I think."

"Moonshine."

"From the moon?" he asked incredulously.

She laughed and her voice was warm again: "A man must find out about these things."

This stung him into drinking it all. "That is true," he said, and asked for more. She had sweetened it with candy and the rawness of the liquor was dulled.

Slim Girl watched him covertly. When he said. "I want to sing," she nodded and refilled his cup.

"Let us sing beautiful songs together." Laughing Boy said, and began to sing the new love song. She bent over him and kissed him, long, passionately.

"Is not that better than whiskey?"

His eyes were wide as hers, but his were ignorant.

All the tribe came and, because they were fond of Laughing Boy, tried to make the wedding a merry one in spite of the bad omens. Slim Girl hesitated in the marriage ritual, not remembering exactly how it went

They did not enjoy "Pony Boy" played on the gramophone. "It is like the fighting of crows, that chant," said his father

"What . . . is it?"

"That is the white man's way, when people love. It is called kiss. Now you kiss me."

She was close to him. He felt the eager warmth of her body, and her breath coming short. He crushed her to him, drunk twice over.

LAUGHING BOY woke first, with the bleak wind that runs before sunrise. The fire had gone out and he seemed to taste evil ashes in his mouth. His very soul was sick, and the words of old Wounded Face echoed in his ears: "She is bad, I tell you. For two bits, she will do the worst thing."

Very carefully, not to wake her who slept on, he saddled his horse. Just before he rode off, he tossed a quarter, two bits, down onto her blanket.

Laughing Boy rode away from Slim Girl, back to the hogahns of his tribe, to take up life as if Slim Girl and that black night on the hillside had never been. He hunted with the other men, played with his brothers and sisters and tried to make more beautiful things of silver and raw turquoise.

He tried to sing too, beautiful new songs, but there were no songs in his heart, the heart that would give him no rest in its calling for Slim Girl. He dreamed of going to her, but how could he? He dreamed of her coming to him and shook himself awake with a bitter laugh. For days he was but half himself and his mother watched him silently, grieving.

And one day, she came. Slim Girl came, in her Navajo dress and her hair in long braids, with nothing of the white man's schooling about her. Laughing Boy had perched on the very edge of the mesa, where he could look into space over the desert and watch the big birds wheeling below him. Here he tried to reason with himself and forget Slim Girl, but she was never forgotten, and it seemed like a dream when he heard her voice:

"I had to come. If you send me away now, I shall die. To have seen you again is good. Shall I go now? You were right to run away from me. I was bad. I did not want to care. I was glad to be bad. It was my way. You have made me want to be good. Have I been so bad I can never be good?"

With his arm around her, Laughing Boy pointed to the sky, where a silver shaving of a moon glistened in the early evening blue.

"Look!" he cried exultantly. "A new moon . . . our badness died with the old moon. Come, we go to my people now. We will be married. My mother will take you as a daughter, because I say you are good."

THE Singer sang for them and four days later they were married in the hogahn of Laughing Boy's father. All the tribe came and, because they were fond of Laughing Boy, tried to make the wedding a merry one in spite of the bad omens. A thunder storm came up, and Slim Girl hesitated in the marriage ritual, not remembering exactly how it went.

Laughing Boy was as happy as he had dreamed of being, which was a miracle he could scarcely believe. He accounted it no miracle at all that Slim Girl had come to him. Did he not love her, and she him?

Yet, had he known, this was the unbelievable thing. She had given up the comforts of the white man, beds to sleep on, food bought ready at the store, movies and the excitement of the town. She had turned against the money that came so easily to her from the men, especially the money of George Hartshorne, the big rancher, who promised her fabulous things when he became an even bigger rancher.

Slim Girl renounced all these to be the wife of Laughing Boy and that meant being a true Navajo wife. The other women of the tribe realized vaguely that she was making a struggle to do her best. She gathered the soap weeds and drew water and much beside. She did her best but Laughing Boy's aunt said to him: "Always she takes care not to be there when there is a sheep to be killed.

"Where is the sheep? I will kill it," he replied.

"That is woman's work. Slim Girl had been married three moons. It is time she learned these things. I have told her so."

"Does she stay away when there are skins to beat, water to fetch, corn to plant?" Laughing Boy asked defiantly.

His aunt admitted this, but she added: "My boy, you have married a woman who can never weave a blanket, and a hogahn without the sound of weaving will always be empty."

"You are wrong," Laughing Boy said swiftly. "She can do anything, that girl." And he ran off to find his wife.

She showed him the crooked, ill-woven results of her attempt to make a blanket. She had tried—so hard. Laughing Boy put it straight with sure, skilled hands.

"See," he said, "all it needed was a strong hand to pull it together. Now it is beautiful."

"It is like my life," Slim Girl responded.

Laughing Boy stroked the surface of the fabric. "Then it is a good life. It is a good blanket. Did you make that design? I have never seen it before. It is like yourself. It breaks rules but it is beautiful."

"The design was hidden, but you (*Continued on page 72*)

Here's this American girl (which you can tell, if you're listenin' by the American brogue to her verce) who's in some sorta trouble with a Paris taxi driver. So she appeals to this here Warner Baxter for help

I TELL ya, this is a marvelous idear for a talkie. It's terrific, what I mean. The most marvelous part about this here idear is human nature. I got the theory that so long as an idear has somethin' to do with human nature—boom!—you got a holt of somethin', somethin' big, somethin' epic, somethin' terrific.

I guarantee this idear, backed up by my experience in the moom pitcha industry for fifteen years producin' box-office attractions, I guarantee that this here idear executed along the lines I got in mind, will prove a sensation, a box-office, A-number-1 hit and will give us back them good old lines of the old days where they had to wait before they could even smell them theayters, that's how much confidence I got in this here idear.

Now I want you to think of this here a minute. Just imagine Warner Baxter, see—he's sophisticated, a man of the world, a guy that's knocked around plenty, believe me,—and wearin' a tuxedo, y'know, smart—well, think of him in Paris, France, walkin' along the park. Boy, think of just that alone—Warner Baxter in a nice lookin' tux, a high liver and rarin' to go, and he's in Paris. That right away definitizes the man for you. So all right. So he's walkin' along swingin' his cane and whistlin' maybe an Apache song to identify the locale, when all of a sudden—boom!—a dame bunks into him.

She's in a jam, see—and she's an American girl which you can tell by the American brogue to her verce. She don't know what to do on account the taxi driver is chasin' her—you know, Paris—and she don't know the language. The hell with it—we can find some reason for the jam later. The point is, she's in some sorta trouble and appeals to this here Warner Baxter for help. He looks her over and boy, right away, he goes off his nut. He's got enough brain matter to know she's different, see, but at the same time she got him worked up somethin' terrible.

Y'see, this here Warner Baxter, livin' in Paris and that kinda thing, he's a bachelor—y'know, he ain't married. I mean, he's sipped from the wine of life from lotsa cups, but never the right girl

Dear, Dear Reader:

The author of this unusual article is named Arthur Kober, a scenario writer. He wasn't always a scenario writer. He was born sane, and quiet, and normal, just like you and me. Or are we?

Well, out in Hollywood, it's reported that some scenario writers, after talking for the thousandth-or-so time to an independent producer, get "punch-drunk," just like prize-fighters who've taken too many beatings. There's a rumor about a huge institution, hidden in the Hollywood hills, that's just filled with scenario writers who talked too often to quickie producers!

Because we know Mr. Kober quite well, we asked him, in a nice sort of way, to tell you readers of MOVIE MIRROR just why scenario writers go mad.

"Just like that I could tell you!" said Mr. Kober. "Imagine, for instance, that you're a struggling scenario writer with a really fine idea for a moving picture. So you go to a certain independent producer, to sell him the idea. And you get by his secretary, and step into his office, and are about to start to tell him your big story-idea. And just then, before you get a word out, he starts talking. And he says——"

"But Arthur," we interrupted; "don't tell us. Write it!"

So he did. And this is what he wrote.

Yours, sympathetically,

Ruth Waterbury

THE EDITOR.

. . . and THAT'S How Talkies Are Born

by ARTHUR KOBER

Ah, these gay, mad, glamorous scenario writers! Why do they go mad? Well, get a load of this "perfect scenario" as a quickie producer sees it!

to sweep him off his feet so he should be a settled fella. And along comes this here knockout, this hunard per cent beauty. And who should it be but the femme lead, Elissa Landi. I mean, not the cold Elissa Landi, the way she's been appearin' in some pitchas, but a hot baby, fulla warmth and plenty of *mnyeh*, believe me.

Right away Warner Baxter, he goes on the make. He says to her, "Sure, I'll help you out. What is it you want, money?" I'm not writin' the dialogue, see. What I mean, he thinks she's after money and she thinks he's tryin' to see if she got a price. I mean, right away you got conflict. Right away you're off to a swell start. Misunderstandin', see, and that's human nature on account with human nature most of us jump to misunderstandin' things and we complicate matters and that's why we get into jams or otherwise our lives wouldn't be worth the paper it's written on.

Well, anyways, I got a sequence in mind where Baxter takes this here Elissa Landi home. And who should be the maid but Zasu Pitts! Y'see, you got to think of your comedy values and about your tempo for laughs. Ha? Sure, Baxter, instead of havin' a butler, he's got a maid. Well, on account he's Oriental and livin' in Paris. What the hell, when you live in Paris anythin' goes and besides we can throw in a speech about how Baxter promised Pitts' old lady before she died that he would take care of the kid.

And who should be the maid but Zasu Pitts! (You got to think of your comedy values.)

So Landi is stayin' at Baxter's house and he thinks, well, here at last is the kind of girl I've been waitin' for. Now he's tryin' a very peculiar experiment. All his life he's got in back of his mind the idear of settlin' down, havin' a house, a flock of kids and a wife. And now comes the big situation. He wants to go on the make for Elissa, an experiment-like. If she gives in then she ain't the kind of a girl for him to break his bachelorhood. If she don't give in, then she don't like him and why should he wanna marry her then? Get it?

—When all of a sudden who should bust into the place but Adolphe Menjou! He takes one look around and shouts "Elissa!"

THE audience is wonderin' all the time, will she give in, won't she give in when Warner Baxter settles down to work on her. He's got her in his den and is givin' her the needles—you know, the whole business—when all of a sudden who should bust into the place but Adolphe Menjou, his old college chum from America. Menjou takes one look around the joint and shouts, "Elissa!" Y'see, he's engaged to Elissa and for the last few weeks he's been searchin' Paris high and low for his girl only to discover her in the home of his friend and his friend has got his coat off. Naturally, he suspects the worst. I mean, after all Warner Baxter is supposed to be French and sophisticated and worldly-wise, not an ordinary hog-carrier, so Adolphe puts two and two together and gets kinda sore.

"But Adolphe," Elissa shouts to him, "you're all wet in your conclusions. Listen to me, honey."

But Adolphe, he won't listen to her but jumps to his own conclusions. When Baxter tries to square it he says, "A fine friend you are, I must say. The minute a pal's back is turned, waddeya do but steal his girl from under his nose. And you talk of ethics!" I'm not writin' dialogue, but that's the idear.

Well, to get to the climax, this Menjou walks out in a huff, and Elissa sees his real nature. (*Continued on page* 74)

BING CROSBY by RICHARD ARLEN

Arlen, the Handsome, Reports on Mr. Crosby's Golf and Driving,

(As told to George Madden)

OF course I can't understand how Bing Crosby is still numbered among the living. Two or three times I have been in his car, and they were experiences that left marks on my soul. He drives like something was after him, and he has only the most casual regard for traffic regulations. I looked at his two cars the other day and there wasn't a good fender on either one of them. Someone must have given him a lucky rabbit's foot. I can't see otherwise, how he still has the correct number of arms and legs.

His driving is about the only thing I don't like about him. Otherwise he's a grand guy. He is absolutely lacking in conceit, and always good natured. I should know. We're neighbors at Toluca Lake, and we all have a house together at Palm Springs. He doesn't talk about his child when I want to talk about my child, and they say he doesn't croon in the bathtub.

I sometimes suspect him of coloring the truth a bit, but then he suspects me of the same thing. I don't object, you understand. If a little fiction makes a story more interesting I'm all for bigger and better fiction. I'll never forget the time Bing landed that 197-pound Marlin swordfish. The way he told it you'd think he was reading aloud from "Moby Dick." He was prouder of that Marlin than he was of his new contract and, for that matter, he'd rather go fishing than go crooning anytime. There's only one thing he likes better, and that's golf.

Give Bing a set of good clubs and a snappy golf course and he'll be happy for days. He plays good golf, but it's something of a strain to make a date with him. I'll agree to meet him at the club at nine o'clock, and at eight o'clock he phones to know why I'm not there. Time is just a relative matter to him. I don't see why he even bothers to carry a watch. He goes to bed early, and is up at seven in the morning. No matter what time I go to bed I don't want to get up that early. So there is always room for argument on those morning appointments at the golf club.

And speaking of arguments, how that boy likes to argue. He will take either side of the question and talk until you yell for help. If you agree with him just to stop the argument he'll switch to the side you've been championing. He'll bet with you on anything. If there is a duck swimming on a lake Bing will bet that it will swim due east. He's pretty lucky with his bets too, although I don't think he got along so well during the football season.

You can't get him to make an unkind remark about anyone, and there's only one way to upset him. Make him think that he has hurt your feelings. When we were making "College Humor" I accused him of backing up on me in a scene. I called him on it and in the next scene he never moved. I accused him of doing it again.

"You're worse than Jack Oakie," I told him.

Bing was apologizing for trying to steal

(*Continued on page* 83)

DICK ARLEN by BING CROSBY

The Crooner Tells on His Best Friend, the Skipper, and Reveals All

(As told to George Madden)

IF he only liked society Richard Arlen would be the personal answer to the prayers of a hostess. Everyone likes him, and that is more unusual in Hollywood than tea at a tea-party. In a town where everyone is watching for signs of enlargement of the cerebellum in others. I have never heard anyone say that Dick is "high-hat." I've never heard anyone say it, and I don't think anyone has ever said it. And if anyone likes Dick he returns the compliment by liking everybody. Well, anyway, ALMOST everybody.

I suppose people like him because, somewhere or other, everyone has known someone like him. There is nothing of the off-stage actor about him. He confines the thespian business to working hours, and when he leaves the studio he isn't any different than the fellow that sells bonds for a living. He doesn't dress like an actor, and he doesn't look like an actor.

Sometimes I think maybe he missed his calling, even if he has never given anything but a good performance on the screen. Dick would have been sensational as a writer. He has a positive genius for spinning tales. Sometimes he embroiders the truth, but it took me quite a while to discover that. Now, when he tells me something I take it with a grain of salt. If I really want to annoy him I check up on the facts. There was, as an instance, that story he told me about being a member of the championship crew, in his home town athletic club. I looked that up in the records and the club hadn't won a championship since 1912. I know Dick is an unusual fellow, but in 1912 he was still playing marbles.

Even if the club didn't win a championship while Dick was with them I'm positive he would sling a mean oar. He is a natural-born athlete, and can give a good account of himself in any sport, whether it's in the water or on dry land. He even turned out to be a good football player in those college stories he's always making. Incidentally, he protested violently every time he was cast in one of them. He thinks he is too old for collegiate monkey business, but the pictures are always successful so they go on and on.

Dick has never been one to accept a rôle, displeasing to him, without complaint. He is not one of your silent sufferers. The studio resounds with his unhappiness. Everyone he meets knows about it. He keeps the road hot between his dressing room and the front office. I imagine he has threatened to walk out of Paramount more times than William Jennings Bryan ran for office. Somehow or other, though, when option time comes around he is still at the studio. He's been there longer than any other player, and Paramount wouldn't seem the same without him.

Fighting for good rôles takes an awful lot of energy, but Dick has undoubtedly prolonged his career by being willing to battle it out on those grounds if it took all winter. Another thing that Dick will not do is to appear in any rôle that could be regarded as being off-color. He's no goody-goody, but he has no desire to play in the scorching sex-drammers.

When he finally accepts a rôle it doesn't mean that he's pleased with it. In fact he seldom is, but happy or unhappy, he puts everything he has into the assignment. He is usually convinced that his pictures will turn out to be flops, but they are almost always good. Even if the picture isn't quite up to standard, Dick is signaled out for praise. About the only time on record that Dick was actually enthused about a rôle the picture turned out to be one of the choice lemons of the year. And Dick had been so sold on it that he had offered to do it without salary. Which served him right, he said afterward.

His worst fault is worrying. I'm surprised that he isn't as gray as Lewis Stone. His career worries him, and his business ventures worry him. Recently he turned his business affairs over to a manager, and now Jobyna and the manager do the worrying for him. He relaxes and has a swell time when he is between pictures. He goes to the desert, or spends weeks at a time on his yacht. He just swims and loafs then. Fishing doesn't interest him. A tuna could come up and sit on his lap and he wouldn't make a move to catch it.

The Arlen disposition is all right except when he plays golf. There is something about a golf ball and a set of clubs that brings out his animal nature. He plays a good game, but he would as soon wrap a (*Continued on page* 79)

MOVIES

by JERRY ASHER

IT's a noteworthy month in the movie theatres principally because of new Hepburn and Gaynor pictures. Robert Young appears in both. Besides that, a potential box office star is born: the much-advertised Anna Sten, who makes her bow in "Nana" and is causing a furore of controversy. Most of the criticism is favorable, and certainly no one doubts Miss Sten's amazing sex appeal. You'd better see it—if only for the sake of being in on some of those conversations your friends will be having. Two young 'uns, Frances Dee and Helen Mack, get raves—in "Coming Out Party" and "Good Dame," respectively. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable are the latest romantic team (in "It Happened One Night") and the Marquis, with Connie Bennett's financial co-operaion, has turned out an interesting "native" picture—"Legong." A rave for Paul Muni in "Hi, Nellie," which show you may have seen by this time.

✓✓"Nana" (Samuel Goldwyn Production)

You'll See: *Anna Sten, Lionel Atwill, Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Muriel Kirkland, Reginald Owen, Lawrence Grant, and others.*

It's About: *The rise and fall of a lady of easy virtue who climbs from the gutter to the greatest fame in Paris.*

Opinions and impressions of Anna Sten, the Goldwyn gold mine, are as wide and varied as the trade winds. Up to date, this reviewer has talked to no two people who are of the same mind. You're going to have to decide for yourself or maybe wait until her next picture convinces you one way or the other.

Being another foreign importation, it is logical that she would be compared to Garbo and Dietrich. Yet in no way is there any comparison. Truly, she is more beautiful than either. She does not have the Garbo mystery but is much more vivacious than the placid Dietrich. This is Miss Sten's first picture and, no doubt, as she goes along, will improve admirably. As it is, she gives a very good account of herself.

Much credit should be given to Muriel Kirkland and Mae Clarke, who make up the balance of the trio of "gilded flies." These two troupers present unique and distinct characterizations that should merit them future rewards. Thank goodness, Phillips Holmes is at last given a part in which he can show what he can do. Being disheartened by the many bad breaks he has had in Hollywood, Phil returns to his old capable and inspirational self. The results are most pleasing. Richard Bennett is not seen half enough. Everyone else is splendid and the picture is alive with interest and entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy a new personality in a colorful production.

For Children: Not this one.

One of the most talked of personalities is the new Anna Sten debuting in "Nana"

✓"Coming Out Party" (Fox)

You'll See: *Frances Dee, Gene Raymond, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, Harry Green, Gilbert Emery, Marjorie Gateson, Clifford Jones.*

It's About: *The coming out party of a debutante who willingly trades her name in the social register for that of a violinist in a jazz orchestra.*

The majority of us who have bills to meet on the first of the month and next week's menu to plan, aren't going

The Perfect Guide for Discriminating Movie Goers

(✓ Check for good pictures).
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss)

Robert Young, on the other page, and Ralph Bellamy are the foils for La Hepburn in "Spitfire," formerly "Trigger." No matter what the critics tell you, you'll probably see Katie's latest anyway—but see the interesting review at the end of this section

of the Month

to be terribly moved by this story of a debutante and her fifty thousand dollar coming-out party.

We know there are people as fabulously wealthy as the Stanhope family and that being listed in the social register means as much as the Saturday morning pay envelope to Mr. Average Family Man. Still, the plight of Joy Stanhope, faced with expectant motherhood and willing to forsake her ancestral background for a penniless musician, doesn't affect us quite as much had she been some girl from a less sheltered walk of life.

Frances Dee, as the young daughter of wealth, continues to amaze us with her acting. She is fast becoming one of the most capable of the younger players. Gene Raymond is good looking enough to convince us that she would give up home, mother and background for him. But we do wish that Gene had been a little less attentive to his violin and more tender with the charming Frances.

All of the cast were good, with Harry Green, as a comical but true-hearted band leader, giving a performance that brought rounds of applause from the audience. In the elaborate party sequence, actual members of the social register and real sons and daughters of the Four Hundred were recruited and given a job as extras.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be interested because the picture deals with youth and its problems, done in an interesting way.

For Children: They wouldn't be interested. Just as well to skip it.

✓"Legong" (Bennett Pictures Corp. Ltd.)

You'll See: *An all-native cast.*
It's About: *The tragic love of a native Balinese maiden for a native boy.*

The title of the releasing corporation will tell you this is the production financed by Constance Bennett for her husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise. With a Hollywood technical staff, he made the journey to the beautiful isle of Bali, where the entire picture was photographed in natural color.

What little story there is, deals with a childlike race of people who live almost primitive amidst the beauty and simplicity of their tropical country. It tells of a temple dancing girl, who falls in love with a musician. According to tradition, he must reciprocate her fond affections, lest disgrace fall on her. But he spurns her love for that of her half-sister, and that creates the drama.

The charm of the people, their ceremonial dances, their relig-

We can't rave about "Coming Out Party" but we can recommend it because of Frances Dee's swell performance. Gene Raymond's good, too

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

ious rituals, the spectacular cremation customs and the sheer beauty of human existence on the virgin isle, all blend a picture that will pictorially fascinate you.

Like similar productions made on distant shores, the greatest charm lies in the fact that a little known and almost uncivilized world is revealed to one. The Marquis has done a very good job but it is the opinion of this reviewer that it would have proven much more interesting had there been some poetic narrator to tell the story, in place of the silent-screen style of written sub-titles.

Your Reviewer Says: It offers much in the way of beautiful entertainment.

For Children: Splendid for them unless you don't want them to observe nudity.

✓✓"All of Me" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Helen Mack, George Raft, William Collier, Sr.*

It's About: *Two different kinds of men who loved two different kinds of women—in two different kinds of ways.*

We don't know whether to start in—end up, or just keep on talking about the good performances in this one—and especially Helen Mack's. With an intensity that is almost startling, she suddenly bursts forth as one of the screen's foremost and capable tragediennes.

It's the story about a college professor who is in love with one of his pupils. He wants her to go away with him and help him build Boulder Dam. But she loves him so much she's afraid that marriage will spoil everything and is afraid to take a chance. These two parts are expertly and charmingly played by Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins.

The other people in the story are a gangster and his moll. She loves him so much she would go any place, risk anything —just to be with him. And these parts belong to George Raft and Helen Mack, who thrill you with their realistic portrayals.

The picture is very exciting and absorbing. It's almost like two pictures insomuch as there are two separate sets of hero and heroine—and each completely dominates the screen when they are on.

Your Reviewer Says: This should have a popular appeal, is well-rounded out in entertainment values.

For Children: Too melodramatic.

✓✓"Hi, Nellie" (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks, Robert Barrat, Kathryn Sergava, Hobart Cavanaugh, and others.*

It's About: *The rivalry between daily newspapers and a hard-skinned Managing Editor, who is punished for his pig-headedness by being demoted to the heart-throb column.*

Many people were disappointed in "The World Changes" but in his latest show, "Hi Nellie," Paul Muni comes through in a big way as a hard boiled Managing Editor. Glenda Farrell gets a big hand

You'll be glad that Sylvia Sidney is back in Hollywood when you see "Good Dame," in which Freddie March is excellent, as usual

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Evidently the success of "Five Star Final" must have inspired Warner Brothers to do a repeat. They do it and how—with improvements! The picture is graphically presented and moves speedily along its entertaining way.

Paul Muni as the Managing Editor of a daily paper is presented in a role entirely different from the rest. He is hard-boiled and ruthless in running his paper the way he thinks it should be run. And he spares no effort in rubbing it in to Glenda Farrell, once a cracker-jack reporter, who has been reduced to the ranks of writing the lovelorn column, as punishment for slipping up on a big job.

Eventually, he is forced to take some of his own medicine. He puts up a stiff battle and in the end comes back with a wallop. The comedy scenes between Mr. Muni and Miss Farrell are superb! She is always to be relied on for a good performance. He is charming and seems very much at home in his role every moment he is on the screen.

The title comes in as belonging to whoever inherits Nellie Nelson's desk. Hers is an editorial name and belongs to whoever is writing the heartthrob column. It is the least important on the paper and the hardest. When Muni becomes "Miss Nelson" and is greeted as "Hi, Nellie," you know just how tough the job is.

There are too many prominent and capable actors to give each honorable mention—but they are all fine and the picture smacks of good casting.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy every moment of it and come away more than convinced.

Here's the laugh riot of the month: "Six of a Kind" in which Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen fight for honors. The fight's a draw.

For Children: Not a children's picture, but certainly can't hurt them.

✓"Good Dame" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March, Jack LaRue, Noel Frances, Russell Hopton, Kathleen Burke, and others.*
It's About: *A carnival girl and a card shark who go through enough exciting experiences to prove that they were made for each other.*

Sylvia Sidney bobbed her hair, took off a lot of clothes and in celebration of her return to Hollywood after a recent walk-out, succeeded in giving us a very pleasing performance.

The picture is exciting and colorful, as all carnival stories are. Of course, Sylvia is a virtuous gal who is trying to make an honest living for herself. And those wiggly dances she does are anything but beneficial for the morale. Still she keeps on dancing and hoping.

Fredric March plays one of those wise guys whose knowledge of cards, card tricks—and women, is unlimited. That is, until he meets Sylvia. He thinks she is like all the rest. But he is willingly convinced otherwise, when he helps her out of innumerable scrapes.

The photography is unusually good and especially so in Miss Sidney's closeups. The balance of the cast is good.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a good show and your favorite (*Continued on page 66*)

It's Robert Young's month, all right. Besides "Spitfire," he's in "Carolina" with Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore. A good, sobby show

Let's Visit Clara Bow's Ranch

Our own Hyman Fink was a guest at Rancho Clarita so he brought back these swell pictures of the Rex Bells' love nest. That's Rex among his horses, at the right

The hey-hey girl of earlier days is now a hay-hay girl. She'd rather go out and look over the live stock with Rex than dance at the Cocoanut Grove. Rex and Clara are just cu-razy about their pet. Yes, it's a heifer

During the day they ride and hunt and have a grand time out-of-doors. So in the evening, Clara's glad to dig in on a roast turkey and eat to her heart's content. Then, after dinner, the guests gather 'round for a game of cards and a wee bit of drinkee. That's Creighton Chaney, son of the late Lon Chaney, telling Clara how to bid. Below, a fine front view of Rancho Clarita

Speak for Yourself

remain there for more than a few years? Why? And why is it that a star like Arliss keeps on, despite the fact that he is beyond the age of physical attraction, remaining at the top?

Here's one of the reasons why: George Arliss insists that his company have at least two weeks in which to rehearse the picture to be made, scene for scene. Very few other stars make such a demand. They seem only concerned with their job of acting, and so it is very often that they begin a picture without a finished script, and rarely know what the story is all about until they see a preview. If there is any rehearsing done, it's done immediately preceding each scene, with little knowledge as to how the situation ties in with the rest of the story. So it is that the star rarely begins to grasp a real understanding of the character he is portraying. How is it possible then to avoid bad pictures and a star's eventual doom? So come on you stars who are on top now—insist on the Arliss policy if you wish to keep faith with your fans who eagerly await your pictures.

Bess Glazer, Pelham, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

More Reason than Rhyme

I go to the movies quite a lot,
I think they're pretty fine,
But some things I'd gladly do without,
They rub me wrong every time.
Gaynor's saccharine sweetness,
That Durante fellow's nose,
Ruth Chatterton's ultra polish,
John Barrymore's profile pose,
The use of "colossal and epic"
When they advertise most shows,
The talkers that spoil every picture
And the people that step on your toes,
The fable that Gable's a he-man,
Joe E. Brown and his comedy,
Charlie Farrell's bashful, boyish way,
The Karloff monstrosity,
The publicity story that Garbo is shy,
Velez with her Mexican fire,
Dapper George Raft's greasy hair,
Marlene Dietrich's mannish attire.

C. C. McMillan, Oakdale, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Reel-ease from Reality

In a mining town of the South is a girl whom God forgot. Six days in the week she knows only nerve-shattering, body-wearying toil. At night she returns to squalor and poverty. But for two hours on the seventh day, she lives in a land of romance and beauty. As she walks homeward, her step is light, her eyes dream-laden.

On a western prairie a boy is herding cattle. Yesterday, there was a discouraged droop to his shoulders, a sullen, brooding look in his eyes. Today he is whistling a merry tune and there is a latent power in his walk, for last night on the silver screen he saw a vision of the man he might become.

In a bleak New England shack live an old fisherman and his wife. Constant battle with the elements and unforgettable

(*Continued from page* 4)

disasters have quenched their hopes. But tonight out of their slender hoard, they have purchased happiness. For a space, the clutching hands of the poorhouse specter no longer hovers over them. His gnarled hands close tenderly over her toil-roughened ones as they bask under tropical skies.

This is what the screen means to all of us—an inspiration or a release from reality.

Olive Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

No Fun to Be Fooled?

Please tell me why some screen stories can be taken from a book exactly as it is written, and others are so terrible that you cannot recognize the book from which the screen version is taken.

I went to see "Little Women" and it was perfectly grand. I don't see how it could be better.

On the other hand, I saw "Man of the Forest" and several other Zane Grey stories, but none of them were like their originals. They might just as well have changed the titles, too. If I were Zane Grey, I'd be plenty sore.

Producers, we don't like to be fooled.

Mrs. Jessie Hill, Louisville, Ky.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Things I Do Like But Don't Get:

Romances that are poignant, tender, long-remembered.

Eyebrows that sprout where Nature planted them.

Musical stars who sing, not fake; ballets which dance, not clog.

Marie Dressler in parts that demand becoming clothes and well-groomed hair.

Legitimate stories of adventure and action.

A good woman who is contented, happy, and done right by.

Things I Do Not Like But Get:

Saccharine tales of sentimentality.

Artificial eyelashes.

Actors who cannot but will croon; crooners who cannot but will act.

Prison riots and gangster stories.

Skinny, emaciated, pouty-mouthed heroines.

Naughty ladies who invariably reap a golden harvest and then proceed to live happily ever after.

Mary Manning, Dorchester, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

A Peep Into Immortality

"Berkeley Square"—'twas like soul-stirring music, that brings one a revelation and a deep sense of abiding peace. No words can match the beauty and artistry of Leslie Howard's portrayals of "Peter Standish." Each minute gesture and tiny inflection of his voice reveals his keen understanding and vision. Inspiringly, impressively, "Berkeley Square" has strengthened one's perception of Immortality!

Mary Lauber, Phila., Penn.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Time Marches On

The entire public is agog with the surprising results of our musical era—it brings out new talent in old "stock" that is amazing.

For instance, Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer" now soars to the top, when she puts over a "hot" song number. In fact, it leaves Dietrich way back in the ash-can for like numbers.

And who would have imagined little Connie Bennett's soft, but quite deep voice could sound so pleasant and soothing as in her song number "After Tonight," while she gracefully follows the waltz steps so smoothly executed by her dancing partner, Gilbert Roland?

Ho hum! This IS the dancing age! How well I remember Mae Murray and Jack Gilbert in a similar scene from the silent movie, "The Merry Widow Waltz." We are growing old, methinks!

Myrtle Dewey, Miami, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

Holly-word Pictures

Little girl playing grown up—Joan Bennett.

A day in August—Jean Harlow.

An elf in disguise—Janet Gaynor.

The tango, modern style—Dolores Del Rio.

Tom Sawyer dons long pants—Lew Ayres.

The age of bustles—Mae West.

Erin in Cinemaland—Maureen O'Sullivan.

An old fashioned garden—Madge Evans.

College boy on a lark—Robert Montgomery.

A whirlwind in the desert—Katharine Hepburn.

Ranger in tuxedo—Gary Cooper.

Venus on celluloid—Joan Crawford.

Patricia Meroney, So. Jacksonville, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE LETTER

When Sex Vexes

Last night at the movies, we saw a comedy acted by children. I judge, they were from six to ten years old. The scene was a broadcasting studio with the children supposed to be broadcasting.

One little girl was introduced by her "boy friend" with "Has she got sex appeal?" Then came a song from the little girl with much affectation about love.

I grant you that children aren't as innocent as is believed, but it does seem that these children are missing out on their childhood rights. This opinion is not mine alone. I heard the sentiments of the rest of the audience; and they seemed to concur with mine. The picture failed to get the laughs it aimed to get. It's pictures like these that make me feel that we are getting decadent.

Mrs. Thomas Jabine, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

(*Continued on page* 93)

players are surely going to please you.

For Children: No great harm or no great good for them here. Better skip it.

✓✓"Six of a Kind" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Alison Skipworth, others.*

It's About: *The experiences of a couple who advertise for another couple to share expenses and accompany them on a second honeymoon trip to California.*

It's slightly mad; it's utterly impossible, and positively hilarious. Therefore, you can go prepared to laugh long and loud.

Leo McCarey very expertly has given us this fun fest. We first see Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles packing their suitcases, preparatory to taking a motor trip to California—their first since their honeymoon twenty years back. But Mary, being the frugal wife, has advertised for a couple to accompany them and share expenses. And that couple turn out to be George Burns and Gracie Allen—and their puppy that turns out to be a Great Dane. Need we say more?

Of course, there is a plot—not much, but fifty thousand dollars are involved, so it's worth mentioning. Alison Skipworth enters into it when they register at her hotel—and W. C. Fields, as the sheriff, helps to make for bigger and better laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: It's all just done in fun and you can well afford to see it.

For Children: It is.

✓✓"Carolina" (Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young, Henrietta Crosman, others.*

It's About: *The house of Connelly, which means an old Southern family, madly proud, completely penniless; and about a little girl who tries to make her living working for them.*

Little Miss Janet Gaynor has long been popular with the public but she hasn't always won the critics over to her side. In "Carolina" she will do both—and most deservedly—for in this newest film of hers she does quite the finest work since her "Seventh Heaven" days. Again and again her sensitive performance brings tears to your eyes and when her young heart is broken, yours breaks right along with it, too. But—we hasten to add—the picture has a happy ending.

Gaynor laurels first, and then laurels to Barrymore, Bob Young, who keeps right on getting better and better and the boy was always good, and Henrietta Crosman, and most particularly laurels to Director Henry King and to Paul Green for the original story. This is a portrait of the old South but it doesn't show it all happy pickaninnies and girls singing Dixie. Rather it portrays the drama of its plantations, where people starve because of pride. When little Gaynor comes along and tries to liven the Connellys sufficiently to have them work rather than accept charity, the trouble begins—and love enters also.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the finest pictures of the month.

For Children: It will do them good.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

✓✓"Men in White" (MGM)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Elizabeth Allan, Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford, Russel Hopton, others.*

It's About: *A hospital intern who tries to combine romance with his career.*

Here is an utterly satisfactory picture, thrilling, beautiful, poignant, perfectly cast, perfectly directed and even more perfectly played. The story is slim but the heart pull more than makes up for that.

A young surgeon, just learning his profession, has to decide whether to become a "bedside physician" and have time to hold the love of a wealthy, spoiled girl or to give himself up to his work, lose love but help humanity. That's the plot set against a background of a big city hospital, with all its pathos, and its happiness.

Clark Gable gives his finest performance here. It is really a great acting part

Joan Crawford's new hairdo! Straight sides held back by a white jewelled barrette, bangs covering the forehead, and curled ends worn low on the neck. That's Franchot with her

that he has, but a few "great lover" scenes have been added, scenes which are almost stolen away from him by Elizabeth Allan, who is keen and vivid in the role of a lonely nurse. You won't want to miss those scenes. Myrna Loy is very charming in a rather meagre part and Director Richard Boleslavsky deserves the highest praise for his direction.

Your Reviewer Says: This is very fine and you will be thrilled by it.

For Children: No. Much too adult.

✓✓"It Happened One Night" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Jameson Thomas, Alan Hale, others.*

It's About: *An unemployed newspaper man, a runaway heiress who meet on a night bus and become involved in a series of dramatic and humorous incidents.*

If ever there was a mention that the Gable popularity is slipping, all doubts are removed by his grand performance in this picture. He's the old Gable with a marvelous new flair for comedy. And he pulls the he-man stuff to such an extent that every female in the preview audience was literally wishing she was in the lucky boots of the fair heroine.

Speaking of that heroine, the male portion of the audience got their money's worth watching the lovely Claudette Colbert. She gave a good performance as a pampered and spoiled daughter of the rich. There are scenes where she and Clark spend the night in a hay stack—we mean separate hay stacks—but close together. If situations like this don't make for bigger and better box office, then we give up. There's also another one where Clark gives a demonstration on how a "gentleman" should undress, and is that a scene?

Your Reviewer Says: Easily the most amusing and romantic picture of the year.

For Children: Sure—it's all done in fun.

✓✓"Spitfire" (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy, Martha Sleeper, Sarah Haden, Louis Mason and others.*

It's About: *Life in the backwoods country and a mountaineer girl, who believes in fighting her own battles and her powers of faith healing.*

There's going to be a great deal of controversy on this one. First because of its religious background and second because Katharine Hepburn has dared to do the unusual. Sacrificing clinging gowns and spectacular sets, she steps from the mould that belongs to most of our Hollywood actresses.

Though the story is thin, Miss Hepburn should be warmly lauded for her attempt to create something new and different for the talking screen. Not only does she attempt, but she succeeds beautifully in presenting an interesting and colorful picture of the type of mountaineer girl, so familiar to the pen of Lulu Vollmer.

"As "Trigger," Miss Hepburn is a combination of fighting, clawing hellion and a firm believer in her own powers of prayer. She is never without her illustrated religious cards and uses them to pray for everything from ringworm—to the life of a baby she has stolen. Her acting is so convincing that one almost feels that Miss Hepburn firmly believes in them herself.

Robert Young plays a cad so charmingly, we easily forgive him for his wrongdoing. He has a love scene with Miss Hepburn, done with the camera suspended overhead. It is one of the most tender and unusual ever attempted. Ralph Bellamy has a very nice understanding of his part—and "Trigger." Louis Mason, a newcomer from the stage, plays his original rôle and succeeds in making a distinct impression. The same applies to Sarah Haden. While this story lacks in plot and climax, it is still quite worthy because of the versatility of Katharine Hepburn.

Your Reviewer Says: If you are religious-minded, it will help you to enjoy this picture. Otherwise, go to see it because of the great artistry of Katharine Hepburn.

For Children: Perfectly all right, if they want to go.

Isn't It A Shame!

A BIG CAR, GORGEOUS CLOTHES...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

You can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!

When Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.

Men ask to meet Sylvia—and they ride in Sylvia's car. But when the drive's over, they disappear! For the "but" about Sylvia is her teeth.

Why doesn't somebody tell *Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?*

Any dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.

If Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

ARE your teeth dingy and ugly, like Sylvia's? Are your gums so tender that you often notice "pink" upon your tooth brush?

Maybe you, like Sylvia, should ask a *dentist* about "pink tooth brush"! He'll tell you soon enough that "pink tooth brush" not only may dull the teeth—but may be the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. He'll warn you that it may threaten even the soundest of your teeth!

But cheer up! He'll go on to tell you that it is quite a simple matter to check "pink tooth brush"—and restore brightness to your teeth.

"Clean your teeth with Ipana," he will say. "Each time put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums."

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to *stimulate* your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

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What Jean Parker Taught Mary Carlisle

(*Continued from page 37*)

less well, or act less well than Jean does.

"We're totally different types. She's dark and dramatic. I'm blonde and I lean to comedy. I can't do her sort of role, and I don't think she could do mine. So there will never be any question about our taking parts away from each other.

"But it's inevitable that our progress should be compared. I want to be a good enough actress so that I won't suffer in the comparison.

"FOR the first time in my life I am considering the future. I am studying voice because I want to be ready to sing a song *well* if a story requires it. If I am sent out on personal appearances, I want to give audiences something for their money. I am not going to stand up and simper and say 'how-do-you-do' and let it go at that. I haven't a great voice—it will never land me in opera—but it's good enough to be entertaining and pleasing if trained properly.

"I expect to start on my dancing again soon. I can't learn too many things if I am really serious about this business of being an actress.

"I've made nine pictures in the past year—the last two on my home lot. I had begun to feel like a stepchild because I was always being rented out. I am told that I did a good job in 'Should Ladies Behave' and 'It Happened One Day.' If I have possibilities, it won't be my fault if they're not developed.

"I have much to learn—I have much to do. It's grand to be liked by people and to be babied—to be the Little Clown of the Lot—but it doesn't get you anywhere.

"I am glad I know it now. Perhaps I've saved myself a lot of heartaches later on, when I'd be old enough to really understand what I've muffed.

It's not enough to be serious *inside of yourself*. You must make people understand that you are.

"I've done it at last!"

THIS little Mary Carlisle, with her blue eyes and honey hair, is "going to town." A year ago she was the teasing, dimpling adolescent, who defined her days with laughter only. Today there is a new purpose to her exquisite mouth—a firmness to the childish chin. Her eyes are direct as she pronounces her creed of work. There is a new strength to her voice.

She is engagingly frank—self-analytical to the point of cruelty. There is a force, a power, an electric quality which blends well with her expressed purpose.

This girl is no longer a child—in a few months she will have become a woman with a career. A woman with ambition, willing to mortify her flesh and her mind for the sake of her spirit.

After all, it is more difficult to teach yourself heartaches and disillusionments, than to be taught by life. It is normal to cringe from the shadows—to seek the sun. It testifies to a double strength, when deliberately a girl like Mary Carlisle, sheltered and pampered, seeks out the tough spots for the good of her soul!

It's very likely that the luckiest break Mary Carlisle ever had was the coming of Jean Parker into pictures.

Wha'd'ya Mean Big Town!

(*Continued from page 41*)

night spots in one evening every columnist is sure to record the fact but none of them mention the news that the Robert Youngs had an early dinner and dropped over to the neighborhood movie house for a second-run picture.

Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, being eligible bachelors, hit the news headlines more often, although by the time you read this, Cary will have stepped up to the altar. The two boys have shared bachelor quarters in Hollywood and both took the running of their establishment quite seriously. Not long ago one of their mutual friends was invited to stay for dinner—after the cook had announced there was enough left from last night's roast to serve another meal.

Warmed-over food—in Hollywood. Not like the old days when a movie star's grocery bill looked like the national debt.

ONE of the most amusing of Hollywood's small town traits, and I don't remember its being mentioned before, is the habit of lending servants for big parties. If Winnie Winsome is giving a brawl for a couple of hundred pals Betty Beautiful sends over her butler and a couple of maids. I'll never forget one party when Mary Pickford sent a hostess two English men servants, to say nothing of an enormous hamper of salads. The hostess of the evening employed colored help and most of the time the guests were under the impression that the Pickford servants were some of Fox studio's new leading men from England.

And at another time a hostess practically had to insist on a borrowed maid stepping out of the receiving line. The maid knew many of the guests, and saw no reason why she shouldn't add a note of cordial greetings.

Marion Davies, being Hollywood's deluxe hostess, doesn't have much time to indulge her own personal taste for simplicity, but she can, and sometimes does, make her own clothes. I've seen her wear 'em, and they look like Paris. It also seems almost too distressing to record, that right in lavish Hollywood where Adolphe Menjou has seventy suits, John Barrymore doesn't own a dress suit. He has to get one from the studio wardrobe when the occasion demands it. Now if that isn't like John Sassafras renting a suit for the Rotary banquet I'm your Uncle Gustav.

The most upsetting news of all, however, was the scandalized report from Beverly Hills that Joan Bennett was doing spring house-cleaning. Rugs and curtains were out on the lawn being dusted and there was Joan, with a towel around her head, superintending the job. A little more goings-on like that and the town might just as well roll up its studios and orange trees and push 'em all in the Pacific Ocean.

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... without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

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"I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

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Clark Gable Tells About the Greatest Thing in Life

(*Continued from page 29*)

So I didn't have any morbid thoughts when they were preparing me for my operation. To tell the truth I was sort of happy about it. I guess that shoots your story all to pieces. I know how most people remember what they have done and wish they could change certain parts of their life and everything, but I didn't. I was thinking if everything went all right how grand it would be to be well again and to go down into the Kaibib forest and get that cougar.

"I still didn't appreciate entirely what health means. I took recovery for granted. I wouldn't let anybody shave me, and I look terrible after a few days, for my beard is heavy. They begged me to let them shave me, but I was stubborn. Then, I made them take me home at the earliest possible minute. They were agreeable but they insisted on carrying me up the stairs. That was the most embarrassing moment I have ever known. I felt like a sissy. Six feet tall and weighing 190 pounds and then letting a couple of guys carry me upstairs. Only I just thought I weighed 190 pounds. Actually, I had lost thirty pounds those two weeks at the hospital. I didn't really know how sick I had been until I went into the bathroom to shave. I remember I lifted my arm up with the razor and then everything went blank. I passed completely out and my wife and the nurse had to half-drag and half-carry me to bed.

"After that, I gave in. I realized, at last, that health isn't like a little dog that you can whistle back when you want it. I did exactly as I was told and I got well.

"Now, I'm feeling grand again, and it's great to be able to come and go where I please and do the things that I like most to do. I shall never make the mistake of taking health for granted any more. I am going to take as much care of my physical welfare as I do of my automobile. A fellow wouldn't expect to get much mileage out of a car if he didn't keep it oiled and greased, would he?

"ACTORS minimize the value of health. They court fatigue by working too long hours at a stretch when they get deep in a scene. Acting is strenuous work at best and there is no real advantage in wrecking one's health to put over a scene that might be done just as well a day or so later. I'm a poor one to talk like that, I know. I was called back to the studio to work in Joan Crawford's 'Dancing Lady,' against my doctor's orders. He forbade me to come, but I did. So there you are. It could have caused me to have a relapse but it didn't.

"I know of other cases where actors have returned to work too early just because they hated to keep an expensive cast waiting. Down in their hearts, they are afraid if they don't they might sacrifice their position or respect. Yet neither position nor wealth nor anything else is so terribly important where health is concerned. It is the greatest thing in life."

Clark is now thirty-three years old. He stands at the top as far as screen popularity is concerned. He is a good actor and a grand fellow. Fame hasn't changed him a lot. He dresses more carefully than he did when he first came to Hollywood. Having the money to keep up his wardrobe has probably helped in this. His hair is better groomed. His laugh wrinkles are just a bit deeper around his gray eyes, but he is the same old Clark.

He insists that he is not a star, only a satisfactory leading man, and he means it. You can't talk with him without feeling instantly that he has the ideals, the cocksureness and the armor of a very young man. He will always have it. Virile and dominating, there is yet something strongly suggestive of a little boy in him.

He was as happy as a kid when I left him because the studio had just agreed to give him a vacation at last. The first one he has had since he was ill six months ago. Proof that the life of a movie actor is not all a bed of roses. If anybody needed a vacation, Clark did after those two operations. But he didn't get it. He was called to the studio to play opposite Joan in "Dancing Lady" and he has worked constantly since, without a let-up.

NOW, he is going away for a short hunting trip to Arizona. He has a new dog he is going to put with the pack of hounds he keeps down there, and he is confident he is going to get that big cougar he missed on his last trip. Afterward, he is going to New York. He will have gone and returned by the time this gets into print, for the studio will only allow him three weeks off.

No need to ask him how he will enjoy it. He isn't taking health for granted any more. He knows the value of this precious thing he has held so carelessly all these years. And knowing its value, he will enjoy it the more. He knows it now, for what it is—the greatest thing in life.

HIDDEN ROMANCES OF YOUR FAVORITES

Are you following this magnificent series in MOVIE MIRROR? We honestly consider them the most thrilling features ever published by a film magazine. Read Glenda Farrell's Hidden Romance in this issue, page 12. And watch for the May MOVIE MIRROR which contains Ronald Colman's unknown, secret romance in fascinating detail. Follow this series—and tell your friends about it.

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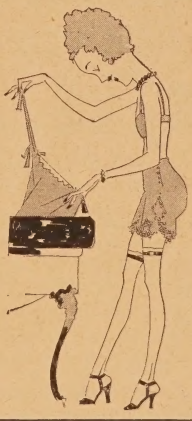

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Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

Laughing Boy

(*Continued from page* 55)

found it." Slim Girl raised grave eyes to his, full of love, of courage, and in her gaze Laughing Boy sensed an idea that echoed his own wish:

"Slim Girl, let us go far away, and make a new hogahn of our own."

IT was like a second honeymoon, that long journey to a new place, and like a new beginning, the building of their own hogahn together. When fall came it was tight and warm. There were horses in the corral and sheep. Through the winter they had only each other but that was enough.

Spring brought with it the ploughing and planting of the corn, and a neighbor came to help Slim Girl. She seemed very old to Slim Girl who said politely: "It is very nice of you to visit me. You don't have to work."

"To work, that is when woman is happiest," came the quiet answer.

"How old are you?" Slim Girl asked, and was amazed at the reply. Her visitor was thirty-eight.

"Why, you're not an old woman!"

The squaw's face was expressionless: "Ho, you should look at the new wife my husband has brought to the hogahn. You would say I was old."

Slim Girl looked her over searchingly, the bent back, the wrinkled features, the calloused, ugly hands. Then she gazed at herself. Where was the saucily-dressed, powdered and painted Lily of Las Palomas? Here in her place was an Indian girl, an Indian wife, who would grow in time to look like this squaw, whose husband had taken a second, a young, wife.

Panic surged over her. She stood bewildered, bereft, under the blazing spring sun, her feet in the furrows of the new ploughed land. And here, like this, two of her Las Palomas friends found her. They were Red Man and Rosie, and they greeted Slim Girl loudly.

"You have changed since you were a little girl at the white man's school!" Slim Girl said to Rosie.

Rosie answered her scornfully: "You have changed too. Your friend, George Hartshorne, should see you now."

"Why should he see me?"

Red Man broke in: "There is now no difference between you and any Navajo Squaw."

Slim Girl was cool: "Today maybe, but what is today? We shall be rich tomorrow."

Her visitors laughed cruelly and Rosie jingled the bracelets on her arm.

"That man Hartshorne gave me these. You should have waited, Lily. He is the richest man that comes to Las Palomas. He sold much land to the railroad."

"Much land to the railroad, eh?" Slim Girl repeated thoughtfully. "Well, soon we be rich too. We shall have more horses, more sheep than anyone in the north country. We shall build a white man's house, with chairs, a cook stove, all . . . Is it not so, my husband?" to Laughing Boy.

Red Man leered at her: "Like that house you had in Las Palomas near the railroad tracks?" he asked suggestively.

Slim Girl answered him with deadly quiet: "Be careful, Red Man."

"What does he talk of?" asked Laughing Boy.

"He talks too much," she told him, but later, when they had gone, she heard him at the Prayer Pile, and it stiffened her new born resolve.

"Lo,
Yonder our hogahn stands . . ."
Laughing Boy chanted as he threw a stone on the pile.

"Built of dawn, of little water
By the red rocks our green corn grows.
Now all is well,
All is well . . ."

He ceased for a time, and then Slim Girl heard his cry of despair: "But all is not well, not well."

Slim Girl made her plan and when she had thought it over carefully, she approached Laughing Boy with the suggestion that she go to town.

"We must have money, Laughing Boy. Money is surer than sheep. If drought comes, sheep die, and we be poor."

"What is in your head, Slim Girl?"

"I want . . . that people shall always say—'He must have magic, that Laughing Boy, if the wife does not grow old and ugly like other squaws.'"

She was so earnest that Laughing Boy almost smiled, but he answered her gently: "My eyes have only one way to see you. It will be that way always."

Yet he yielded when she proposed to ride into Las Palomas and trade with the turquoise and silver work he did so beautifully.

"There is something in that head of yours. I do not know what . . . If you think it best to go . . . go."

SLIM GIRL rode off on their best horse, with the silver work in a careful bundle. She wore a Navajo dress, and she rode as a squaw rides, but as she neared Las Palomas, a subtle change came over her. This was the town that knew her as "Lily," and as Lily, she went to one of the town Indian's homes for information.

She hoped Yellow Singer would be sober enough to talk to. He roused blearily to answer her greetings.

"I thought you would come back," he said . . . "You are a town Indian too. Life up there is too hard for you, eh?"

She could speak with this old man as she never could to Laughing Boy: "Once it was the right life for a Navajo, for you and me. The white man has spoiled that life. There is a mountain between us and our people. Look at you! Once you were a chief of a great race. You learned white ways, you ate white bread. And look at me! They made two of me. I breathe two breaths and think two ways. How can I walk in beauty? I know too much and too little. I am too hard and I am too soft, too good . . . too bad. They must pay for making me this way . . . those white men."

"What are you going to do, Lily?"

"That house I had, does that Hartshorne stay there now?"

"Yes, E-yee! And that Rosie stays with him. But they quarrel always. He remembers you I think."

That was all Slim Girl wanted to know. She found Hartshorne with Rosie.

"Hello George, hello Rosie. You got it fixed up pretty good now George, yes? Pretty good . . . cost a lot, eh?"

The man threw off the restraining arm of Rosie.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he asked hopefully.

"Why am I here? Maybe I get lonesome for you, I don't know." She sat down and lit a cigarette and crossed her legs.

Thus encouraged, Hartshorne ordered Rosie away and Slim Girl laughed and said: "If you spoke to me that way, I would kill you, but you would not speak to Lily that way, would you, George? You do not look well, too much whiskey. You have missed me, I think."

"You've got a nerve, coming back here, after the way you left. They say you got married, that right?"

She nodded. "Slim Girl is married, but *Lily* is here. Say you are glad!"

"I gotta admit it, you little devil," he cried, as she drew his face down for a kiss.

SLIM GIRL went regularly to Las Palomas to trade in silver, and she brought back much money. With it, she bought furnishings for the hogahn, a bed, a stove, much finery for herself, even a gramophone and canned goods that made them independent of their crops. Her hands became smooth again. She knotted her hair in the white man's way, and used things on her face.

Laughing Boy was torn between delight in her happiness and a feeling of something wrong that would not be downed. He boasted of her cleverness to his family and his friends. Never was there a wife like this! They were unimpressed.

They took no interest in the furniture. "The earth is kinder, my brother," said his sister.

They did not enjoy "Pony Boy" played on the gramophone. "It is like the fighting of crows, that chant," said his father.

He showed them the canned goods: "There is no need for all the trouble to grow corn," he explained. "See . . . corn in tin bowls, all cooked. It will never spoil, Slim Girl says."

"A woman should grow her own corn. Does she not bear her own children?" said his mother.

It was no use. His family left him sadly, as one leaves a house of sickness. Laughing Boy knew they were right. His love and his pride were not enough to persuade him otherwise. It was all white man's ways, and not for the Navajo. To his boyhood friend, Jesting Squaw's Son, he could speak "Even prayers do not help. Always when she is away, I miss her. I want to talk about this when she comes back, but she does not want to speak the serious word. She wants only to laugh and whisper, and be a young wife. And I cannot help but do this, because each time I have missed her so. This time she stays away too long. I should like to go down and come back with her, but I cannot leave the horses and the sheep."

"Perhaps she stays over for the white man's Fourth of July . . . a big feast, but . . . I am here," his friend suggested.

Laughing Boy's face brightened and he said wistfully: "We have never had a holi-

day together, that girl and I. When the mind is low, she can make it high. If I talk my thoughts to her away from this hogahn here, maybe it will be well again."

"That may be so," Jesting Squaw's Son agreed. "And now show me what I have to do while you are gone."

LAUGHING BOY rode into Las Palomas with a heart lighter than he had known for months. The town was noisy with the celebration and he gazed wonderingly at the white man's pleasant magic. The crowds surged about him and many girls hailed him, but he did not respond to their overtures till it occurred to him that one of them might know where Slim Girl was.

"She is a great trader here," he said proudly, but none knew her. He was getting a little impatient when a drunken voice called his name. It was Red Man and he sneered: "You are a long way from your sheep droppings, Laughing Boy! Las Palomas makes your eyes big, eh?"

Laughing Boy looked through him. "Your smell is no better here than any other place," he said distantly.

But to Red Man the jest was too good. "You look for your wife, I think. Soon you will know why I laughed so much when I saw you."

"If you do not go, I must walk through you."

Red Man did not budge. "Tell Slim Girl, how Red Man laughed when he saw you," he jeered.

Laughing Boy's rage boiled up: "Now I *will* walk through you!" he said, and threw Red Man into the gutter. Then he went on till he met Yellow Singer, drunk as always.

But Yellow Singer was not so drunk that he did not realize there was trouble ahead. He tried to tell Laughing Boy that Slim Girl had gone. Laughing Boy might have believed him, but others broke in and told him where to find her. They laughed too, but he did not stay to hear what they had to say.

He paused only to buy Slim Girl bags and bags of the good stuff called "popcorn," and soon he stood on the steps of a house that music came from, and now and again, the sound of Slim Girl's laugh.

HE opened the door and saw her. He saw her in the arms of a drunken white man. She was scantily clad, and what she did have on were white girl's clothes. She was a little drunk, too.

At his entrance, she and the white man looked up and stared at him. Slowly, Slim Girl disengaged herself. Her hands went to her face and she said dully: "E-to-da! Laughing Boy!"

The instinct of human nature, and that of Indian nature, guided Laughing Boy's hand to his quiver and he fitted an arrow to his bow.

George Hartshorne gave a yell and bolted for a window. Laughing Boy ignored him. His drawn bow was on Slim Girl.

"Laughing Boy, don't!" she cried.

They gazed at each other, these ill-starred lovers. In that moment, Slim Girl knew herself all Indian. There was no time to plead, and she would not if there had been. There were explanations to be made, but how cheap they seemed in the full light of this situation!

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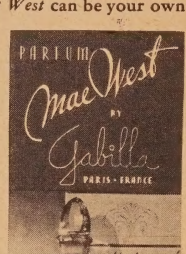

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Laughing Boy said, in a voice neither of them knew: "You know what I must do?"

She knew, this Slim Girl, the dishonored squaw.

He let fly the arrow. What had shaken his hand, his beating heart that cried out against what he did?

The arrow struck her in the arm and she stifled a cry of pain, saying: "Your hand shook. My heart is here."

The bow fell from his hands. He faltered, turned, and reached the door. She called after him: "Laughing Boy!"

He stopped and faced her, his face as full of pain as hers.

"You do not wish to kill me?" she asked incredulously.

He shook his head and made to go again. He had command of himself now.

"Before you go, help me to pull out this arrow." She could not plead for herself. She must abide by the rite, but if only he would not go . . .

He did not go. He took his knife and began to cut at the shaft of the arrow.

"What are you doing?"

"Cutting it off," he said evenly. "I can pull it back by the feathers."

"No, do not cut it. It is a good arrow. You can use it again."

"It's flight is spent," he responded, bitterness beginning to color his tone.

"To have killed me would have been better."

He bent closely over her arm as she talked.

"I have two faces. I said two things to you, but the part of me that did that does not matter."

His eyes were on the arrow. "Maybe," he answered.

"I must twist the arrow now a little. It will hurt."

It came out and she closed her eyes for a moment at the sudden pang. Then she went on: "We must be rich, I thought. With money, I can keep the secret that I am not a good Navajo. Then I thought of that man. He shall give us money. It is foolish to be poor, I said. It takes the heart out of one. With money, Laughing Boy and I can make Navajo ways and white man's ways walk in beauty together."

Was he beginning to comprehend? Was it love still alive that spoke in his words: "You have lived in a terrible world I do not know."

Pleading came into her voice for the first time: "Perhaps after what has happened to me, things do not seem bad that seem bad to other people. What I did with him has nothing to do with what I did with you. It was only work, work so that we could get over the hardness of Navajo life quickly, so that while our love was still young, your back would not become bowed down, my hands would not become hard on your cheek. It was for us . . . for our life together."

He was busy stripping her dressing-gown into bandages that he wound about the arrow wound.

"You worked for beauty perhaps," he said. "You did not know that it was not true beauty you worked for . . ."

"Just before your arrow came, I knew. I saw the true beauty all falling to pieces in your eyes. I want that again, my husband."

He finished with the bandage and his hand dropped to his sides. He looked at her very long. He saw her pride and her spirit. He saw reflected the struggle she had made. He saw her love for him.

"It is still in *your* eyes, Slim Girl," he said. His arms went about her, drawing her close.

They stood so for a moment and then she gently pushed him away. "Not here—in this place." She shuddered as her eyes swept the room, with the scattered ashes, the spilled whiskey bottles.

"First I will put on my Navajo dress, and then I will go with you."

THEY left the garish lights and the braying noise behind them.

"Now there is no more of this secret thing that has been a wide river between us. We can go together now, always."

"Yes, my husband. Hold me close so you can hear the happiness in my heart."

Laughing Boy began to sing and Slim Girl sang too:

"Yonder lies our hogahn
Built of dawn,
Of little water,
All is well,
All is well,
All is well."

They walked in beauty indeed, for the colors of dawn flooded the desert. Behind them lay their shadows, the two making one; they walked so close together.

And That's How Talkies Are Born

(*Continued from page* 57)

She sees she is really in love with Baxter and not this Menjou, who all the time is jumpin' to erroneous conclusions. And Warner, he sees she got a sterling, A-number-1 character all the way through, and she's different from them chippies he's been chasin' around with in gay Paree. And he asts her to marry him and she says "Okay," and you fade out on a sweet note topped by Zasu Pitts who says somethin' about, "Listen, dearies, lemme give you some pointers on how to handle him based on my experiences as a maid in this here house." I mean, if you wanna laugh and you got the footage.

Now I got some people lined up for the cast. Of course, if we could afford Baxter and we could borry him, we'd have him in a minute, but I got Theodore Von Eltz who looks like him and who's just as good. Then I got Marian Marsh for the Landi part on account she's a blonde and just as good. Now we may have to change the Zasu Pitts type to a butler after all, because that Pitts dame, she pulls down plenty of jack, and besides I think I can get Hank Mann for a couple of days work. That leaves the Menjou part open and maybe I better send for H. B. Warner and talk to him about it. When I'm through castin' this, it'll look like a pitcha any major studio would be proud to release.

Huh? Oh—you? Well, I ain't got nothin' right away for you, but I'll get in touch with you the minute we start it. But it's a great idear, ain't it?

Glenda Farrell's Hidden Romance

(*Continued from page* 13)

We were crazy, of course, but too happy to know it. Why," she added with a little laugh, "we had a baby before we had a wedding ring! It was almost two years after our marriage before Dick could afford to buy me a wedding ring out of his own earnings, and he wouldn't let me have one bought with any other kind of money!"

The picture-job which Glenda landed on her honeymoon trip was of brief duration. Penniless, Dick was forced to allow her to return to her parents for several months and they continued to meet in secret. Then the truth came out, and the quick-tempered Mr. Farrell had to make the best of it. He took them in—an Irishman looks after his kin.

The poor young husband, devoted and distressed, began to make the discovery so many of our war heroes had to face in those days—to wit, the grim fact that a medal was no passport to a job. Homeless, with no possessions of any kind except a devastating love for each other, the two handsome youngsters set about working up a vaudeville act, practicing dance steps in their bedroom and finally talking the booking agent of a four-a-day circuit into booking them at starvation wages.

"IT was a grand time, though!" Glenda declared with sparkling eyes. "We danced so beautifully together. And his touch was heaven to me. The towns we played were pretty drab, the theatres—terrible! But at night when we were alone we seemed to be shut into some vast dream world of our own that was all beauty and happiness. It was terribly hard work and the jumps gave us very little rest. And after the first week on the road, I discovered that I was going to have a baby. But that made no difference and I danced right through . . . as long as I could appear in public . . . longer, really. And then finally the house manager in some little town told me I'd have to quit. So we went back to my family. There wasn't anything else to do."

"We were so poor," said Glenda, "that I was forced to make my baby's diapers out of old flour sacks which Dad brought me from the store. But I hemmed them all by hand as tenderly as if they had been of the finest materials—for my Tommy, who is now ten, was the most welcome and looked-forward-to baby in the world. And," she added, "to make up to him for those old 'didies' I now buy him silk shorts—though he doesn't know why!"

Glenda almost gave her life for baby Tommy's when he finally arrived. "Perhaps," as she explained with naive, matter of fact directness, "because I'd been working days selling things from house to house and working nights in an artificial flower factory. But thank God we both lived, even though Tommy's advent was really the beginning of the end between my husband and myself."

It seems that Dick, driven by despair and ill-health resulting from the innumerable wounds he had received during the war, started to drink, and when he was drunk he was dangerous. A war hero, he was defeated by Peace. He was a dreamer and

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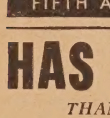

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in dreams he conquered the world, but they could not live on dreams and children must eat. As soon as she was able, the couple left home again and wandered about from place to place, Glenda taking what jobs she could get and not only supporting her husband and child but contributing, as always, to the support of her parents.

"It's rather funny," she commented, "that I, who so often play the part of a kept woman on the screen, have never been kept by anybody, not even by my family. But it was not because of Dick's inability to earn a living that my attitude towards him changed. He considered that the baby took the romantic element out of our marriage. But to me the child gradually became the very center of life itself. I'd worked so hard to bear it and to support it afterwards. It wasn't that I loved Dick less but simply that I loved my baby more. And when the time came that I was unable to support them both, there was never a moment's hesitation in my mind. But I didn't act at once—at least I did nothing drastic. I merely began to save money. Heaven only knows how I did it—I hate to remember. It meant going without everything. But somehow, eventually, I managed to get three hundred dollars together.

And then, her baby safe in her mother's care, Glenda Farrell, as she again called herself, faced a journey to New York and the carving out of a career.

IN less than two weeks after her arrival, she was working in a show. In less than two years she had begun the climb to the fame, money, popularity, which is now rapidly leading her to stardom. Her mother died and she had her handsome little son with her. Even her father, with whom she gladly shared everything she had, was happy. But the glamorous lover-husband was gone, faded into some dim oblivion of his own making. Occasionally, but very seldom, he emerged and managed to cross her path. And always at these encounters the old flame sprang up between them, hot and consuming, beautiful but destroying.

To Dick, these meetings appeared to be a sort of draught of heaven essential to his very existence. And when he went away again, it was always because he was seized by a sudden restlessness, not because she sent him. His ecstatic mood would be followed by one of deep despair in which he blamed himself for hurting her, for holding her back in her career by his very existence. These scenes nearly killed Glenda, and she would try in every way to reassure him. He was always broke and on more than one occasion when she knew him to be penniless, she tried to give him money, but he always refused it. Once, when she left him, she resorted to trickery. Realizing that he was entirely without funds, she slipped a ten-dollar bill she could ill afford to spare into the match box he carried in his pocket. To do this was a real sacrifice on her part, but Glenda went away happy, knowing that he would find it when he lit his pipe and so at least have food for the next day or so. What she did not know, however, was that he later, in a fit of temper, threw the match box through the window without knowing what it contained, so that actually Glenda's sacrifice was for nothing!

After this, Dick gradually passed out of Glenda's life, and with his departure the tradition of beauty and charm which she built up about him in his son's imagination grew in strength and conviction.

"Way back in my own secret mind," Glenda assured me, "I began to realize that the Glenda of that time was not the impulsive, romantic child who had married a Uniform and a flashing smile. The romance of it could never really die, because it had been too real, too lovely. But the woman who had experienced it was no more; a hard-working, ambitious actress had taken her place—fickle and incredulous where men were concerned, and seriously interested in only one male—her son!"

And so the years of silence between these two lovers who had once so much to say. Their next meeting was characteristically abrupt and dramatic. Walking home from the theatre one night in a thick fog, Glenda stumbled into the arms of a man who was walking swiftly and blindly in the opposite direction. It was Dick. Still poverty-stricken and careless of his fate, he yet possessed much of his charm. They talked, over hot coffee, for two hours.

"Look here!" Dick said with more consideration and gentleness than he had ever shown before. "Look here, Glenda, what are we going to do with our lives? This can't go on. I'm no good to you and I never will be anything but a burden. Divorce me. Put me out of your heart and out of your mind . . . unless the time ever comes when you need me—need me for something I can really do for you. I can't pay for a divorce, but if you want to get one—well, I won't defend it. The best thing I can do for you, dearest, is to set you free."

"In that instant," confessed Glenda, "I think we both saw him as he really was—with some vital thing lacking; something which was not his fault, but which would prevent his changing . . . ever . . ."

GLENDA paid for a divorce. And for five years after that strange evening in the fog, she never saw him, never heard of him again. Then success came rapidly. Play after play clicking with the public, she was sought after by producers and finally brought to Hollywood where she duplicated her stage success. She chose a fine school for the boy, a lovely home for her father, had rich furs and jewels and distinguished friends, while her fame mounted higher and higher. And then suddenly headlines in the newspapers. Dick was arrested and the town was talking. The boy Tommy disillusioned about his idolized father, afraid to go to school, finally had to be sent away for his health.

"Of course," said Glenda proudly, "as soon as I read what had happened, I—well, I was sure he had been drinking. I knew how wild he was at such times, and that never in his sane moments would Dick do such a thing as he was accused of doing. But even if he had been guilty, my duty would still have been clear: he had been my husband and he was the father of my boy. I went to him at once. But I arrived too late. Dick had sobered up, been released and disappeared, leaving only one word for me: the word 'sorry' written on a folded scrap of paper. But I knew what it meant. He would never hurt me, Dick wouldn't, and he'd gone back into the mist of that long-ago last-night and the still more misty romance—probably forever!"

Why Our Marriage Failed

(*Continued from page 25*)

arrived at my house. They were the longest-stemmed roses I had ever seen. Inside was a card bearing the name of Jack Gilbert. Never had a girl been so excited before!

"Seven days later he proposed. I didn't accept until I had given it a great deal of thought. I had worked hard and long for my career. Now that it was being fulfilled I hesitated about giving it up. I wanted to prove to myself that I could make good on my own.

"I knew that Jack had been married three times before to beautiful, glamorous women, but his other marriages had not been happy. I felt that he needed constant companionship and he had not had that. He often used to say that he wanted me 'right here'—and he would slap his right arm. Therefore, I wanted to be sure that I could make him happy and make up for what he had missed before.

"We were working on his picture, 'Downstairs.' The studio had seen my rushes and liked my work. In the entire time that I have known Jack Gilbert, I have never seen him quite so happy. Recently he had gone through great suffering

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$10 . . . Fabian Hickey
72 Stuyvesant Ave.
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5104 Queensbury Ave.
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$ 1 . . . R. C. Bridge
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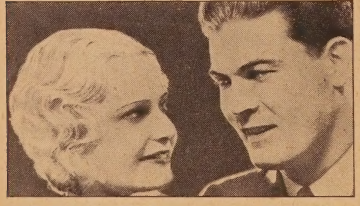

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due to his unfortunate talkie début but now he was working hard. He was in love. He swept me off my feet with his beautiful gifts, with his ardent attentions.

"Before the end of the picture we became engaged. We were so happy working together. Life seemed so full and worth living. It just didn't seem possible that anything could ever happen to mar our great happiness.

"Jack had one more picture to make under his starring contract. Had he gone on working, I am confident that we would still be together and happy today. As it was, he found himself with long, lonesome days on his hands. I was working in another picture called 'Kongo.' Jack's picture would not be ready to start for another month. We would talk to each other on the 'phone in between scenes. He was restless, nervous and berated the work that kept me away from him.

"FINALLY, I came to the realization that I would have to give up my career if I wanted to make Jack Gilbert happy. He wanted a wife who loved a home. He wanted a wife who would give him babies. He wanted a wife who would not try to dominate him and who would be content to be just Mrs. Jack Gilbert.

"Because I sincerely felt I could give him everything he expected, I decided to marry him at once. I went to Irving Thalberg and asked to be released from my contract. Mr. Thalberg was kind and understanding. He begged me to think twice before I gave up what I had worked so hard for. But my mind was made up.

"Instead of releasing me from my contract, Mr. Thalberg suspended me indefinitely. If ever I want to return to the screen, he would have the first refusal on my services. If I had known what I know now, I never would have married Jack Gilbert until he was hard at work again.

"Two months after our marriage, I realized my mistake. Jack didn't want a wife. He didn't need a wife. Work was his wife—his mistress—his god. No one knows unless one has lived with him. That great vital force inside of him was like the angry waters in some pent-up dam. He became so moody, he would not speak to me for days. He could not stand the sight of me around the house, yet he became almost violent if I left home for a second. I did not know where to go or what to do.

"Once he took me on a week-end trip to Palm Springs. I thought the change and new surroundings would do him good. I had forgotten my lipstick, so borrowed one from Jobyna Arlen whom we called on. That night as we went to bed, he became very angry because he thought I had stopped wearing lipstick. I explained that it was indelible lipstick and would not come off. But just to prove it to him, I got up and tried to remove it again. It didn't come off and Jack flew into a rage.

"It was four in the morning, but he took the car and went home. I was terribly embarrassed and had to hire a taxi the next day to drive me back into town, where my driver met me. I am repeating this to show how irritable and irresponsible he is at times. Something else of much greater importance might entirely escape him without a comment.

"Jack was always sorry when he had been unkind or acted impossibly. But that never prevented him from being that way again. Shortly after our marriage, as a peace offering, he took me, with my family, on a trip to Europe. Outside of one or two brief excursions, I spent the entire trip in a hotel—trying to cheer him up when he needed me—struggling to keep out of his sight when he wanted to be alone. That strange, unhappy streak in his nature seldom gave him peace of mind.

"I thought the advent of our baby would be the one thing that would save us. Oh, I know Jack loves her, yet he was so worried about his career he had little time to show it.

"I have never known anyone who is quite so intellectual and has such a keen head for business. While Jack detests anyone who tries to dominate him or anyone who professes to know more than he, on the other hand he would get very upset if I did not react immediately to some business scheme he might choose to tell me about.

"A week after the baby was born, he was given his rôle in 'Queen Christina,' and he came rushing down to the hospital. He was so jubilant he could hardly contain himself. I was so happy for his sake and within a few weeks after starting the picture, he began to gain weight and to rest better.

"If there had been another picture waiting immediately following this one, I believe Jack might have taken a new grip on himself. But he has so much pride and was so deeply hurt at the way his career had turned previous to this picture, that he once more lapsed back into his old moody self.

"Now he is suing Metro to be released from his contract because he discovered that there was no clause which said *when* a script should be submitted for his consideration. The contract could have been broken amicably, I'm sure, but I'm afraid Jack's instinct for the dramatic caused his action.

"ON January the eleventh of this year, Jack told me that he wanted to live alone, so I took my baby and went home to my family. I did not desert him, nor will I ever desert him. Because I admired him for his brilliance and sympathized with him for his cursed ambition. I wanted to do the best thing that I thought would be best all the way around.

"I do not think he can be blamed or be condemned—no more than one can condemn the sky for being blue. He is perhaps the most colorful, the most interesting, the most exciting person I shall ever meet in my life. If I had it to do all over again, it would be worth it just to know him. And because I have tried to make him happy by marrying him—I'm now going to try the other extreme by immediately getting a divorce. If I am in any way at fault, I hope he will forgive me.

"As this is being written, my future is undecided. Right now, work would be very welcome to me. I have not decided whether I should try and get back, or just content myself with being a good mother to my baby Susan Ann. I think I can do both, but time alone will tell.

"I wish Jack Gilbert every happiness and above all, success. That is his salvation, and because he is a real genius, I pray that he may once again find his rightful place in the sun."

What I Think of Bing Crosby

(*Continued from page* 58)

scenes for days. He's that soft-hearted!

He has the DARNDEST sense of humor. When Jobyna was in the hospital Bing called her on the phone one day. He asked what she was doing. Jobyna replied that she was eating her lunch.

"What," cried Bing, scandalized, "you're there to have a baby. Let's have no more nonsense about eating."

We've given up long ago trying to get him to take any interest in clothes. When we had a joint christening for Master Richard Ralston Arlen, and Master Gary Evan Crosby I suggested that we should do it up with fancy trimmings. I suggested that Bing and I should wear striped trousers and morning coats. After considerable argument he agreed, but on the day of the christening he arrived in his old, blue sport jacket. I thought he'd made a mistake and was under the impression that we were all starting out on a fishing trip.

"My clothes are all at the studio," he told me.

Clothes are the least important thing in Bing's life. Just before he is reduced to going bare he makes a trip to his tailor and the haberdasher. He will take six of a kind of the first thing he sees, and is perfectly satisfied until they wear out.

I SUSPECT him of being a little bit color blind. Anyway, he has a green gaberdine suit that he calls GRAY.

Nothing worries him, and that must be a grand and glorious feeling. I can worry about any given thing at any given time. Some time ago a doctor told Bing that he might lose his voice. They say a growth in his vocal cords gives his voice that unusual quality. Bing is convinced that the doctor is right—that he might wake up tomorrow morning and not be able to sing a note. It doesn't worry him, though. I hold the theory that he will be crooning when he's ninety.

He's absolutely calm and unruffled before the camera or "mike." He doesn't like to be hurried about it. In fact he can't be hurried about anything.

I admire the modesty of the fellow. He sings for his own amusement, and the fact that he is now one of the biggest drawing cards on the screen hasn't made a bit of difference to him. He's amazed at the salary he gets for his singing, and I have a hunch that he doesn't think he's worth it. When his manager wants to try and get more money for him he balks.

"You can't get away with it," he tells him. "They'll think you're crazy."

A month afterward he's sorry that he didn't try it. It might have gone over. And, believing as he does that he might lose his voice, he wants to make hay while there is still hay.

I've never seen anyone who is more at home in any place. He has that marvelous faculty of always seeming to belong. And what an assortment of friends! They range from the social register to Chicago gangsters. You've heard the story of the Chicago gangster who saw to it that Bing didn't have to pay for protection when he was singing in that city. The gangster was a Crosby fan.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Romantic at Fifty

(*Continued from page 43*)

A MAN'S man! He lives on a ranch in San Fernando Valley where, in old khaki pants and shirt, he runs his own tractor, tinkers with his gasoline engine, rides his horses and shoots.

He has a cabin in the old mining country of Northern California. He loves it. He can rough it to his heart's content there. But, he confessed to me wryly, the townspeople are now kind of mad at him. They accepted him as Lew Stone, an actor, but a pretty good fellow who liked to hunt and shoot and attend to his own business. Suddenly word leaked out as to his whereabouts, and since then the quiet little town has just reeked of visiting tourists. Admirers have spoiled the quiet and the roads and just everything!

He doesn't like night spots. He doesn't like being seen in public. Not just because he's the sort of man who prefers earthly things to tinsel and glitter, but because when he does stick his head out of his hole, he doesn't get a moment's peace from admirers.

Last summer when he docked his boat at Catalina Island with the idea of visiting the Wrigley Aviary, about two miles inland, somebody in the holiday crowd spotted him. After he had signed sixty-eight autographs and progressed hardly ten yards, he turned back wearily to his yacht. At the rate he was progressing, he would not arrive at the Aviary before day after tomorrow!

His past—what about that? Where does he come from? Where was he born? How did he become an actor? Accepted as a part of the American theatrical tradition and the Hollywood picture for years—yet who knows about his beginning? Do you?

He was born in Worcester, Mass., brought up in New York City where he went to the public schools. Just out of school, he joined the army to battle in the Spanish-American War. When he came back, he looked for a job. There were none. He had a vague idea of writing, did write a short play.

His uncle, W. H. MacDonald, an opera singer, gave him a note to A. Q. Scammon, New York theatrical producer. He thought maybe Scammon would read the piece and give the lad advice. Nothing more. As Stone entered the producer's office, Scammon was drumming his fingers on his desk. He only half listened to Lew's speech and then said abruptly, "Yes, yes, young man, but can you act?"

"No!" said Stone very firmly.

"Sure you can," returned Scammon. "I need a fellow just like you to go to Belleville, Canada and replace an actor who is sick. Read me something and let's see."

Before young Mr. Stone, veteran of the Spanish-American War, knew it, he was playing hick towns in a fourth-rate theatrical troupe. He made a couple of futile efforts to get away, but didn't. That occurred more than thirty years ago.

He became, as you know, one of the great matinee idols of his day. That romantic something or other which he has now, was stamped strongly on his personality as a youth.

Women sent him mash notes. They lined up at the stage door, to see him as he strode out of the theater. He came to Los Angeles and became one of the colorful figures of that golden Los Angeles theatrical era—the days of the old Belasco and the old Burbank Theaters.

His hair grayed prematurely. I have talked to no one who remembers Stone with other than that shock of gray hair, but all agree that it was a part of his charm, dignity and appeal.

He was a pretty gay young blade. One of my favorite stories is about the time he swiped a Chicago mounted policeman's horse. He found the horse hitched to a post just outside the theater door—the copper had gone somewhere to enjoy a bit of liquid refreshment. Stone, in top hat and evening clothes, enjoyed a beautiful canter through the Chicago streets while the policeman searched frantically for his lost mount. These, I might remark, were the days before radio cars!

On another occasion he forgot and left his paycheck in the pants pocket of a suit he had sent to the cleaners. Lew was far from wealthy—the check was all he had in the world. So at eleven at night, a policeman found him trying to climb through a window into the tailor's shop! Lew told his story, the copper was sympathetic and offered to climb in for him. Just then a sergeant strolled by. The sergeant was unsympathetic and there was quite a lot of trouble. Lew did *not* get his paycheck until the next day.

OF course, he had his troubles as a young man. Although few people know it, he once suffered a breakdown and spent months on a Texas ranch living outdoors and rebuilding his health. To this day, he has a horror of hospitals.

Stone has been married three times. He has two daughters, Barbara and Virginia, by his first wife. Virginia is just now starting to carve a career for herself on the New York stage.

His first wife, Margaret Langham, a dark-haired, vibrant personality whom he met and wooed when they were playing together at the old Los Angeles Belasco theater, was killed tragically in 1917 when she fell from a window high in a New York hotel. The legend is that she was ill for love of him. Stone, a commissioned officer at the time in the U. S. Army, was at Plattsburg and, she thought, about to go overseas to fight in the World War.

Stone never speaks of this. His close friends never broach the topic, naturally enough. But during the filming of "Inspiration," when Karen Morley had to make a suicidal jump from a balcony, Stone, the imperturbable, the actor, turned his head away with a shudder. He couldn't face the scene.

When the war was over and he did not, after all, go overseas, Stone came back to California. He met Florence Oakley whom he had known when she was acting at the Belasco years before. They were cast together in a play. They fell in love, married And Florence took over the job of being mother to his two little daughters.

Something happened between them a few years ago. They separated, Florence to return to the stage, Stone to keep on with

pictures. He then met and married Hazel Elizabeth Woolf. She was a young extra in pictures living at the Hollywood Studio club. They were married on October 19, 1930, at Yuma.

So today, they live quietly on the ranch, shun premieres, parties, Hollywood social life. Their close friends are the Freddie Fralichs and, with them, they take many trips by motor, train and on Stone's 105-foot sailboat schooner.

HIS personality—his appearance! One of Lew's secrets of charm for women lies, I believe, in his well-scrubbed appearance. He always looks polished to the *n*th degree. The only other person on the screen who, to me, conveys this feeling of terrific cleanliness is Norma Shearer.

He has perfect poise. Once, in the course of a conversation with a friend of mine, as he described the way properly to sit the saddle on a horse, he perched himself on the back of his chair. The chair slipped, Mr. Stone took a terrific fall to the floor. Nothing abashed and acting as if nothing had happened he picked himself up and continued with his conversation.

In the character of the man, a character embodying strength reserve, charm, dignity; in his possessions, so masculine and so indicative of his vigor and activity; in his appearance, so handsome and so scrubbed and polished, lies his secret.

Most older men are either staid and stiff, or doddering fuss budgets. Lew has that distinct Continental suavity plus his vital, masculine qualities. He is always intriguing and this is why he is a Garbo "regular" when other and younger men pass in and out of the picture! This is why age never seems to dull the lustre of his undeniable romantic appeal!

Colleen Moore has been plenty busy these days. She's just finished "Social Register," megaphoned by Mickey Neilan, and "Success Story," with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., for RKO

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Janet Gaynor's Great Friendship

(*Continued from page* 31)

Hollywood wants them. Let me build you up as a noted stage favorite from over here."

It sounded tempting. Margaret knew perfectly well that foreigners in that year of grace, 1931, were apt to get the "breaks." Hadn't she tried the previous fall to get somewhere by herself in New York? And hadn't she failed in a manner that made her shudder a bit to remember?

The press agent had done a noble job. He had flooded Manhattan theatrical agents and newspapers with notices about "London's newest sensation." So that when the girl who had been plain Peg Kies of Dubuque, Iowa, stepped off the ship she found herself heralded as the British Isles' latest gift to Broadway.

From the offers made her she accepted the one to appear in "Lady in Waiting" as an English noblewoman. During the first rehearsal the star assured her: "You know, I can always detect an artificial London accent. I'm so glad yours is real . . ." Margaret hid a broad smile. She had spent a year carefully cultivating that accent. And she had studied every phase of the English stage so she wouldn't be tripped up by her supposed fellow-countrymen. But there was that terrible chance.

"I'm—I'm scared," she admitted to herself.

"Nonsense!" *the* Margaret Lindsay told little Peg Kies sharply. "All your life you've been conventional and safe and sound. Nothing exciting has ever come your way until now. For Heaven's sake make the most of it!" It was a battle royal between those two selves. There was Peg, who had always done the correct thing in the correct way. Who had been a model youngster and girl for all her eighteen years in Iowa and at a select school in Washington, D. C.

AND there was the Lindsay, who had come into existence really the night she faced Mrs. Kies in a New York hotel room. "Please, mother, let me go to Harrogate. I've tried to get a foothold on the stage here and I've failed. It isn't as though the owner of that stock company over there wasn't a friend of yours. He is. And I'll get the experience, the training, I need with him."

A year can do a lot for a person. It did much for Peg. It took the pleasant mid-western burr out of her speech and gave her an accent to Queen Mary's taste. An accent completely suitable for "The Lady in Waiting."

During rehearsals, a scout from Universal "discovered" the suave Lindsay. Would she consider the movies? She shrugged casually and took a test. But in the privacy of her room Peg did a jig of absolute joy. Her "act" was going over!

Suddenly, what had been a lark to the Lindsay became a Juggernaut. She didn't dare recognize old friends for fear of a "give-away." One of her former classmates ran into her at the Cocoanut Grove and Peg had to coolly stare her down. It hurt. With new acquaintances she could be herself. She became abruptly aware that she was getting terribly, terribly tired of being "the sensation from London."

Worst of all was the "Cavalcade" experience. The very role that made her remains the nightmare of her existence! It began the day she was trying out for the part of Diana Wynyard's daughter-in-law. As she was in the midst of that scene on the Titanic she saw a man coming on the set who had known her since she was an infant. Not a blooming English infant but a lusty Iowa baby . . .

"This," thought Peg, "*is* the end." But by that time she was used to matching her wits with circumstance. She asked them to stop the camera while she went for more powder. When she came directly in front of the man she looked at him squarely—the impersonal look of the perfect stranger.

"Oh dear Lord," prayed Peg, "make him understand."

For a long moment he watched her, then left without a word.

It meant so much to her—that part. And Fox was billing it everywhere as "an all-English" cast.

"You're a two-faced liar," she accused herself fiercely.

"Don't be silly," said the other self. "You had to get started some way."

BUT she made a concession. If she found that every other member of the company had been born in the British Empire she would relinquish the role. So very carefully Peg went through the histories of all of them. Beryl Mercer, she learned, had made her world-entrance in Castile. "Iowa," announced Peg to her mirror, "is as good as Spain to be born in. *I'm going to do that part.*" And she did.

It involved, however, hi-hatting the rest of the cast . . . being very upstage to the British press so they would *want* to interview her . . . and being completely miserable . . .

Margaret's nerves rapidly reached the breaking point. She took to pacing the floor until dawn trying to think things out.

And rather swiftly a way was opened. Warner Brothers sent for her. They put her under contract.

Said Jack Warner: "The only difficulty, Miss Lindsay, is that your accent is so English we'll have trouble casting you. Could you adopt a more American pronunciation?"

Margaret thought she could—and he wondered why she broke into an hysterical little laugh . . .

She could afford to tell the truth now! She told it to an important columnist who spread the news nationally. How would it affect her career? Would Hollywood accept an impostor?

It was during this very critical juncture that she met Janet Gaynor. "Do you know what it is to have someone believe in you when you've lost faith in yourself? Someone to restore your confidence and give you the heart to go on? *That is what Janet did for me!*" Peg's eyes glowed warmly as she spoke.

But the remarkable part of it is this—Janet, in trying to help someone else break through the walls that imprisoned them, has broken through her own. . . .

What I Think of Richard Arlen

(*Continued from page 59*)

club around a tree as put it back in the bag.

Keeping up with the Hollywood parade is one of the few things that he hasn't worried about. He has never gone in for a flock of expensive motor cars, and he doesn't like to go to big parties, or give them in his home. He does like to have his friends drop in for an informal evening, but there isn't any swank. He drove one car for years, and when they bought a second automobile it was a Ford. He built his home in Toluca Lake when it was just country. It didn't become popular with the film people until long after he had been living there. It's just the kind of a house, and in the kind of a place, that he likes best. It's comfortable, but it isn't lavish. His one extravagance is his yacht, and the enjoyment that Jobyna and he get out of it is worth the expenditure.

I can still hear him complaining about the last movie party he went to. It seems that he encountered several fake English accents. Dick still talks American, even if he has lived in Hollywood for years. A lot of people are under the impression that Hollywood is part of the British Empire, and that no one will understand you unless you use a broad A.

ONE of the minor tragedies in his life is the fact that Jobyna won't let him have an aeroplane. He's crazy about 'em, and probably never in his life did he have so much fun as when he was working in "Wings." It's almost the only picture that he has made that he talks about. Until fairly recently he used to take a plane up pretty regularly. One day he was attempting to do some fancy business when he was flying over his house. He knocked over the chimney. Since then Joby has put her foot down. There will be no more flying.

Dick likes good clothes, and hasn't a shred of sales resistance when it comes to sweaters. I'll bet he has a hundred, and they are all neatly folded and placed away in drawers, just the way they are in the stores. His taste runs to sport clothes, and the last time he went to New York he had to rush out and buy a couple of ready-made business suits. He didn't have any in his wardrobe.

Once in a while he likes to get dressed up and go places. The first day that Dixie and I were settled in our new home at Toluca Lake there was a business-like ring at the door. When we answered there was Dick, all togged out in a frock coat and a silk hat. He was paying us an official visit as the "Mayor" of Toluca Lake.

He's a fond parent, but he doesn't bore you with the details. You should hear the way young Richard Ralston Arlen behaves. Dick and Jobyna made up their minds that this would be no pampered child. He wasn't many weeks old when his pa and ma bundled him up and took him on a yachting trip. It must agree with him. He's the healthiest baby I ever saw, excepting my own, you understand.

Dick is never nervous in front of the camera, but if you want to see him go to pieces just watch him when he broadcasts over the air. You'd think he was facing the Inquisition.

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

A Gentleman of the Old School

(*Continued from page 47*)

perspective, and forget there are things in the world every bit as important as studios—well, I won't be a person any longer at all. If you run with the crowd, you lose yourself in it, and when you lose yourself you've lost everything you have or can ever have."

So strong is Gene's conviction of this that he hops on a train every chance he gets, and goes as far away as he can.

I wonder . . . *can* an actor be a great actor unless he plumbs both the heights and the depths? Isn't acting, essentially, a flair for going the whole way, emotionally? Acting requires passion, and where is the passion in a humdrum, middle, sane course of existence? Oddly enough, however, Gene's fetish for moderation in all things preserves him, not alone from excesses but, as well, from too great a pendulum-swing towards stodginess. You might not be surprised to hear that his philosophy keeps him from squandering his money. But you may get a chuckle out of learning that it keeps him, also, from spending too little!

THE current fad in Hollywood is to pretend you're poor. Actors with a thousand or more a week boast they aren't spending twenty dollars in the same length of time. They're all swearing they're salting away their salaries in trust funds.

"I suppose it's only common sense to be careful," he says. "A man who lights his cigars with five-dollar bills isn't a grandiose figure, he's merely a plain ass. On the other hand, I feel it's utter nonsense to pinch and squeeze and lay out a budget. What are you pinching for, in the final analysis? For security! Well, there is no such thing as security—nowhere in God's universe! You save and put your savings into a trust fund, and the trust fund blows up. You put them into a savings account and the bank goes to the wall. Real estate? The taxes break you, and meanwhile the real estate goes down in value. So I live—comfortably, always." . . . Like his grandfather, in those Elegant Eighties we spoke of!

Gene's philosophy of friendship—even of love—is the same. The middle road, always! One night he may take out a Hollywood girl, and the very next a Pasadena deb with a million in her own right and not the slightest desire to see the inside of a studio. "Who the girl is doesn't make so much difference," he says, "so long as she is congenial." So long, in other words, as he feels comfortable with her.

"Marriage? I think of marriage as the topping-off of a career, rather than as something to enter into along the way. Along the way, a bachelor gets the best of it by far. After you've arrived, with no 'hostages to fortune' to hold you back—*then*, marriage. I haven't even begun to make plans. Have you ever heard of a man marrying the sort of girl he planned to marry? It's nonsense! No, thanks—I'll go on the way I'm going."

I may have led you to believe that the whole aim of Gene's life is comfort, so often have I spoken of what it means to him. I'm sorry if I have. That is misleading. Gene will work, and does work, like the very devil, to maintain the standard of comfort he has set for himself. (Himself and his mother. Don't forget that!) But he says—turning it into an epigram worthy of his grandfather—

"I'll work for comfort only until it interferes with my comfort!"

A zealot on the subject of health, he explains: "Look at the number of nervous breakdowns, the number of picture people in hospitals all the time, in spite of California's famous healthful climate! What puts them there? The nervous strain of pictures! Fame, wealth, good fortune, those are the things we work for, but none of them—*nothing*—is worth having, if you can't enjoy it. Nothing in this world is important enough to warrant sacrificing your health. Pictures drain people dry. They won't drain me—not if I can help it! If I think I'm too tired to work I don't work. That's part of my understanding with the grandest fellow in Hollywood, Mr. Lasky."

This doesn't mean that he puts his comfort—his health, in this instance—so far in the forefront of his concern as to erase his career entirely. In a showdown, Gene would choose his health in preference to picture success, and there's not an instant's doubt of it. But, while he's working, he works as hard as anyone in the business. He's terribly sincere, and every bit as ambitious as he was the day he started his stage work. Considerably more so, since he made his first stage appearance when he was five; a fairly tender age for ambition to flower! "If I had a hundred million dollars I'd still be an actor," he vows earnestly, and means it. "And if I had ten dollars a week I'd still be an actor." And means that, too! His hope is to act, act, act until he can look at a performance some day and say to himself, "That's pretty good, Gene." Not, "That's marvelous." Not, "That's colossal!" Just— "That's pretty good, Gene." In his appreciation of himself, too, Gene stays on middle ground, far away from extremes.

IN fact, I think that's one of the big reasons I like him so well!

The last time I saw him, I made a prophecy. "Gene," I told him, "I'd love to know you when you're an old man with a neat, gray beard. You're going to be one of those beautifully dressed old men who look as though they just stepped out of a tailor's window. With a white linen handkerchief tucked into your pocket. And smelling faintly of eau de cologne—oh, the very best eau de cologne, you know! You'll have a fine library at home, and you'll know all there is to know about fine cigars and wines and liqueurs. You'll carry a little sack of peppermint lozenges in your coat pocket, to give to your grand-children when they sit on your elegant lap. That's what you're going to be, Gene, sure as fate!"

He gave me his smile, and that polite little bow—so much like that of a fencer who says *"Touch!"* to acknowledge that an adversary's rapier has pinked him.

"Do you think so, really?" he inquired, smiling.

I think so!

Movietown's Fashion Parade

(*Continued from page 50*)

clothes for semi-formal wear but something soft and frilly like Margaret Sullavan's ruffled organdy with its dainty scalloped edges of cherry red. This is the garden party frock which every real girl adores to wear and which inspires grace, romance and who knows what. The cherry note is carried out in the moiré ribbon sash as well as at the neck where the demure collar is tied, too. The short sleeve, with its *double ruffles* is new to our generation and chances are that a large, horsehair hat with a small cluster of cherries will find it's way into Margaret's hands the first time she wears this youthful frock.

YELLOW AND BEIGE ARE SPRING RAGE

Yellow is one of Spring's most popular colors. For every time of day! Also *beige*, which is still another note of pre-war revival and one of the most becoming shades a girl can wear. It's always smart, but this season it's a leader.

PULLING THE WOOL OVER MARY'S AGE

Mary Brian is still trying to "grow up" and you should see the way she rushed about getting one of the very first formal length Spring suits. Mary's favorite shade of grey, in a lightweight wool, reaches the floor in straight, classic lines. Then comes the exciting part! Midnight blue velvet fashions a trick new cape, muff and "doughboy's" cap and reminds us again that "summer" velvet will be a very important substitute for fur this season.

FOR SPRING'S FIRST INFORMAL HOURS

Just as a practical touch to this forecast I know you'll be glad to hear about daytime dresses that will serve for street, for work or for almost anything. After all, even though fashions are glamorous to talk about and to think about these simpler clothes are the ones most of us will spend our longer hours in, aren't they?

Ann Sothern, who took Columbia's breath away in her first picture, "Let's Fall In Love" is ready to face Spring in a chic frock of navy crepe Elizabeth which every girl will envy. Ann insists in remaining faithful to the widened shoulder effect which so many of us have learned to love. In this frock the breadth is achieved by white silk braid on the edge of a pleat which outlines the top of her dress. The sleeves are slightly full and the high neck has a terribly cute tie which just flips over once and has several rows of the white silk braid. With a rhinestone spear in her tie and a smaller one on her navy straw fabric hat, Ann presents a charming picture of "Springtime in Hollywood" where she is a very important young person these days.

Peggy Shannon has the "blues" too, but not in a mournful way at all! Peggy likes the shade of blue which is almost navy, but has a greyish tone. One of her "pet" frocks is a two-piece model designed for her by Robert Kalloch of Columbia. It's

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YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 timts an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, rundown, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

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another dress one could wear all day and still feel happy in, which is the supreme test. The blouse is tucked at each side for fullness under the arm and is split up the front and back. The fluted ruffle down the front and around the wide cuffs is a very new note on such an informal frock and the white pearl buttons are entirely original and interesting. The importance of a touch of colorful print is carried out in Peggy's collar which is bright red crepe with a white dot over another collar of white piqué which also forms the little tie.

Another "young and healthy" star has given thought to the informal dress situation. Shirley Grey! Shirley is rapidly winning a name in "smarter" Hollywood by her very noticeable flair for fashionable dress.

A very different note of simplicity is expressed in Shirley's navy crepe with it's flamboyant touches of brighter blue and white print. Three-quarter sleeves are tied with soft bows of print and the large bow in front is flatteringly "young" as is the interesting collar. That collar is made of rondels of white silk braid, tightly rolled and caught together! To back that up a new kind of buckle is used at the normal waistline . . . a buckle covered with silk braid. This is the kind of a dress which should provide countless little suggestions for you, for it's so full of the new ideas this 1934 Summer season will sponsor.

CHECK THIS, TOO!

After a long vacation all sorts of plaids, stripes and novelty weaves are back in the woolen family for Spring and Summer suits. For the woman whose wardrobe isn't complete without a suit, as is the case with nearly every smart Hollywood star, there's a world of interest in this particular point. Genevieve Tobin, one of the daintiest stars on the screen presents a startling picture of "ultra-chic" in her first suit of the season. Brown and white shepherd's plaid wool, with a slightly flared, tailored skirt has a long box coat which shows only about two inches of the skirt beneath it. The raglan sleeves are very 1934-ish and the jumper underneath is tucked, sheer wool in light beige color with small brass buttons. A sort of gob's cap of brown fabric pulls closely over one side of Genevieve's sleek blonde coiffure and a brightly hued feather adds the only contrasting color note. This is really a classic type of Spring suit and terribly significant for both town and country in the new mode's plan.

TOBIN'S EN-MESH-ING SMARTNESS

Genevieve Tobin has taken the vogue for silver mesh and simply had her way with it. She personally designed a little cocktail jacket of mesh which may be worn over a dozen different frocks with equal smartness. Just the length of the 1914 bolero, this jacket has no seams at all, and little cap sleeves just manage to cover the white expanse of soft shoulder. Over a black dinner dress in "Ninth Guest," such a jacket is particularly striking, and Genevieve carries out the motif by adding a rhinestone spear at the front decolletage of her frock. Those Tobin girls know what it's all about—plenty—when it comes to the art of dressing.

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The ZORO Co., 361 W. Superior St., Chicago

Forbidden Loves of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 27*)

man could ever be. The rival of *a stranger with whom I was in love.*"

Even so, they might have come together, these strangers-in-love, if Hollywood had not forbidden it by its insistence. If they had had time and privacy in which to work out their problems. But every quarrel they had was ferreted out, given emphasis to, exaggerated, colored so that it could not die, nor be minimized, in their hearts, in their memories. The note of hysteria was accented. Reasons were given which they had not thought of themselves. The pressure of public curiosity forced Garbo to shrink more and more into her solitariness.

And now there is Garbo and there is Mamoulian. If Garbo marries the director she is shorn of her legend; she is denuded of her carefully built illusion. She must emerge, not as the Solitary, the Sphinx—provocative as woman has seldom been provocative before—but as a married woman, even as you and I. Already stories are being told, tongue in cheek—Garbo at the hair-dressers asking for "an evening headdress"—Garbo waiting to go under the dryer—Garbo meeting Mamoulian at the Ambassador, smartly clad, wearing silver foxes—Garbo taking a too-mortal trip with Mamoulian across a few State lines, inviting the tongue of scandal. The Great Garbo, prettying up at a Beauty Shoppe for her young man, making dates for luncheon in public places, going on week-end excursions, perhaps following him across a continent—*a sister under the skin.*

The chances are a hundred to one that the very normalcies may forbid this love. Garbo may not be able to stand alone, stripped of her mysteriousness. She has stood so firmly in her niche, so coldly in her chosen cloister. Unless she be greatly daring now—

HOLLYWOOD is wondering about Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. For a little time it looked as though a new love had begun—Joan, at whose dramatic altar so many hearts have flamed and gone out. And now, perhaps, the old harridan says to Joan, "You dare not marry this young man. You may make yourself ridiculous. You may injure your career. You made one mistake. You cannot hope to live up again to the high hopes, the intense romance, the Great Love you once gave them to believe in when you were with Douglas. The failure of that first marriage may forbid another marriage for you. You built those first hopes too high. If you were not here, in Hollywood, it would not matter very much. Only a handful of people would know of your first marriage and all that it meant and then did not mean. As it is, the whole world knows—you dare not face the world again in the same guise lest it laugh at you and laughter destroys—"

I am reminded of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in the days when they were Hollywood's most famous lovers. It was a case where, I think, love forbade love. Given the milieu of a small town and obscurity, these two young people

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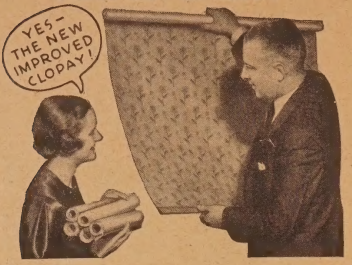

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might have loved as sentimentally and as beautifully as they did in Seventh Heaven on the screen. But they were *forced* to love; they were urged and compelled to be lovers. And love is a delicate, sensitive plant. It cannot be forced. It cannot be hot-house grown. The very insistence of Hollywood made that love tiresome, even funny. It never bloomed.

Mae West once said to me: "I shall never marry anyone because my career forbids it. I love myself more than I love anything or anyone in the world. I fell in love once, some years ago. I took that love and my career and made them fight it out together. The career won. I have never fallen in love again and I never will while I am on the stage or the screen. To love yourself first is the first commandment of success. And that commandment forbids the love of any other person."

We have already mentioned Mary Brian and Dick Powell. There is every reason to suppose that Dick is ardently in love with the town's prettiest girl. In any other place, under any other conditions, Dick would give Mary a ring, she would begin to fill her hope chest, they would have a pretty wedding in the local church and live happily ever after. But Mary has responsibilities; she also has beaux, dozens of 'em. She has fun. Too much fun, perhaps. And too much fun is not a settling ingredient. Dick has his screen reputation, that suggested clause in his contract . . . Hollywood says "No, no——"

TODAY we have little Jean Parker and her childhood sweetheart, Pancho Lucas . . . Mary Carlisle and her "big, bad Edgar Allen Woolf" . . . Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow. . . . In any other place, under any other conditions, these couples would doubtless be making announcements of their engagements, going to showers, listing wedding guests, planning honeymoons. *Hollywood forbids plans.* How can one know? How be sure? Jean Parker and Pancho have a little "pact" drawn up between them. They will be faithful and unswerving for five years. During this time they will not go out with other boys or other girls. They will devote the best of their time and energy to their careers. They will save their money. They will do everything to prevent Hollywood from forbidding their marriage.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres once were burned, each of them—they know what can be done to love, what formidable and forbidding things. They are touched with skepticism. They have Careers and in Hollywood the *careers come first.*

Hollywood puts up her jewelled lorgnette and looks at young lovers with her cautious, cold eyes. She says: "If you marry you may lose some of your glamor, your appeal to your public. If you marry a player more important than yourself, a director or an executive, your public will belittle your achievement. If you marry you have divided interests, who should have only one. If you marry you may still be unable to withstand the manifold temptations that are mine and so will invite the destroying tongue of scandal. If you marry you will still be in the limelight that corrodes the delicate growth of love. Yours are, and should remain, the forbidden loves of Hollywood."

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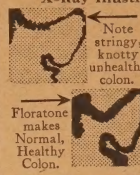

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Hollywood's Loneliest People

(*Continued from page* 15)

for days when she and her Douglas were together!

From Mary Pickford to Mae West. I happen to be an admirer of Miss West. I like her husky voice and her eyes and her curves and the honesty of her reactions. And I like, too, the good sportswoman I seem to recognize beneath the furbelows and hipwaggling. I think Mae West is a good sport and a generous woman and a kind one. I think, too, that she is exceedingly clever, and I believe, as well, that the Mae West we see on the screen is all "front" in more ways than one. I believe that Miss West saves all her most alluring wiggles for the screen or stage and not for what we may characterize as her home work. And I am sure that she is lonely.

Not, you understand, because of any temperamental quality; nor, because of a broken heart but because of forces outside of herself. Because of Hollywood, in fact. Hollywood which snubs her socially and professionally and won't take her in. No more brutal an affront has ever been administered to a star than at Mae West's Hollywood opening of "I'm No Angel."

PERSONALLY I can see no reason for it. I can see no reason why the stars should have stayed away—in their or anyone else's home—and attended to their tatting and tattling—on that opening night. Mae West does a good job well. She writes her stuff and she acts it. She's darned good. She is very popular, she has a great following. She has started new fashions and she has given an impetus to the box-office side of the business. I don't know about the artistic side. I feel, however, that in her own field Miss West is an artist. Why did Hollywood stay away from that opening?

Then there is Alice Brady, who turns in the grandest performances that one could hope to witness. It doesn't matter whether she is being a lightweight nit-wit, as she was in "Should Ladies Behave?" the movie version of "The Vinegar Tree," and in my own "Beauty for Sale"—each characterization widely different, however. Or, whether she is being human and touching as in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." Or, hard and still somewhat tragic as she was in "Stage Mother." It's always a grand job. But she's lonely too. And why not? She has a brilliant mind, she is a true intellectual, and what is there for her in Hollywood? Not a round of parties, tête-à-têtes and back bitings. That wouldn't amuse her very long, would it? So she spends a fortune on books, and has a flock of dogs who are, at least, good companions. And there you are. She is lonely, not entirely because she has brains, but because she hasn't found anything in Hollywood with which to occupy her gray matter!

Lastly, if we are to mention only four of the stars, there is Dorothea Wieck. I believe her one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. I shall not forget her in "Girls in Uniform" as long as I live. She has the most moving face and the most

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Dept. 19-D South Bend, Ind.

marvelous restraint. A woman who sat near me recently at her last picture said, "She looks such a lady!"

I imagine that Miss Wieck resents her difficulty of "getting in"—and quite rightly. Why shouldn't she get in? She is an exquisite woman and a fine artist . . . But this Nazi business hasn't helped her. The Nazi rumors about her are doubtless untrue, but they didn't help her. There was a quarrel behind scenes also, and all the foreign colony became antagonized as well as the American. Lovely position, isn't it, and speaks so well of all of us! Poor Dorothea Wieck, coming here, a young bride, a stranger, with a great reputation behind her, and a great career ahead of her to find the refrigerated shoulder in a strange country! No wonder she's lonely. There's nothing worse than reaching out a hand — and finding no one there to take it!

THEN there are others. The wives and ex-wives of the stars who aren't in the spotlight at all, while their husbands bask in it. Of course, some don't want to be in the spotlight—some would rather not be. After all, it is an uncomfortable position. Nevertheless, with husbands occupied and busy and working—appearing here and the other place for publicity's sweet sake, and being rushed to death, and all that sort of thing, don't you feel sorry for the wives of the stars—the wives who aren't stars themselves, who aren't even in pictures? They have to sit and listen and look and take it, and I think sometimes they must be tired and afraid, and I believe—lonely.

There's Mrs. Jimmy Durante, for instance. I heard her over the radio once. She has a sweet voice. What about her? Have you heard of her before and since? Maybe she doesn't want to be heard of, but she must be lonely sometimes with Jimmy off chasing his schnozzola to success!

THEN — the *ex*-wives — hundreds of them. I pick at random tiny Bobbe Arnst, a pretty well-known little lady before she ever laid eyes on Johnnie Weissmuller. I met her once, some years ago. She was small and dear, and seemed to me both genuine and engaging. Where is she now? There was a time when the spotlight centered, and ever so warmly, upon her. And a later time when the spotlight still played about her, but then none too pleasantly. And what about today?

OH, there are lonely women in Hollywood, scores and scores of them. Stars and women who aren't stars. And I believe that, after all, the women who aren't stars, who haven't the compensation of the personal glitter and glamor, are the loneliest no matter how much their husbands' pay check or how much their alimony and settlement. They remind me of the youngsters in the park who are left out of the circle of playing children, who stand with their backs against the wall, trying so hard to break in, trying so hard to be one of the players, who, with the cruelty of childhood, either ignore them entirely, or persecute them. Because for one reason or another, each more illogical than the last, *they don't belong!*

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Doug, Jr., as I Know Him

(*Continued from page* 16)

sometimes uncertain of himself, uncertain of what he was, afraid to trust himself to his own essential characteristics. Therefore, in order to show a bold front to the world professionally and privately, in order to be thoroughly adult and strongly marked, he modelled himself on others whom he admired or was interested in. He was a composite portrait of Fairbanks, Senior, John Barrymore, and others at whose identity one might easily guess. Even my humble self received, I think, a small share of his emulation—though I may be flattering myself in this respect.

In no way did this youthfulness manifest itself more than in his marital relationships. His marriage with the celebrated Joan Crawford was then in the first bloom of its idealism. My wife and I visited them often. They were our first friends in Hollywood and we quickly achieved a sincere affection for both. As scarred veterans of fifteen married years we were dumbfounded in the presence of that idealized romance. But we felt no stability in it. Those pure, melting glances across the dining room table had in them the seeds of disaster. I have always felt that romance alone is the worst possible basis for married life. If it is not quickly replaced by more enduring qualities both it and the union are doomed to perish. Children, a deep affection, a mutual suffering and understanding, a great deal of humor—some or all of these are necessary. I doubt if they could exist in that orchidaceous atmosphere. With all his wit and intelligence young Doug was intimidated by the formidable and determined romanticism of his wife. Through that barrier neither could really see the other. It was both their faults, I've no doubt.

I DID not see my young friend for some time after this period. I was many months in New York, many more months in London, and when I finally gravitated back to California, I saw that his romantic marriage was on its last legs. It needed but one shove to knock it over. Because it was Hollywood and these names were famous that *coup de grace* was not long in showing its ugly head. It was a particularly ugly charge and it required a stronger union than this to withstand the shock. The young wife tried to do the right thing by announcing a belief in her husband and a determination to cleave to him. But this position was quickly reversed. I understand the press had been promised a separation and were indignant at the danger of not getting it. You cannot let the press down in this way, so a separation it was. And quick divorce. Disillusioned, worried by publicity, obsessed by the fear that he was surrounded by enemies who wanted to drag him down, young Doug departed for England. And there he is, with a fixed determination to remain. He has been criticised for this action too, accused of "going English," resented for "turning his back on Hollywood." But it was the wisest move he could have made in those circumstances.

In the important matters of life the forces of destruction in this motion picture capital far outweigh those of crea-

blood will tell—

ONE of the mysteries of life is how much care a man will take of thoroughbred animals—noting when they are "off" . . . and toning them back to the "pink of condition" to increase their daily usefulness—yet will shamefully neglect his own run-down condition.

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good "horse-sense" to reflect and reason that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

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tion. You cannot solace your soul here. And he knew it.

London is so big, so unconcerned. Unshaken by centuries of world calamities, it is little wonder that the individual troubles of men are swallowed up in that vast serenity. The fountain head of a stream that flows to the ends of the earth, still its insulation remains complete and unimpaired. London, which has smiled in amused toleration at the nuisance wrought by men from Philip of Spain down through Napoleon to Hitler, can still easily absorb the troubles of Kings and Movie Stars.

My young friend is in love again I hear. I hope this is IT. I think his boyhood is finally over. He has tried so long to be grown-up, and something tells me he has succeeded at last. If so, he will have searched within himself for those abiding needs which lie deep in men's hearts and which only become discernible with the years, and he may have found the ability to recognize them when he sees them. I hope so. I believe so.

This complete man has gone a long way from the boy I met not so far back. He must be gratified to reflect that along every inch of that road he has paid his own fare.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 65)

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Dull rubbed mahogany and hand-dipped candles.—Diana Wynyard.

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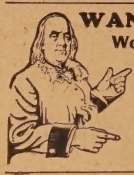

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 11)

is under contract to M.G.M. was complaining that his clothes were in worse shape since he got married than when he was on his own. He came on the set in a dilapidated top hat one morning saying that he had found it in a drawer under his shirts and shoes. Ben Lyon looked at Jarrett then at the battered stove pipe and said "You can be lucky that you didn't find it under a few wet bathing suits."

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about the little tea that one of our prominent older stars gave. She asked two men over for a drink. When they arrived she called the butler and ordered cocktails for thirty. The two young men waited for the other twenty-seven guests to put in their frames. Then the hostess explained that no one else was expected. The trio went to work when the butler returned with the drinks. The end of this spirited tale is sordid. The hostess was helped to her bedroom and the young men were delivered prone to their respective homes.

* * *

JACK OAKIE is still looking for his clarinet which some meanie stole. Paramount studio is on the side of the lawbreaker to a man. Suspicion points to Dick Arlen. One remembers Charles Farrell's cornet. Charlie would toot "The Rosary" until everyone within the radius of a mile turned atheist. One day Arlen was seen prowling in the vicinity of the instrument of torture. That day the cornet disappeared. Arlen finally admitted burying it but wouldn't divulge the spot, even under cross-questioning. Once a crook always a crook. So the finger of guilt in the "Oakie-Clarinet Case" points to the Mayor of Toluca Lake.

* * *

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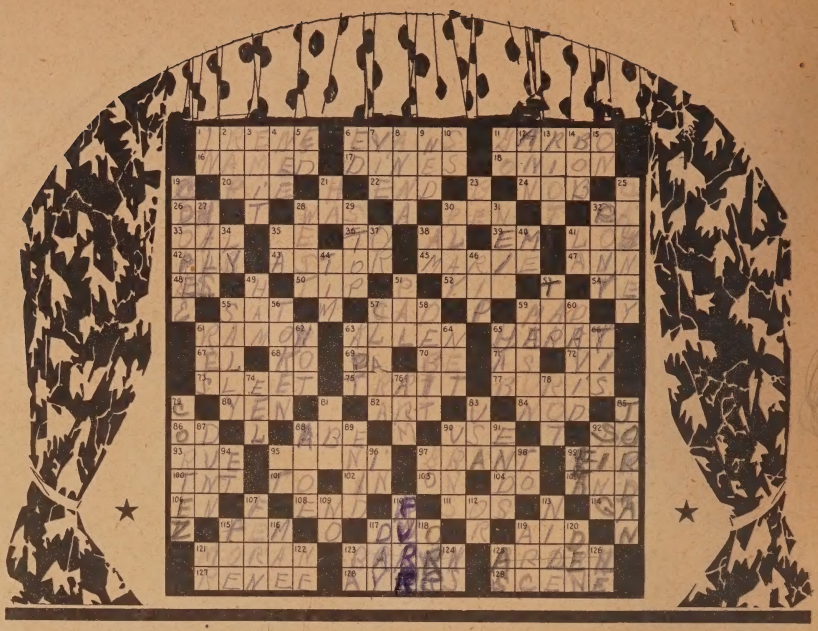
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE SCREEN



This month's contest is won by Miss Dora Criscenti, 2284 Beaumont Ave., New York City, N. Y. Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before April first. No trick words, no phony definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ACROSS

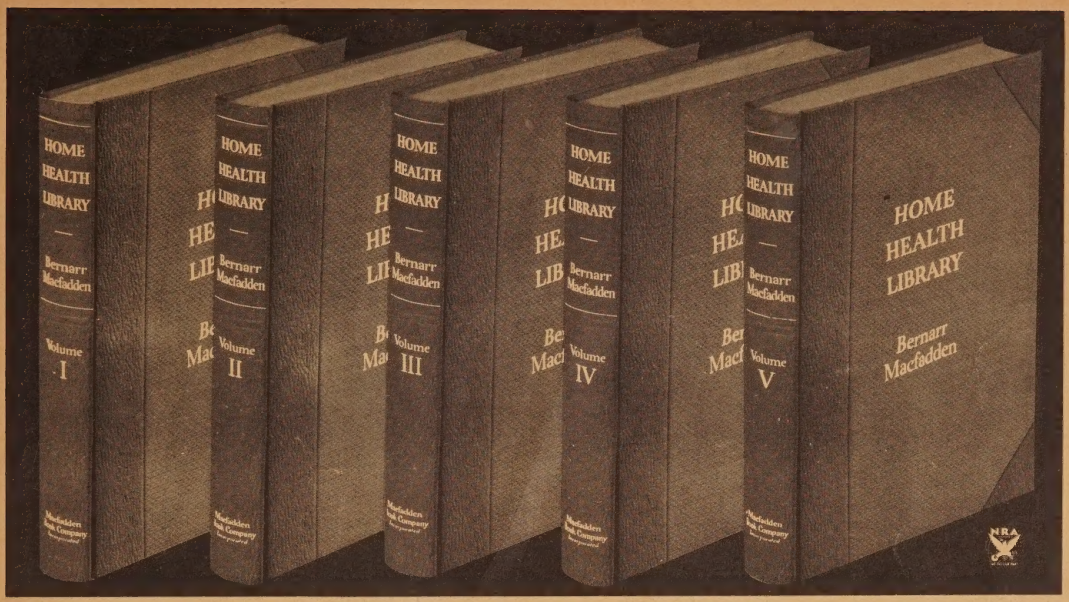
1. Star of "Ann Vickers"
6. She played in "Beauty for Sale"
11. "Queen Christina"
16. Nominated
17. Takes dinner
18. Vegetable
20. Pastry
22. Finish
24. The head
26. Over and in contact with
28. Part of the verb "to be"
30. You write with it
32. Parent
33. To lubricate
35. Regarding
36. Towards
38. His wife is Ruby Keeler
39. Printer's measure
41. Piece of lumber
42. To use or wield diligently
43. Paul Muni's wife in "The World Changes"
45. "Tugboat Annie"
47. She recently completed "Right to Romance"
48. Plural suffix
50. To tilt
52. Nothing
54. You
55. Rested
57. Ill-bred fellow
59. Insane
61. "The Barbarian"
63. Her husband is George Burns
65. He played in "Adorable"
67. Elevator (colloquial expression)
68. Knocked out (initials)
69. Dad
70. To exist
71. Like
72. Roman number 6
73. Mixture of snow and hail
75. A line, stroke or touch
77. "Frankenstein"
80. Japanese money
82. Skill
84. A forward and downward motion of the head
86. A hypothetical force
88. Honest - - - (famous President)
90. To employ
92. Provided that
93. To have cause to be sorry for
95. Paul Muni's mother in "The World Changes"
97. He played in "I'm No Angel"
99. A tree
100. High explosive
101. Towards
102. Inside
103. Upon
104. To act
105. A conjunction
106. Half of em
108. Same as 22 across
111. Distress signal
114. Southern state (abbrev.)
115. Through
117. A duet
119. Help
121. She used to co-star with Marie Dressler
123. He played in "Wild Boys of the Road"
125. He played in "Three Cornered Moon"
127. French star who died recently
128. He starred in "My Weakness"
129. The division of an act of a play

DOWN

1. Inside
2. Hit hard
3. Discharge
4. Born
5. Lil Tashman's husband
6. His last name's Wynn
7. Contend
8. Her last name's Sten
9. He played a bit part in "Too Much Harmony"
10. A large boat (abbrev.)
11. To start
12. Paul Muni's sister in "Scarface"
13. Confusion
14. Star of "Hell Below"
15. On top of
19. He played in "The Bowery"
21. Exclamation
23. Same as 70 across
25. He starred in "Mayor of Hell"
27. His latest picture is "By Candlelight"
28. She's No Angel
29. To halt
30. To plot
31. He played in "One Sunday Afternoon"
32. A small horse
34. Suffix denoting manner
35. Sun god
37. Either
38. Is
40. Pronoun
41. Note of scale
44. He's the real McCoy
46. To tear
49. What a very poor actor is called
51. A true friend
53. A sailor
55. Teamed with James Dunn
56. A sign of
57. Wife of Rex Bell
58. To enter on the debtor side of an account
59. A stone-cutter
60. He played in the "Torch Singer"
61. A thing or things
62. Negative adverb
63. Liable to
64. What crabs are caught with
65. Idle talk
66. It is (contractive)
74. A snake-like fish
76. Part of the body
78. To decay
79. He played in the "Torch Singer"
81. Japanese sash
83. United States of America (abbrev.)
85. Her latest release is "Little Wild Birds"
87. Star of "Bad Girl"
88. A plant
89. A girl's name
90. Vases
91. Finishes
92. To utter musically
94. And (French)
95. By
96. Prefix meaning in, into
97. To commence
98. In direction of
99. Note of scale
107. A flowerless plant with feathery leaves
109. To refuse
110. What cats do
112. Either
113. River in Egypt
115. He wrote "The Raven"
116. Girl's name
117. From dawn to dark
118. Native mineral
119. Part of a circle
120. Lair
121. Man's title
122. Point of the compass
123. Baby Le Roy's first word
124. Bone
125. A bronze coin of Rome
126. Same as 122 down

READ RULES CAREFULLY!

No prizes are awarded for the correct solutions to puzzles, as so many of you seem to think. They must be ORIGINAL



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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

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Peterson . . . David Landau . . . Clara Blandick
Directed by Alfred E. Green

movie MIRROR

The ONLY Film Magazine Edited from Hollywood

RUTH WATERBURY
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JERRY ASHER, Associate Editor

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VOL. 5 No. 6—MAY, 1934

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Hidden Hollywood.....Ruth Waterbury 4
Your Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

Mother McCrea.....Michael Jackson 16
Frances Dee and Joel McCrea are Expecting

Ronald Colman's Secret Romance.....Gladys Hall 24
Never Before Has He Talked About This Hidden Love

Dwindling Dollars.....Marquis Busby 28
Amazing, How They Spend Those Big Salaries!

Behind the Scenes of ZaSu's Romance.....Julanne Johnston 30

The Will Rogers Nobody Knows.....Homer Croy 32
One of Will's Best Friends Tells All

They've Been Snubbed.....Adele Whitely Fletcher 36
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Irene Dunne and others

The First Man Garbo Ever Loved.....Elza Shallert 39

The Power that Saved Bing Crosby.....Caroline Somers Hoyt 42

Eight Women for One Man.....Sonia Lee 51
It's Otto Kruger's Prescription for Every Male

A Modern Hero.....Dorothy Emerson 52
The Story of Richard Barthelmess' New Picture

Keep Your Eye on Helen Mack!.....George Madden 56

And Also: Informal Shots, 58; Girls, Millions of 'Em!, 40; Around Hollywood with Hyman Fink, 34

COVER PORTRAIT
Irene Dunne
by Mila Baine

NEXT MONTH

Continuing Movie Mirror's Grand and Revealing Series of Hidden Romances in the Lives of Your Film Favorites!

You can't afford to miss the story in the June Movie Mirror which tells, in exciting detail, the unknown love affair in the life of RICHARD DIX

★

Movie Mirror's Departments

Inside Stuff..... 6
Speak for Yourself..... 13
Sylvia Sidney's Fashion Forecast..... 44
Movie Mirror's Pattern Service..... 48
Jean Harlow's Own Key to Beauty..... 49
Movies of the Month..... 60
Crossword Puzzle..... 65

★

Exclusive Portraits

Katharine Hepburn..... 17
Jean Harlow..... 18
Connie Bennett..... 20
Ralph Bellamy..... 21
Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee..... 22
Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard..... 23
Joan Blondell..... 50
Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper..... 64

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MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Whisper, whisper, whisper. Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson are trying desperately to prove the gossipers wrong

Herbert Marshall and Edna Best—considered Hollywood's ideal married couple. But now rumor says—

Your Editor Unearths the Very Latest Lowdown

by Ruth Waterbury

WITH rumors flying thick and fast that she will marry **Franchot Tone** as soon as her divorce becomes final from young Doug. Fairbanks this May, **Joan Crawford** refuses either to affirm those rumors or deny them. But Joan points out the fact to me that she said flatly she would never divorce young Doug. and then did!

* * *

MEANWHILE in London, **young Doug.** and **Gertrude Lawrence,** the fascinating musical comedy star, are temporarily separated. Miss Lawrence, having closed her latest play, dashed to Mallorca for a vacation. Young Doug. said he wished he might go, but he had to stay in London and make movies. Reports there are that there isn't much doubt that he and Miss Lawrence will wed as soon as Doug. is free.

* * *

ANOTHER star who will not talk for the moment is **Jean Harlow.** Whispers about the instability of that marriage have been current ever since it began. At present, however, all seems quiet in the Rosson home. They are two very nice people, Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, and they are trying in a very quiet way to lick a tough set-up. A girl of Jean's obvious glamour is always gossiped about by sisters with less charm, and point out all you will, that she lives positively sedately with her mother, father and husband, you will only be looked at pityingly by the catty group. As for **Hal Rosson,** he's in a difficult spot. It's hard on any man always to play second fiddle. One of the most talented cameramen in Hollywood, Hal is nevertheless overshadowed by the great success of Harlow. It all makes for dynamite, which is a bad companion for romance.

* * *

NEVER, in fact, has Hollywood seethed with more under-cover romances and divorce possibilities than right now. That always goes in waves, anyhow, but with so much potential disaster threatening, it is comforting to hear that certain simple people are going to stay married and have babies. **Sally Eilers** is temporarily retiring from the screen for that reason. **Frances Dee** will go into retirement in another month to await the McCrea heir. And there's a new **Crosby** baby coming!

BUT in contrast to that, there is the little star who is desperately in love with another star, who is quite married. And another star, not so little, who is just as desperately in love with still another star, also married. With Hollywood, particularly in the latter case, very concerned and determined to maintain the original marriage if the force of society will do it.

* * *

NOT so very long ago you read how **Edna Best** gave up marvelous opportunities for film fame to be just Mrs. **Herbert Marshall.** She traveled across the continent several times to be at his side. Until recently this marriage was looked upon by Hollywood as the most ideal and most romantic.

But now a dark shadow is hovering around the Marshall homestead. There are those who say this marriage, too, has hit a typical Hollywood snag. And what a holiday the gossip writers are having! They're whispering that it's a famous female star that has caused the rift between these once-doting lovers. But we are still hoping that the gossip writers are going to be disappointed and that it will all blow over. (*Continued on page 93*)

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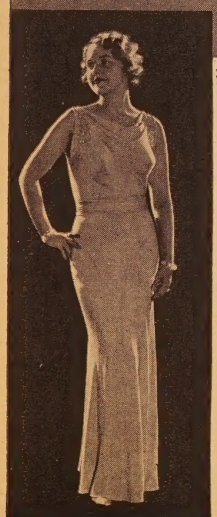

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Here are Eddie Robinson, Mrs. Jack Warner, Lyle Talbot, and Joe E. Brown at Mrs. Warner's recent houseparty. They are having a swell time, too. Did you ever see a cuter snatch shot than that one of Ruby Keeler at the Cafe Vendome?

inside stuff

by PETER ABBOTT

A SUNDAY afternoon call from Garbo is something to write about in your diary.

One young man-about-town was entertaining some friends of the Greta when his door-bell gave a Swedish peal. He put down his glass, opened the door and in stalked Garbo. By the time he had stammered "Won't you come in?" she was way past him on her way to the dressing room.

She pulled off her hat, threw it on a chair in the living room and disappeared into the dressing room where she combed her hair. Then she walked through the silent living room again and vanished into the kitchen. She opened the ice box, peered into its icy depths and selected three peaches and ate them. Then she strode back into the living room, retrieved her battered felt and left. The host managed to shout "Drop in again" before she faded out of sight down the hall. Even that pleasantry didn't bring a note from the Christina throat.

And they say that the giraffe is the only animal that doesn't make a sound.

* * *

TILDEN and Vines gave an exhibition tennis match in the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. A very smart gathering fell in after liquid dinner parties. The game went on for hours with neither Vines nor Tilden getting the extra game to end the set. The gay dinner partyers were wilting on the Vine (wow) when a voice that came very near to Jack Oakie's mouth yelled "Game called on account of daylight."

LILYAN TASHMAN DIES!

As we go to press, the shocking news reaches us that Lilyan Tashman died suddenly at the Doctors' Hospital in New York. We join all Hollywood in extending our heartfelt condolences to her husband, Eddie Lowe.

Lilyan had just completed work on "Frankie and Johnnie" at the Biograph studios when fate decided it was to be her last rôle.

THEY were taking a scene for "Sadie McKee" in which Joan Crawford was supposed to walk over to a table, pick up a magazine and read it. The camera started grinding and Joan went through the business. Suddenly she began to laugh in the middle of the scene. "Is my face red!" cried Joan, as she held up the magazine. On the cover were the words, "We are married the modern way." It was an old issue with an exclusive story of Joan and Doug., Jr.

* * *

MAY ROBSON gave a dinner party for some friends only to wait all evening without them showing up. The next day they called and explained they had rung her door bell for thirty minutes without anyone answering. Just to be sure it wouldn't happen again, May went out and bought an old-fashioned cow bell. It is fastened to a long cord that can be pulled from the outside of the house. Now when visitors arrive, not only is May fully aware of it, but so are all the neighbors.

* * *

ONE of Hollywood's most devoted couples these days are Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier. Recently, after attending a performance of "Autumn Crocus," they called backstage on Francis Lederer, the star. While there they obligingly signed

With Photographs taken by HYMAN FINK

Two exclusive scoop shots: Cary Grant and wife, Virginia Cherrill, taken at the Pasadena station on their return to Hollywood. The birthday cake, with candy gardenias, is one that Joan Crawford had made for Franchot Tone. (Note also the star ruby ring Joan gave him.) This ought to squelch those "cooling off" rumors!

one of the cards pledging World Peace, a cause to which Lederer is devoting his life.

* * *

THERE isn't going to be any "Design for Living" in Madge Evans' life. Up until recently, Hollywood had been busy with rumors of her engagement to Tom Gallery. Then Russell Hardie walked in on the scene.

One night, Madge had a dinner party and invited both Russell and Tom. But when they went to sit down at the table, they noticed a fourth place set.

"Who's that for?" asked Russell.

"Oh, that," answered Madge, casually, "is for Noel Coward."

* * *

WHEN William Haines docked in Havre on a recent buying trip for his Hollywood antique shop, a cablegram was handed to him. "Hope you were seasick all the way," was the message. And it was signed "Polly Moran."

* * *

Two extra girls were working on a set where Arthur Jarrett was a visitor. All flirtations on the part of the ambitious beauties seemed to be in vain.

***Finally, in disgust, one turned to the other and said: "Heck of a lot of good it does for him to get away from* Holm!"**

* * *

WHAT is there about this guy Ronald Colman? He has as many fans in the picture business as he has in a saner world. Una Merkel was driving in the United Artists lot when the girl with her said, "There is Ronnie Colman." Una caught her breath and said, "Grab the wheel, dearie, grab the wheel." She was as limp as a wet newspaper by the time he had passed.

The next day she heard that she is to work with him in his next picture. She has been good for nothing since.

* * *

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S little son Peter was having a birthday party. During the height of the soiree, Connie came out in the kitchen with her hair streaming and her clothes asunder. She leaned against the ice box saying, "I'd rather entertain fifty Hollywood drunks than five kids." And with that she took a deep breath and returned to play war with the kiddies. Such is the martyrdom of motherhood!

THE Harold Lloyd's were having guests to dinner. The dining room door burst open to disclose Peggy Lloyd in the throes of excitement. She had a riddle! A hush descended as Peggy asked "What kind of a bird hates a mouse?"

Much thinking by the crowd to no avail. Then her mother asked, "Well, what kind of a bird is it?"

Peggy took a deep breath as on the brink of a great discovery and said "A catfish." Complete befuddlement by the guests and uncertainty by Peggy. She rushed into the hall for a conference with Gloria.

She came back all smiles. "I made a mistake. It's a catbird."

* * *

ROSAMUND PINCHOT, niece of the Governor of Pennsylvania and best known as the Nun in the Miracle, is taking tests in Hollywood. She is the only one not particularly in-

inside stuff
CONTINUED

A lucky snapshot of Marlene Dietrich as she was on her way into the Philharmonic auditorium to hear a concert

Gilbert Roland, Connie Bennett and Bill Goetz at the Cafe Vendome; they're interested in the El Nido Club for boys

terested. She met Lilyan Tashman at a tea and remarked what a lovely silver fox cape she had.

Tashman threw off the compliment with "Oh, they are nothing, really."

The direct Pinchot said, "Why, there must be at least five skins in it."

Tashman forgot her modesty at that point. "What," she yelled, "my dear, there are twenty!"

* * *

Helen Hayes tells this story on her daughter. Little Mary had been outside playing and came romping into the house. "Mom-mom," she cried at the top of her lungs.

"What am I going to do with you?" remonstrated Helen. "That's no way to talk to your mother; you mustn't call me Mom."

There was a long silence, then Helen felt a slight tugging at her skirt. "Mrs. MacArthur," said a tiny little voice, "would you please sew my dress where I tore it?"

* * *

THERE was a near riot the day Jean Harlow appeared in a Hollywood Department Store. The crowds grew so thick, the management almost had to call a policeman to restore law and order. Jean, who had been graciously giving autographs, saw a little old lady struggling hopelessly on the outskirts of the crowd. Having great respect for her elders, the platinum blonde had the way cleared so the woman could reach her side. "Oh, thank you, Miss Harlow," came her trembling voice. "I bought this book for my daughter and I was so afraid that I would not be able to get your autograph." Then she handed Jean a copy of the Bible.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD will have its little laugh. And this time it was on the Countess di Frasso, who used to know Gary Cooper! Guests were gathered around her dinner table when the butler announced there was a man at the door with a package that could only be delivered to Richard Barthelmess. So Dick excused himself, got the package, then came back to the table. Out of the package he took two egg sandwiches.

"I heard your food wasn't very good, so I sent for my own," he explained to the astonished Countess.

After dinner, Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier began groaning, holding their sides and screaming that they had been poisoned. The distracted Countess rushed into the kitchen to query the butler, only to find him in a similar predicament. Just when she thought she was on the point of losing her mind, the door bell rang again.

This time it was a huge basket of orchids. Attached was a card from Chevalier explaining that it had all been planned as a joke.

* * *

WHEN he gets all through acting, Kent Taylor knows of a good way to make a living for himself. Recently, a letter arrived from a total stranger. It was signed by a gentleman who offered Kent a substantial sum if he would arrange an introduction to Mae West!

* * *

SCENE stealing? On the contrary! Their motto is "One for all and all for one." Ever since Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Adalyn Doyle began work in RKO's "Finishing School" they have been inseparable. Frances and Ginger have taken Adalyn Doyle (who was stand-in for Hepburn and got her first break through the efforts of that lady) to their hearts and are giving her every chance to make good in her first big part. Between sets they instruct her in camera angles, valuable tricks in voice inflections, bits of business and the benefit of all their veteran experience. They even have lunch together every day, and each takes turns in paying for all three. But you can bet your best boots that on the days when Adalyn is on the paying end, Frances

At the Ambassador bridge party for the M. P. Fund. Do you recognize John Boles, Dot Mackaill and Ben Lyon?

Hyman Fink surely gets some swell photos over at the Cafe Vendome! Wallace Beery was Hyman's victim then

and Ginger either develop poor appetites, slight indigestion or something. Such fine spirit is surely worth mentioning. Our heartiest applause to Frances Dee and Ginger Rogers. Good gals!

* * *

CONSTANCE BENNETT is the first star to be interviewed by Louella Parsons on the air for the Charvis corset hour, which is funny because Constance is getting thinner by the day. Her costumes in "Cellini" weigh around thirty pounds. They bow her down so much that a speeial belt has been built in them to take part of the weight off her shoulders (not intended as a pun). If Constance keeps on diminishing, she will be ready to advertise corset strings rather than the article itself.

* * *

JOHN HARKRIDER is the designer who created the costumes for "Roman Scandals." He does nothing half way. He is now working on "Cleopatra" for De Mille. People who walk past his work-room think that they have gone a bit potty. A strange voice spouts ancient fairly tales. As Harkrider paints, he has a woman reading aloud from old Egyptian folklore.

* * *

THOSE very bee-utiful Earl Carroll girls aren't going to put anything over on Los Angeles' sepia beauties, if those dusky belles have anything to say about it. The first day on the set, the Carroll beauties wore blue slacks and yellow sweaters with the letters E.C.V. (Earl Carroll Vanities). When the dark ones got a load of it, they put their woolly heads together. The next day they appeared on the set in similar outfits. Theirs were lettered C.C.C. (Carroll's Colored Cuties). And the famous connoisseur of Broadway is still being kidded.

* * *

Poor Lewis Stone! Just when he thinks he has made some very intelligent statement for the press, his eighty-nine-year-old father proceeds to call him up and bawl the tar out of him, if he doesn't approve of it!

* * *

KATHERINE CORNELL'S opening in Los Angeles of "Romeo and Juliet" brought out all the elite. Conspicuous in the front rows were Clark and Mrs. Gable with Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Between acts a breathless windblown girl, clutching her autograph book and trusty pen rushed down the aisle and swooped on Clark with a request for his signature. Clark very busily started writing. Meanwhile Norma Shearer was getting ready for her penmanship lesson. She waited patiently. But the girl had other ideas. She sighed as she looked at Clark's name, panted a "thank you" and vanished into the hinterlands. Norma was left with her writing hand clutching thin air.

* * *

A COPY of the card passed to each guest at the Arch Reeve farewell dinner.

You are now attending a dinner given in honor of Arch Reeve.

We would like an expression of opinion from you on this in order that future testimonial dinners can be improved upon. Thank you.

Have you ever heard of the Guest of Honor before receiving tonight's invitation?

Is the food EXCELLENT?—GOOD?—BAD?—

Is it worth Five Dollars to get the Guest of Honor out of town?—

Would you be willing to attend a "Welcome Back" banquet in February at reduced prices with more interesting people?—

Of the last ten testimonial dinners, do you know where any of the Guests of Honor are NOW?—

Whom would you nominate to leave town next?—

* * *

JACK OAKIE says his favorite song is "Learn to Groan." It's inspired by Bing Crosby's crooning under the shower.

inside

At the Tingle Tangle Theatre—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut with Elissa Landi

Joan Crawford's scotty pup waiting for her on the steps of Joan's portable dressing room

These two didn't come to the Tingle Tangle Theatre together — Chevalier and Lilian Harvey

CUPID'S DIARY

KAY FRANCIS got her divorce from Kenneth McKenna in three minutes. The grounds? Cruelty.

At first Eleanor Hunt couldn't make up her mind, but now she's decided to divorce her husband, Dr. Frank G. Nolan. And he threatens to deny all charges, even before he knows what they are.

Helen Vinson has left her husband as flat as the rugs he manufactures. "He was critical of my friends of the theatre," says Helen.

It's mutual incompatibility that caused Irene Bentley and broker George R. Kent to get a Mexico divorce.

The hot love that started on the beach at Waikiki is cooling off between Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller. They're telling it to the judge and one of Dot's reasons is that Neil complained because she contributed to the support of her mother.

Sidney Fox just couldn't take it. We mean her marriage to Charles Beahan. So she's definitely going after the final papers.

He told her that her feet were too big, so she used them to walk out on him. And now Sheila Terry is divorcing her banker husband.

Lupe and Johnny love each other, so they fight—or thus the paper has it one day. Lupe and Johnny hate each other so they love, the paper has it the next. And so on far into the night, while poor Dan Cupid wonders!

"I wish all my former husbands well," said Pauline Frederick as she took upon herself another. He is Colonel Joseph A. Marmon, the fifth on Pauline's list.

Maybe Harry Langdon will be able to manage a smile now. He married a non-professional from England in Tucson, Arizona.

After a whirlwind romance, Charles Boyer, continental stage and screen favorite, offered to share the family fireside with Pat Patterson, young English beauty. And Pat, who had only known the handsome Frenchman a few weeks, gave in.

And now Thelma Todd will have to look for a new manager, in private life. Even though Pat de Cicco has been divorced by the former Boston school teacher, he will continue to run her business affairs.

They're suing each other. So it looks like the married life of Esther Ralston and George Webb will soon be a thing of the past.

Nancy Carroll is at the denying stage, as is Director Reuben Mamoulian. Nancy says she only quarreled with Bolton Mallory, she isn't divorcing him. And Reuben says he's Garbo's director and a-a-absolutely not her husband.

Gloria Swanson continues to deny that there are divorce plans in her immediate future. Being as how she is the one married to the handsome Michael Farmer, we'll have to be satisfied with the lady's word.

* * *

IT'S getting closer to the time when Doug., Jr., will be free from Joan. And the rumors are getting stronger that he will immediately marry Gertrude Lawrence in England.

After an engagement extending over a period of five years, Carmelita Geraghty, daughter of Doug. Senior's best pal, will marry Carey Wilson. They're waiting for pappy to arrive home from Europe so he can give the bride away.

* * *

THE BATTLE OF FOX HILLS was judged a draw. The main bout was held on the big set of the "Fox Follies." Up to the last night there were mutterings but no open conflict. War broke loose with the finale.

The contestants were George White and Rudy Vallee. The crooner with his trained vocal cords seemed to be winning. But George White knew the most insulting words. The battle was left in mid-air as they both ran out of breath. Besides, they had used up all the insults. And the strange part, there was no great reconciliation scene as usually follows these little spats (so called in pictures but meaning guns at twenty paces in other circles). George went back to his Scandals and Rudy foamed East to his yeast.

Both are grim about the matter.

* * *

BATTLE NUMBER TWO. George White thinks up the idea of a pelican walking through a scene dressed as Jimmie Durante. The whole projection room

stuff

It's the rage, this Tingle Tangle Theatre, so Paul Lukas, his wife, and Claudette Colbert attend

Here's Jeanette Macdonald when she arrived from New York at the Santa Fe station

The Grove, at the Ambassador, was graced by Bob Young and his sweet wife the other evening

howled when it was shown on the screen. Lew Brown thought the shot so funny that he dressed up a duck and walked the insulted biped through his scene. Another war of the first water. No one speaks to anyone else at Fox Hills.

* * *

ONE of the studio publicity men happened to contact Margaret Sullavan when he was in a particularly low state of mind. In answer to her inquiry as to his depression, he replied: "I'd give anything in the world if I could just chuck everything and get away from it all."

"Well, here's your chance," said Margaret. Digging down into her handbag, she handed him a first-class, one-way plane ticket to New York.

* * *

THEN there's the Hollywood columnist who may not be so tactful, but at least she says what she means. At one of those cocktail parties where a few are invited and everyone attends, said columnist saw a pretty blonde girl standing in a far corner.

Going up to her, she said: "Are you Toby Wing, Mary Carlisle or Joan Marsh? And whoever you are, can you tell me any news?"

* * *

The "wonder bar" of Hollywood belongs to Carole Lombard. It was decorated by William Haines and the most unusual feature of all is a tiny studio piano painted in green and pink plaid.

* * *

IF you see strange sights on Wilshire Boulevard, chalk them down to the movies.

Una Merkel's stand-in lives quite a distance from the bus line. So she skates to the bus, takes off the skates, puts them in a special brown bag which she carries for that purpose, rides a way on the bus, gets off, whips out the rollers and slides the rest of the way on her own power. And hearken you pudgy gals. She has lost ten pounds in two weeks.

The script girl on "Little Women" rode in from Culver City on her bicycle. It took her forty-five minutes and much kidding. She would arrive with a huff and a puff in the midst of all the hoop skirts, her face red and her hair a mess. For Culver City is a long way from the RKO studio. She was the delight of Katharine Hepburn who openly envied her the dirty slacks and the faded polo shirt.

* * *

IT might be interesting to some to know how the best scenes are selected for use in pictures. For instance, on the "Sadie McKee" company, Clarence Brown, the director, Ollie Marsh, the cameraman, and Joan Crawford, the star, go into the projection room every night after the day's shooting. There they run off all the scenes taken of the previous day's work. Ofttimes the same scene is taken several times from several different angles. A popular vote is taken and the favored one selected. And here's one of the reasons why Clarence Brown is Joan's favorite director. Unless he has some particular reason why he wants a certain close-up, when they are run off, Brown turns to the star and says, "Take your choice—Joan—it's your face, so pick out the one you like best."

* * *

HISTORY was practically made at lunch time in the Fox Commissary. Kent Taylor, who has been teamed with the kissless Evelyn Venable, walked in and saw his screen partner sitting in a far corner with cameraman, Hal Mohr. Walking up to her, Kent was greeted with a resounding smack. Wait until Evelyn's father reads this!

* * *

The day before Bette Davis started working with Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage," she was invited to some friend's house for tea. Now Bette has to speak with a decided cockney accent in this picture, and was a little nervous about the result. Therefore, she warned everyone that she was going to practice on them. By the end of tea time, not only had Bette succeeded in getting her accent down pat, but she had started everyone in the room talking the same way!

* * *

THERE'S more than one reason why the ebony dancers at the Cotton Club

Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, Paulette Goddard and King Vidor were snapped by Hyman Fink at the very popular Colony Club

are the hottest dancers in Hollywood. Whenever these boys perform, it is the custom to throw silver dollars at their dancing feet. A party made up of Lyle Talbot, Vince Barnett, George Raft and Monte Blue thought it would be funny to heat the money over the candles on the table before throwing it. When the entertainers made a dive for the money, they did some steps heretofore unregistered in their routine.

* * *

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER was having lunch at the publicity table in the M-G-M commissary. A visitor on the lot came over and asked him for his autograph. Then she turned to one of the little publicity stenographers sitting next to Johnny and insisted on having hers. The girl tried to explain that her autograph didn't mean a thing. "You can't fool me Miss Velez," was the unexpected answer. "I'd recognize you anywhere." So Lupe's name was signed in the book and the stenog. went back to her typing.

* * *

TO all appearances, Billie Burke was just sitting quietly on the sidelines, waiting to go in and do her scene in "Finishing School." In reality she was watching the work of an extra girl who was trying desperately to speak one line. Just before the camera started grinding, Billie went up to the girl. "You have a very beautiful profile; keep it as much to the camera as possible," was her advice "and maybe someday you may attract attention and get your chance."

* * *

SOMEONE was asking Lilyan Tashman if she had a good time at the last Mayfair dance in Hollywood. "It was glorious," gasped Lil, "but so many people stepped on my train that I'm going to derail before I attend the next one."

* * *

And then there's the Hollywood wag who wanted to know if they played "Cary me back to old Virginia" at the recent Cherrill-Grant wedding!

Below, Eddie Robinson shows us how to portray Napoleon. He's assisted by Ted Healy's stooges. It's an act at the Domino Club. Dickie Moore's watching

THIS actually happened in Mexico. Glenda Farrell had gone there on a hunting trip. Suddenly an infuriated rooster descended upon her and before the bird could be taken away, Glenda was clawed and scratched on the face and arms. The worst part of it is, that everyone doubles up with laughter when she tells the story and Glenda can't get an ounce of sympathy.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD was running a print of the old "Merry Widow," at her house and had instructed the guests to watch for her playing extra in a certain scene. But instead of seeing Joan, they suddenly spied Clark Gable dancing in the mob. And what's funny about this is that neither Clark nor Joan knew each other then—or remembered the other being on the set!

WE just knew it couldn't last. Baby LeRoy has finally gone Hollywood. He has now furnished an apartment in the film city and only week-ends on his ranch. He's planning to give a drinking party for his closest friends. The very best brand of three-star Jersey, or condensed milk, for those who like sweet drinks will be served!

* * *

EVER since she rented the old Garbo home in Brentwood Heights, Bette Davis has been annoyed by curious people who stand out in front of her house and ring the doorbell.

Finally after being disturbed several times, she called her butler. "Every time you see someone coming up the walk," said Bette, "just start singing, 'Garbo doesn't live here any more!'"

* * *

BING CROSBY owes his present popularity to a Marlin swordfish! Back in the days when his crooning had yet to be recognized by an enthusiastic world, Bing put in all his time at swordfishing. An offer came to go east, but he preferred to remain here where he could be closer to his favorite sport. He was discovered anyway and still fishes between croons.

* * *

THE "House of Rothschild" had its lighter moments.

Helen Westley, a character actress, was complaining bitterly that her best angle was not being photographed as she leaned over. She considered that part of her chassis too broad to merit a close-up. George Arliss remained very silent and dignified during the complaint. But when the scene was shot, Mr. Arliss very casually held his hat between Miss Westley's embarrassment and the camera.

One can always depend upon an Englishman to do the sporting thing.

Another pair at the Tingle Tangle Theatre—Mr. and Mrs. Benn Levy. She's Connie Cummings, of course

speak for yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Hayes Vs. Hollywood

Never bite the hand that feeds you. That's an old adage but one, I am sorry to say, Helen Hayes seems to have forgotten.

Personally, I'm a Hayes fan. She's a grand actress, and right smart, too. Maybe that's why I am so amazed at her lack of sense in all this nose-thumbing of Hollywood. It's unjustifiable! Hollywood received her with open arms—spent thousands of dollars in camera experiments so that her not too attractive pan would be more in tune with her artistry. They wanted her to be as successful on the screen as she was on the stage and offered her every cooperation.

And yet, her latest complaint is "Hollywood is an uncivilized town." That's hardly fair. But if that is how she feels, I believe it would have been in better taste to remain discreetly silent instead of loudly voicing such criticism—don't you?

If she prefers the stage to the screen, that's her right, but this "little girl" manner of stamping her feet and turning up her nose, is hardly becoming to the intelligent woman I think Helen Hayes is.

Esther J. Robinson,
Philadelphia, Pa.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Fickle Fans

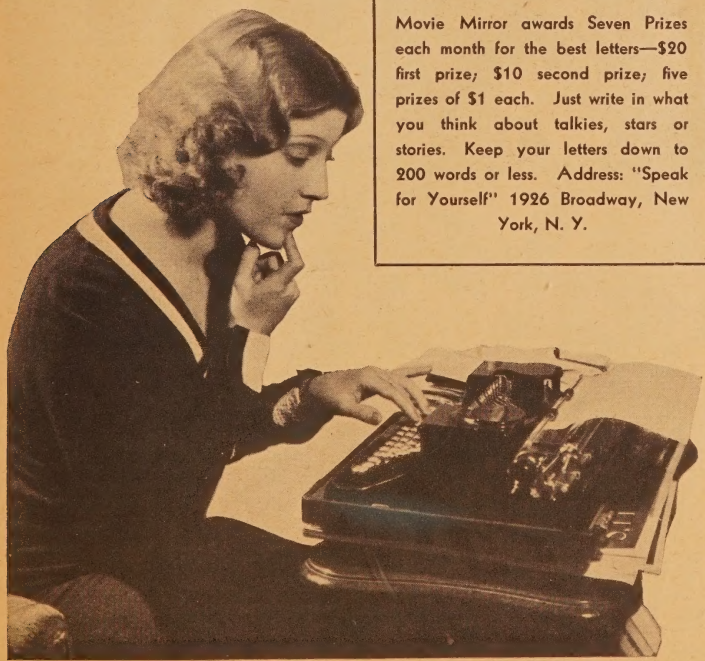
We expect the stars to be fixed in their loves, while we, their judges, set a poor example with our own changeableness.

We are as mercurial as the atmosphere in our raves. While the huzza and acclaim for old favorites still echo in our ears, we clamor for someone new and dazzling—something different.

Methinks the public is like a pampered child, with more toys than he can appreciate. Surfeited with an excess of movie entertainment, we don't quite know what we want.

One palooka complains there's not enough variety, while another claims you can't get enough of a good thing. So YOU figure it out! Try and please all of the people all of the time—it can't be done. If you expect loyalty from your favorite stars, how about showing some yourself?

T. Seaman,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address: "Speak for Yourself" 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Dilettanteism

These intellectual (?) critics
Of the movies are quite funny;
They claim most pictures are the "bunk"
Not worth a fellow's money!
They say the picture audience
Quite lacks appreciation
Of all the higher, finer Arts
Which offer inspiration.
The influence of the movies
They deem demoralizing;
They say that most productions need
Artistic supervising.
Pictures are so bourgeois,
Oh, quite plebeian, really!
And only morons could enjoy
A thing so downright silly!
In fact, they loathe the movies,
And have a strong aversion
To cinematic offerings
As intelligent diversion.
But—though they view the movies
With disapproving frown,
They break speed records, getting there—
When Mae West comes to town!

Willie Mai Jackson,
Columbia, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Cycles

The movies have been criticized because the pictures go by cycles. I have observed that it is the same in any field of creative art. In literature, for instance, we have the same waves of historical novels, romance, biographies, and the ultra-modern. Books remain on the market for years and need not be publicized as freely as a film which will be before the public only a year or so, at most.

I am very glad that the romantic school is coming back. I think our minds and manners need to be calmed and soothed by a great deal of moonlight and romance and old-fashioned courtesy.

Ann Hall,
Tucson, Arizona.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Cinema Toasts

Let us raise our sparkling 1934 cocktails in tribute to those far-famed ladies of the screen—Norma Shearer, Ann Harding and Irene Dunne for their superb performances in past and present cinema portrayals.

I salute Norma, the actress of many moods, for her priceless fascination and sincere interpretations of the films in which she has starred; for her irresistible charm and soul-stirring performance in "Smilin' Through," and her portrayal of worldly sophistication strengthened by her self-consuming mother love in "Strange Interlude."

I raise my hat to Ann Harding, that gallant lady who meets screen adversities with her chin up and a tenacity of spirit, which only reveals more vividly her subtle wit together with her noble qualities of true womanhood.

To Irene Dunne I extend my sincere praise to one who possesses that indescribable charm that bespeaks of an aristocratic lineage, an attribute which permeates her every performance, bringing forth her natural beauty of mind through the medium of her cultured and melodious voice.

(*Continued on page 72*)

The show of
"STAND UP
5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!
Introduction of Loveliness!
Revival of Laughter!
Garden of Beauty!
The Magic Transformation!
March of Prosperity!
FOX

1001 *surprises!*

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor... amazing novelty... myriad surprises ... laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ... everything!

AND CHEER!"

WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS

JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE

MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS *and* PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

"Our Last Night Together"

"Baby, Take a Bow"

"I'm Laughin' "

"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"

"Stand Up and Cheer"

MOTHER McCREA

by MICHAEL JACKSON

FRANCES DEE will be a mother in the fall.

Right now, she's busy with her career. Since splendid performances in "Little Women," "Coming Out Party," and "Finishing School," it's blossoming forth with new freshness.

And she's busy being a wife.

She and Joel are rapidly furnishing and outfitting their new ranch, forty miles up the coast from Hollywood. The ranch is no cute little hide-away. It's a thousand acres of rolling hills. In a year, they plan to have the ranch self-supporting. They're raising hay and beans, with the assistance of only one rancher. It's a big job.

And she's holding Joel McCrea.

Hollywood's most glamorous glamor gals, with nothing on their hands but jewels and time, found that it was too much for them. Joel has had eyes cast at him by the world's champion eye-casters. Frances looked the other way. Not because she figured that it would be a new technique to work on the town's most sought-after bachelor. But because at first she wasn't interested.

She's interested now.

She's interested in Joel. In approaching motherhood. In her career. In the ranch.

I thought that she might have too many interests to be a success in any one.

Frances laughed at the idea.

"When I was in school," she said, "if I took one subject, I failed. If I took five, I passed them all."

The same theory is working out in life for her.

The more things she does, the better she does each thing.

She's succeeding in pictures, the most competitive field in the world today. She's married to one of the most popular men in a town where men's popularity stretched around the world. She's helping Joel to make a successful project out of a ranch in a time when farmers all over the world are facing a crisis.

Everytime a job gets tough for Frances Dee, she adds another job to it. Then both tasks go well.

Now, to top everything, she's going to have her baby. And plans on having more.

She's risking everything for that unborn child. She's going to interrupt a career that is just beginning to hit full stride. She's risking her marital happiness. Not that Joel doesn't like children. He's crazy about them. Wants a little girl, because of a niece of whom he is very fond. But all women know that it is very dangerous to have a child in the first year of marriage.

Her career headed for even greater success, that courageous Frances Dee is willing to risk anything to bear a child for the man she loves, Joel McCrea

And yet Frances Dee is risking all this.

"If the child turns out to demand more time than I had planned, that'll be all right. Even if I have to give up pictures, it'll be all right. But I don't see why I'll have to. Other women have done it. And any time that I have to give to my child will be worth while."

It's a pleasant straightforwardness and confidence that Frances Dee has. She's much more the ideal American girl type than (*Continued on page* 84)

Was Katie Hepburn burned up when RKO refused to okay her planned vaudeville tour! It came on the heels of her disappointment over the critics' reports of her New York stage appearance. After seeing "Spitfire," we're glad she's getting back to movie work in "The Tudor Wench"

Jean Harlow

Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! This grand photographic masterpiece by Clarence Sinclair Bull proves that stairs were invented in order that this luscious lady could pose on them! Jean has finally settled her contract difficulties with M-G-M and they are saying she's to make another picture with none other than Clark Gable

CONSTANCE BENNETT

20th Century's pride and joy will be seen with Fredric March in "Firebrand," colorful costume picture. Aunt Connie's all excited about her sister Joan's new little daughter, Melinda, who was born on February 27th, which happens to be Joan's birthday, too!

RALPH BELLAMY

The fans' whispering chorus is solidly behind this ingratiating gentleman, assuring him of eventual stardom.

You'll see him in "Spitfire" and "Transient Love" for RKO. Also in "One is Guilty" for Columbia

RUDY VALLEE AND ALICE FAYE—You've been in the headlines, Alice and Rudy, but what about the heartlines? It looks like love, all right, but then it's just a scene from George White's "Scandals," Fox Musical

CAROLE LOMBARD AND BING CROSBY—A brand new team to delight our eyes in "We're Not Dressing." Bing, they say, is pretty nearly at the top of the list of male favorites and Carole has turned into Paramount's prettiest pet

MOVIE MIRROR continues its startling series about hidden loves in the lives of famous stars! Ronald Colman, back from an around-the-world vacation tour, to appear in 20th Century's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," unburdens the secret in his heart in this fine, exclusive story never told before

RONALD COLMAN'S Secret ROMANCE

A poignant and thrilling revelation of the hidden love of this great actor, a love forever unforgettable for its glamor and heartbreak

by GLADYS HALL

I SHALL write the last paragraph first. As I rose to go, after our talk together, Ronnie said to me: "If anyone had asked me, five minutes before you came in, to give the story I have given to you I would have said, 'No, no, NO and you KNOW that it is no!'"

I was seeing Ronnie for the first time after his nine months' trip abroad. I said, "I'm not going to ask you how you reacted to the Eiffel Tower, or wherever you were. I want something different—something you have never told before—the story of your Great Love, perhaps—and I laughed as I said *that*. I knew better, certainly, than to suppose that Ronnie would divulge one syllable on anything even approaching the sentimental, the emotional or more than the superficially personal aspects of his guarded life.

He smiled and shook his dark head. He said, "The sweeter a thing is the more impossible it is for me to talk about it. Fine things are finer, I think, when kept to one's self—"

I said, "Then there *was* something—of course—"

Ronnie evaded . . . "If I had not become an actor," he said.

I won't go into all the details of that preliminary talk of ours that led, at long last, to Ronald Colman's talking as, I can swear, he has never talked before for publication. Talking of the romance in his life, unforgotten, forever unforgettable. Of the *great* romance, his marriage notwithstanding. And all the while he was talking I had the feeling that I must be in a dream from which I would soon awaken. A dream, surely, that I had dared to venture on to the hinterland of Ronald Colman's personal life, private life, romantic life; dared to ask him about anything more intimate than his belief in the art of the theatre, his theory of reincarnation or what he thinks of Hitler.

Perhaps it was one of those potent hours of twilight where a chord is struck and gives forth reverberations whether the player will, or not. Perhaps Ronald may have felt, human-wise, in that hour, the sudden need of words, who has been so long silent. Perhaps it was because he had seen Her again, on this last trip of his, and old memories were stirring afresh in his inscrutable heart where, he says, a love once lived can never die.

He said: "It began before the War. We will call her Alice because, if you don't mind, I won't use her real name. She is alive. And Alice is a sweet and tender name. I like it. It fits her, even better than her own.

"I was working, in London, before the War. I spent weekends in Sussex and I met her there. She was one of six children in a wholesome jolly English family. Her mother was—a *mother*. Her father was adored by every member of his family, by Alice most of all.

"I had never been in love before. Not really. Not with marriage in my mind. Funny, but I'd always imagined I would find a girl with sort of golden brown hair and gray eyes, *sea*-gray, and a generous mouth. A girl guiltless of make-up and knowing very little of the unpleasant side of life. I always knew, really, that I would meet this girl. And I knew, also, that there would be a fatalistic aspect to it. I would meet her only to lose her. As Gabriel Rossetti once dreamed of his Blessed Damozel and knew her to be touched with Death and himself with loss so I knew that I would meet the one woman in the world for me—and she would not be for me.

"I MET Alice. I knew her immediately. Not very tall. Golden brown hair. Sea-gray eyes. A red and generous mouth, laughing most of the time—at first. I am forced to believe in the romantic love at first sight of the poets. *It happened to me.*

"It started out to be the usual thing, once the first startling surprise of finding her was over. We had grand times together. We rode over the downs. We played a lot of tennis, had tea, went to neighborhood balls. I asked her to marry me. She said that she would. I have never known happiness like that again. I have lived long enough to know that I never will.

"We planned our life together, patterned on the life she and her sisters and brothers had lived in her home. That was her ideal, only in a perfect imitation of it could she feel happy. We even found the house we wanted to buy when I should be earning enough money to marry. A brick house, mellowed pale pink by time. There was a garden and a tennis court and there was a sun-dial, old and rather nice. We would have six children, I would go up to the city every

"SEVEN YEARS AGO IN VENICE I MET HER

morning and she would meet me at the station every night. We would have long week-ends together, riding over the downs as we were doing then. The pattern was there, close around me, secure and safe.

"THEN came the War. Suddenly. It swooped down on us like a martial bird and bore us off. There was no time for goodbyes, either to family or sweethearts, movies and fiction to the contrary. Alice tried to see me off. She missed me. She went to the port at Dover. We embarked from Folkstone. I remember sitting in that train with my battalion, on a siding, waiting to go. I could see from my car window the familiar streets I had walked so many times, houses of people I knew. I felt as a dead man might feel, revisiting, himself unseen, old haunts he had known well but which knew him no longer. I knew that I would come back but *not as I was then.*

"I suppose Alice must have known it, too. I had a letter from her when I reached the front. A pencilled note, scribbled at Dover when she knew that she had missed me. I still have it, somewhere about. I can't remember the wording of it but it told me that she knew I would come safely home again but she would have liked the chance of saying goodbye to the old Ronnie she had known—curious how well we *knew* each other—

"Because *I* didn't come back. I won't go into the War and all that it did to all of us. We've had enough of that. Old moorings were torn up and no new ones put down. *We* went out. *Strangers* came back. It was *the War that made an actor out of me.* When I came back that was all I was good for—*acting.* I wasn't my own man anymore.

"I didn't realize it at first . . . two years of it, four to five months in active combat on the field, invalided home, posted to light duty in Scotland, then discharged . . . I tried to get a job. No good. I then tried for a Civil Service post. And while I was waiting for that to mature, if ever, two things happened to me. One was that I knew I *didn't want a job* and the other was an offer to play a part in a sketch of Rabindranath Tagore's which was being put on at the London Coliseum.

"But first I must go back a bit, I'm getting ahead of myself. During the War I had seen Alice three or four times at home, on leave. They had been unsatisfying and unsatisfactory meetings. We were like two strangers clinging together in a fog, unable to see one another's faces. I was in love with her. She was in love with me. It was love right enough, God knows. And that single thread, strong as a cable, held us together. I would tell her that once the War was over everything would be as it had been. I think she knew that I was whistling in the dark . . .

"I ACCEPTED the part at the Coliseum. I told Alice that same day. And if I had told her that I was going into a freak show as the tattooed man she couldn't have been

AGAIN. I SAW HER BEFORE SHE SAW ME."

more shocked, more disapproving. She was still in the state of mind of her forebears to whom actors were mummers, little better than gypsies, the kind of people one did not know. Her father was the type of man who would as soon have introduced his daughters to convicted criminals as to an actor. I told her that I was doing it only because I badly needed a little money. I wasn't taking it seriously, of course. I would probably be a most frightful crash. I thought I was telling her the whole truth, then. She knew that I was not.

"I played that part. I got some good notices, attention, interest. I was offered a good part in 'Misleading Lady' with Gladys Cooper. In London.

"I told Alice about that. We talked about it and that talk was our real farewell. She couldn't understand. It was the death-rather-than-dishonor attitude. She could never lead the life of an actor's wife. She would be, she told me, all the things an actor's wife should never be; jealous, lonely; out of sympathy. Out of it all. How could we ever have the life we'd planned in Sussex? She wanted that home. She couldn't live outside of Sussex. She wanted children. She wanted her children to be able to look at their father with pride. An *actor*—

"I KNEW, then, that Alice was the type of woman, essentially fine and *good*, to whom love is twenty-five percent emotion and seventy-five percent home and children. It was as it should be. She was as all women should be. But for the completion of her real life she needed a man with his feet firmly on the earth. My feet had been shot off the earth.

"WE CAME to an agreement. I should play the part. I did need the money. It was not my fault that I had not been able to get a job. If the play failed, or if I failed in the play, that should be an end of it. If it succeeded—but neither of us quite faced *that*—"

It was, Ronald said, a most extraordinary opening night. Probably no actor has ever experienced a similar one. He was doing his first part on the London stage. He was face to face, with startling immediacy, with his first real opportunity. *And he was hoping that he would fail.* And he knew that he was not failing. He was not failing because he forgot that he was Ronald Colman. He became the character he was playing. And he experienced a sense of blessed relief in his ability to sink himself into the life of another. This was what he wanted—more than anything—*the playing of other men's lives.*

In the audience he glimpsed, now and then, the face of Alice. There was no pride in it. There was no elation at the creditable performance he was giving, at the applause he received. There was, rather, a faint disgust, an instinctive revulsion.

"We had supper together that night," Ronnie told me, "at the Carlton. I told her I would (*Continued on page 66*)

DWINDLING

The movie salaries are big—but oh, those obligations! Here's how the money goes

Did you know that Freddie March once studied banking and finance? That knowledge comes in handy when you're a true money-saver

An expensive physician called on Carole Lombard several times a day—for months. But it costs a studio thousands when a star is ill!

HOW many times have you wished that you could collect one of those fabulous movie salaries for just ONE year? You've probably thought you could retire and lead the life of Riley from then on—maybe an occasional trip to Europe and certainly an annual visit to New York to see the new plays.

The movie star usually shares your feelings in the matter. If he could just collect all that he's supposed to earn in a year he could probably do the same things. It's sad but true—those enormous salaries are much more impressive in print than in actuality, even if the figures you see in print are authentic. That, I might add, is seldom true.

Now just for the fun of it, and because most of us will never have the chance to handle so much money, let's see what happens to $100,000 a year in picture salary. I'm taking $100,000, because any more money than that would make me dizzy. That represents an average salary for a popular leading man or woman. If he, or she, is a star or has a great pull at the box office, the figures will be much larger, of course. Garbo, according to pretty good authority, collects something like $9,000 a week.

However, $100,000 in a lump seems like the United States Mint to the average person, but the player never sees that much in one lump. To begin with he probably received his contract through the offices of an agent. In that case the agent takes ten percent. The star has now waved a sad farewell to $10,000.

Your Uncle Samuel gets his cut and that will take away approximately another $25,000. One half of one percent goes to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. There goes another $500. The $100,000 income is now down to $64,500 before the star has been able to get a haircut or send a bunch of posies to his best girl.

If he is wise he will do his level best to save against that proverbial rainy day. If he's lucky perhaps he can put $25,000 into good bonds, insurance, or annuities. The income is 'way down now. Then there is rent to be considered, and clothes, servants, secretaries, food, fuel, entertainment, publicity expenses, and additional charities.

Those additional charities form a terrific item. I don't know why it is but the average movie personality is surrounded four deep by dependents. One star that I know actually supports fifteen people, in addition to his own family. If one member of the family gets a nice contract the rest of the relatives seem to think they have come into the Rockefeller fortune.

Some of the stars are able to save money, others find the ever-increasing demands too much for them. That's why the movie town is overrun with pathetic stories of former stars being glad to get $10 a day for extra work. And why the Motion Picture Relief Fund supports people whose names were household words a scant five years ago.

FREDRIC MARCH is one player who has taken sensibly his years in the sun of popular favor. When he entered pictures he told me that he hoped to be independent in five years, if his career extended

DOLLARS

by MARQUIS BUSBY

that long. The five years have passed, and Freddy has been true to his word.

"I couldn't live the way I'm living now," he told me, "but at least my family would not suffer poverty. If we had to we could live in the cottage at Laguna Beach, and have enough income for a comfortable existence."

He has no intention of doing it, for at the present time he is just approaching the peak of his earning capacity. But he has looked into the future.

As a youth Freddy studied banking and finance. He is his own business manager, and really enjoys coping with budgets and bookkeeping. Recently he bought acreage in Bel Air where he will build himself a beautiful home. He waited, however, until local real estate was at low ebb.

The stars have their luxuries, all right. Warren William, for one, who recently bought Richard Barthelmess' yacht. Costs plenty to keep up!

He tries to save half of his salary and not to live in undue extravagance. The Marches entertain with small dinner parties as a rule. They are very popular in the Hollywood colony and social obligation cannot be neglected. Last fall they gave a really elaborate party where an exclusive café was chartered for the occasion. It ran into considerable money, and incidentally, the Government decided that it could *not* figure in the income tax report as "necessary entertainment."

There are purses to be made up for sick and injured studio workmen. Freddy also is taking care of several people other than his own immediate family.

Our mythical $100,000 a year man is faced with the same problems that meet the more affluent Marches.

Most players resent the attitude of many merchants "who see them coming," and boost prices accordingly. That is true when they travel and when they stay at home.

One star told me indignantly of the price quoted her for a suite on an ocean liner. When the secretary priced the same suite, without mentioning the name of her employer, the listing was substantially lower. Of course, if traveling is to be done, the star must do it in style. Drawing rooms on extra-fare trains, and the best suites in the most fashionable hotels. The public expects it. Even Garbo, when she did her big hide-out number in New York, chose one of the most popular hotels.

Dentist and doctor bills always run high in Hollywood. Here again the time-honored custom is more or less in vogue. The wealthy help pay for the charity customers.

Carole Lombard, as an example, who has had considerable illness during the past year, has been almost continually under a doctor's care. In the matter of prolonged illness a star's absence may cost the studio thousands of dollars. Accordingly a physician called on Carole several times a day—and day after day.

Women stars must maintain elaborate wardrobes and a dress usually cannot be worn more than three times. Perhaps it can be remodeled but usually it is given away to a less fortunate friend.

Carole, like most of the women players, sighs over the high cost of beauty work. Hair must be taken care of frequently, for waves do not last long under the terrific heat of studio lights. Usually the marcels, the facials, the massages, and the manicures (*Continued on page* 92)

The most cruel expenditure is the need of protecting a child from the danger of kidnaping. Marlene Dietrich and daughter, for example

BEHIND the SCENES of ZASU'S Romance

by Julanne Johnston

WHEN glaring newspaper headlines announced a few weeks ago, "ZaSu Pitts, Secret Bride Since October, Starts Belated Honeymoon," Hollywood was astonished.

For years, those people in Hollywood who did not know ZaSu very well had been in the habit of pitying her. Especially since her divorce from Tom Gallery in 1932, Hollywood thought of ZaSu as a tragic, heart-breaking figure. The loss of the only man she had ever loved seemed the final climax to a life that had been drab and miserable.

Then ZaSu, the quiet girl with the big, tragic eyes whom everyone felt sorry for, blossomed out with a charming new husband, Edward Woodall, handsome, accomplished, a champion tennis player and a successful broker.

Hollywood gasped. In the town of the most exotic women in the world, where men are at a premium, how did this romance ever happen to shy, not overly beautiful ZaSu? I suppose there were even a few people who do not know ZaSu so well who asked, "What in the world did he see in her?"

To answer that question, I want to tell you about the ZaSu I know and let you in behind the scenes of ZaSu's romance. I never wanted to tell that story before because it is essentially a sob story; but now it is a sob story with a happy ending.

When ZaSu came to Hollywood about sixteen years ago, she was a tall, lanky girl whose prettiness was hidden by the terrible clothes she wore. Day in and day out she wore the same thing, a cheap little blue serge suit trimmed in red. The skirt came down to her ankles and rustled when she walked. The red trimming grew faded and ugly in the sun. It was the only daytime dress she had.

For months she trudged from studio to studio begging for some work to do. They laughed at her and told her to go home. But finally she got a little work to do at Universal. In the end they discharged her because they said she wasn't funny enough.

She was almost completely friendless in Hollywood. In a town where lush beauties find it hard to get work, there didn't seem to be much place for this pathetic-looking creature in the ill-fitting suit.

She had never known the tonic of that kind of admiration that goes to women's heads like wine. When she had gone to school in Santa Cruz, no one had ever asked her for a date. Because she was poorer than a church mouse, she couldn't go to the regular school affairs. She would have had no clothes fit to wear for dancing and parties. There was no money to spend for lovely clothes in ZaSu Pitt's home, for ZaSu's father had died when she was very young and her mother struggled fearfully to bring up her brood of four children on the pension of $25 a month she received from the government. ZaSu had gotten practically no invitations to join the other high school children in their school affairs, and when once in a while an invitation was extended, she felt it was done out of pity for her. And pity was something she never wanted.

In her heart ZaSu was convinced that she was an ugly duckling, with no particular right to romance.

She was so sure she was plain and lacking in sex appeal that she thought that all the wiles of all the women in the

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO CONQUERED SORROW

MRS. EDWARD WOODALL (ZASU PITTS) WITH HER NEW HAPPINESS

world could not help her. Not that ZaSu would have used them, if she could. For ZaSu has to be natural or she would not be ZaSu. She gave little thought at first to her own appearance. Often her hair was unruly beneath the funny straw hat that she wore. She didn't know very much about the art of make-up. Sometimes she had far more rouge on one cheek than on the other.

But there was one thing that ZaSu had. Awkward as she appears in pictures, she was and is a marvelous dancer. Her one dissipation was going to the dances at the Hollywood Hotel on Thursday nights and to those at the Hollywood Women's Club on Saturday nights.

She was thrilled whenever any of the men showed her any special attention, and her blue eyes would light up with wonder and pleasure. But when they whispered to her, "Gee, you're pretty," doubt settled like a rock upon her heart. "That's bunk," she would say, waving those expressive hands of hers.

THEN one day she met Tom Gallery. He was gay and charming. The son of a police captain in Chicago, he had come to Hollywood, dreaming of fame in the movies. ZaSu listened as he told her of his dreams, and shyly she told him hers. How could they guess that in the years to come his career was to take him far from the world of motion pictures, while ZaSu would make her mark as a comedienne?

ZaSu was thrilled when Tom showed her attention, fluttered when he asked for a date. Didn't he understand, she wondered, that she wasn't like these other beautiful, ravishing girls who deserved men's attentions by some sort of divine right?

There followed many evenings of dancing and gay little dinners for two. ZaSu couldn't understand what Tom Gallery saw in her. Why, it was like a miracle, that this charming, handsome man should pick her out of all the exotic, glamorous girls in Hollywood.

And now when he said to her, "Hasn't anyone ever told you how pretty you are," her heart pounded wildly. Of course, she knew it wasn't true, but by the look in his eyes and the tone of his voice, she knew also that for him it was true. When he told her, as she lay against his heart, "Your hair is like silk," she stammered, "You mean—*my hair?*"

But she couldn't say any longer, as she had said to so many men, "Oh, that's just bunk." When he praised her eyes, that are bluer than blue, and took her into his arms, she found there a haven she had not even known she had been searching for.

They "kept company" for about a year, ZaSu and Tom, and in that year they shared their dreams and hopes with each other.

Then a strange thing happened, one that seemed trivial at the time, but which was to have a great bearing on the future.

Tom Gallery met Madge Evans. Madge thought he was wonderful. She was ten years old at the time. He bought her ice cream sodas, and ZaSu and he took her to see the première of "Bright Skies," in which ZaSu was the star and Tom the leading man. Afterwards Madge Evans went back East (she was a child star in the early days, you remember); and ZaSu and Tom got married.

At first they were madly, ridiculously happy, even when there were long waits between pay checks. ZaSu thought it was wonderful that Tom should love a little nobody like herself. Gradually she ceased being a little nobody. Frances Marion, that very wise (*Continued on page 78*)

TOLD BY HER FELLOW-ACTRESS AND DEAR FRIEND

The Will Rogers

A rare and searching glimpse into the life and personality of this secretive celebrity

The famous Mr. Croy, best known for his novel, "West of the Water Tower," has been a close friend of Will Rogers for a number of years, writing the scenarios for many of his pictures. The most recent is "David Harum." Mr. Croy has steadfastly refused to reveal his intimate knowledge of the great comedian and humorist but *Movie Mirror* is proud to have succeeded in persuading him to break his silence!
—The Editor.

SOMEBODY is always getting me by the lapel, leading me off to one side, and asking me to tell what kind of person Will Rogers Really Is. Sometimes I have even been invited to dinner by persuasive gentlemen who hoped, on the soothing effect of a full stomach, that I would throw discretion to the winds and Tell All. But I have always cast the gentlemen off . . . usually after the dinner is a plate of bones . . . and told them nothing. And I have always turned down offers to put it into black and white for a magazine, but the editor of this magazine has such an adroit and persuasive way that I find myself for the first time bent over the keys of a typewriter telling about the Will Rogers I know.

There is no one as famous as Will Rogers who has so little known about him. Strange sounding words, but true. Most human beings as celebrated as he is have every detail of their lives aired—how they live, what they eat, what time they get up, but not Will Rogers! He is a strange celebrity, for he keeps in the spotlight only when he is before the public; he does not let it follow him home and into his pajamas.

He is an amazing creature, in fact two amazing creatures, a public Dr. Jekyll and a Hollywood Mr. Hyde. For when he steps out of the role of clown he is as silent about himself as a zither in an attic. Most celebrities let a little of their private life filter into their public life, but he doesn't. In his writing he rarely tells anything about his family, or about himself except as it concerns flying, or the affairs of the day. Sometimes he mentions his children in his syndicated material, chides them for not writing often enough when they are away gettin' educated up, but that is all. He rarely, or practically never, has his photograph taken with his family, or on his ranch, or in any manner that has to do with his personal and private life.

Not only does he withdraw from the public when he is off stage, but also he keeps his family from the public, no easy matter in a man as famous as he is. He does not want his family to capitalize on his name. As you know when the Yellow Jack of the picture studios got into daughter Mary's system, she applied for work under the name of Mary Howard, and got it, too, for she is a most personable creature. When she takes up picture work seriously, you will hear of her; and I shouldn't be surprised that some day she will be pretty close to the top of the heap.

Rarely does Will allow himself to be photographed with Mrs. Rogers. She travels under her maiden name

When Mrs. Rogers travels she, too, is beset by the public; in fact, all members of the family are. Mrs. Rogers and Mary wanted to go to Honolulu for a rest, but they realized that if it was known they were on board they would be harassed by curiosity seekers, and so they had to travel under assumed names. Mrs. Rogers used her maiden name, Betty Blake. But in mid-ocean the secret leaked, and peace flew out the window like the white

Nobody Knows

By HOMER CROY

dove from the Ark! It just about ruined their trip.

Mr. Rogers cannot set foot on the street without being recognized; if he goes into a restaurant he is immediately set upon by a crowd of people, which is why, when he is in a hotel, he usually has his meals served in his room. Strangely enough there is one public place where he is let alone, and that is in the Café de Paris on the Fox motion picture lot. The reason is that he has been on the lot a good many years, everybody knows him, and lets him come and go without hounding him. But he usually does not eat alone when he is on the lot, for in reality he is a social creature and likes to have "company," just as they did on the ranch in Oklahoma when he was a boy. But when tourists come in, then he has to run for his life; they leave their tables and swarm about him like children around a department store Santa Claus. How he has the strength and vitality to entertain all the people he does, day in and day out, is more than I know. But he has an amazing amount of energy; if you or I tried to keep up with him, we would, before the month was torn from the calendar, be in the hands of a specialist. Or an undertaker.

HE takes his motion picture work casually. To most Hollywood people there is naught else but motion pictures; they live 'em, they talk 'em, they eat 'em. But Will Rogers doesn't. They are only a part of his life; he has so many things that he is interested in that pictures are only one saddle in his stable. He has a dozen other saddles he can leap into and lope away on. He is more interested in his daily syndicated article than he is in pictures; second, in his radio talks. At the tail end of the bunch come pictures. He is really not a comic, in the sense that Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, El Brendel, Laurel and Hardy, and Wheeler and Woolsey are, for always he deals with serious material and wants to put over thought and philosophy.

He never deals in what is technically called "coo-coo" humor; that is, absurdities, puns, nonsense, and so on. If a piece of humor strikes him and it hasn't a thought behind it, out the window with it. One day in "Down to Earth," he was asked to do a funny bit of business (or we thought it was) with a hat in the Chicago sequence. He tried it a few times with the hat, and then gave it up in disgust.

"I never could be funny with props," he said. "The only thing I can be funny with is ideas." Which I think got to the bottom of his nature. And then he continued about W. C. Fields. "Say! Bill Fields can get more fun out of a billiard cue than I can out of Congress. If I tried to be funny with a billiard cue, the audience'd surge up on the stage, grab the cue away from me, and there'd be a widder and three half-orphans in Santa Monica."

This may sound strange to those who remember his rope, when he was in vaudeville. But he was never funny with the rope; by that I mean, by the way he jumped through. It was the *idea* he jumped through which was funny; there were twenty rope jumpers in vaudeville who could hop through just as neatly as he could and be funnier, too; but one thing was sadly missing—they didn't have any comedy idea to dangle before the audience.

Will Rogers loves his rope. "Well, I ought. It made a livin' for me for ten years. If it hadn't been for my rope and a stick of chewin'-gum, my children wouldn't (*Continued on page 74*)

Will's daughter called herself Mary Howard when she tried her luck at the studios—and she had a reason you didn't know about

HAVING a bite to eat between scenes at Universal—Connie Cummings and Douglas Montgomery. It's our first glimpse of Dubs since his recent return to Hollywood.

YOU never quite know these days whether it's a romance or not. But Sally Blane and Russ Columbo seem pretty thrilled at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

ATTA boy, Lee Tracy —glad to see you back at work (it's the Universal Commissary) and looking so happy (Yes, it's tea)!

THE Pan Pipers of the Assistance League get together at Mrs. Hunt Stromberg's home to discuss a charity show: Sally Eilers, Arlene Judge. and Jean Harlow

AROUND HOLLYWOOD

AT the Mayfair theater seeing Martha Sleeper in "Double Door." Gwenllian Gill, Paramount beauty winner, with Gail Patrick and Karen Morley

AT Sebastian's Cotton Club, Alice Faye and Lyle Talbot step out for a little fun-making. We refuse to mention Rudy Valleel

AN honest-to-goodness snatch shot of Warner Baxter, with the Mrs. in the background, about to leave the Colony Club

AN interesting new combine: George Raft and the film recruit from the 400, Virginia Lehman Pine

WITH **HYMAN FINK**

MOVIE MIRROR'S DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER

Aerial shots of Hollywood by Underwood & Underwood.

They've Been Snubbed

Joan Crawford was just obscure Billy Cassin, then, working her way through Stephens' College . . .

EVERYONE of us remembers at least one snub that for a time made our life pretty miserable . . .

And the motion picture stars are no exception to this rule.

I think sometimes that as a group the stars have been hurt by snubs more than any other people I know. And that, in many cases, this accounts for their success.

I'm thinking of Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Irene Dunne, Mary Pickford, Lil Tashman, Dolores Del Rio, and a dozen others.

The psychologists who understand a great deal about our motives, our defense mechanisms, and our inferiority complexes, insist that our reactions to snubs have the power to change the entire course of our lives. For better. Or, more's the pity, for worse.

It isn't snubs themselves but our reactions to them that count. If a snub makes us so fighting mad that we can't wait to get out and prove our superiority we turn it into a boon. If a snub crushes us so that we're too miserable to go anywhere or do anything we allow it to prove a curse.

Joan Crawford endured her greatest anguish over a snub when, as poor, obscure Billy Cassin, she was working her way through Stephens' College.

Waiting on table and doing her other jobs didn't trouble Joan. She was young and strong. Irrespective of how many times she had to run back and forth to the kitchen with heavy trays she was still ready to dance later on in the recreation hall.

No one ever compared with Joan when she danced. There was no other girl in the whole college who had the golden wings on her feet that Joan had.

Things went well enough. Until that afternoon when the fraternity girls met to decide upon the season's new pledges. Joan knew, because a girl who admired her tremendously

It was a gay dance for Clark Gable. . . . They were having such a grand time . . . until—

That's happened to six stars who made those moments of anguish pay big dividends!

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

had told her, that she was to be among those considered.

Ever since she had heard this news, thinking of the future, she had pictured herself and the other fraternity girls talking in intimate little groups, doing things together, planning things together. She had, best of all, pictured herself dancing at the fraternity parties.

Finally there were voices in the corridor. The meeting was over.

Joan waited. Any minute now her admiring friend, Ethel, would be popping in with the news. The suspense was making her nervous.

Joan brushed her hair. Joan powdered her nose. Neither needed doing. But both provided something to do.

At last Ethel came. Slowly, reluctantly.

"Hello," said Joan, trying desperately to be casual.

She suddenly knew. Because of Ethel's face. Because of the pity in Ethel's eyes.

"No go?" she asked, tossing her head, brushing her hair again. Just as if she hadn't finished brushing it a minute before.

"It was that horrid Josephine McCarthy!" Indignation spilled from Ethel. "She ruined everything. Said there was no point in having a fraternity that she could see if it wasn't to stand, for something. For something social.

"She pointed out that you waited on table . . ."

Joan tilted back her head. She kept on brushing her hair. So not even Ethel would know how it was inside of her, as if the winter cold had stolen in to press bitterly against her heart.

"I'll have to run," she said. "It's almost dinner time. Thanks anyway, Ethel, for all you've done for me. . . ."

Under the bright lights of the dining-room that evening she must meet the eyes of all the girls who had heard Joan was turned down. She had to wait on Josephine McCarthy. Josephine kept her running back and forth because one dish was too cold and another dish too well done.

Joan kept her head high. At least until she got back to her room. Then, so her crying would not penetrate the thin wall that separated her from whoever might be listening in the next room, she pressed the bedclothes against her mouth.

"Finally," says Joan, "I grew resentful. I made up my mind to show Josephine McCarthy and all the others who had stood with her that having a father who had made money in the contracting, fur, automobile, or any other business

might give you superior clothes and advantages but that it most certainly did not give you superiority as an individual.

"I determined to go further than any girl in that school.

"And really for years when I'd be discouraged about some set-back and ready to give up I only had to think of Josephine McCarthy to be fired with ambition and determination again."

"Have you seen Josephine McCarthy lately?" I asked Joan.

"Um-hum. On my last trip to New York the porter brought me a wire from her. She reminded me of our school days, intimating that we'd been very close. She announced she was driving several friends down to the Kansas City station to meet me. The train stops there for half an hour, you know. Retribution's half-hour had come!

"Sure enough. There she was. Very social. Very gushy."

"And what did you say?" I asked. "What did you do?"

"I was mean enough to take my inning," Joan admitted, laughing.

"I acted as I felt she would expect a movie star to act. I said 'Howjedo!' And proceeded to treat her as a casual acquaintance out of my past. Which is what she was.

"I was adequately polite. But I most decidedly did not meet her in her pretense of an old friendship."

This hurt Josephine McCarthy. You know it. Because the type of girl who would bar another girl from a fraternity simply because she was poor and obliged to work her way would be the type certain to boast of a close friendship with a celebrity.

It was not, you'll notice, the McCarthy snub but the Crawford reaction to it that spurred Joan on her way to success

WHEN Dolores Del Rio reached Hollywood there was a tremendous hullabaloo made over her. It was natural that some of the girls who had worked hard in pictures for years, without ever having anything like the opportunities that were offered Dolores, should resent her.

"I'll never forget my first movie party," Dolores says. "When I stopped in the dressing-room to lay aside my wrap there were several fairly well-known actresses there. One of them spoke to me. Very pleasantly. I understood her but because I was shy and spoke English poorly I didn't answer, only smiled and shook my head.

"'They would throw handsprings over that dumb little Mexican,' the actress at the dressing-table said to her friend.

"I wanted to take back my wrap, go home, pack, and catch the first train for Mexico City," Dolores confesses, "especially when they proceeded to criticize me on other scores.

"After a few days of hurt, however, I turned resentful. That saved me. Then I couldn't run away. Then I had to stay. And work. And prove to myself, if to no one else, that I wasn't a dumb little Mexican at all."

IRENE DUNNE received her first really piercing snub soon after her father's death. While her mother and brother remained in Indiana with her grandfather, Irene returned to St. Louis to continue her studies at the Loretta Academy. As a boarding pupil.

It was then the rivalry a girl (*Continued on page 75*)

Three women who learned that a snub can turn your life into failure . . . or tremendous success!
"It isn't snubs themselves but our reaction to them that count," says Miss Fletcher
The experiences of Irene Dunne, Dolores Del Rio and Lilyan Tashman are enlightening

The First Man GARBO Ever Loved

He speaks frankly about the Swedish sphinx

By ELZA SHALLERT

OUT of the past, from everywhere and nowhere, stalk figures of men who dramatically whisper into Hollywood's ears, "I once loved Garbo!" Most of these prove to be myths.

Every person, every fact or fancy directly or remotely associated with Greta Garbo seems eventually to turn into a myth, adding another chapter, another anecdote to the great saga of filmdom's most persistent unknown.

It is, therefore, a satisfaction to meet a figure from the glamorous Garbo's past, actually in the flesh. I speak of Carl Brisson, dashing Danish musical comedy and film star, whom Paramount have imported from London.

The handsome, magnetic Carl, who has been cutting quite a figure in Hollywood since his arrival, was Garbo's first springtime romance, her first idyllic love when she was a young, dreaming girl with all of youth's illusions.

She was not yet sixteen. He was in his twenties. Karl Petersen was his name. Now it's Carl Brisson and you'll see him in "Murder of the Vanities"

In Sweden they will tell you that Brisson was "the first true romance" of her life, and dispute the popular belief that Mauritz Stiller, the renowned European artist and director, was her single, deep, tragic love. Without Stiller, there doubtless never would have been a Garbo, but it was Carl Brisson who introduced Garbo to Stiller. That's how potent a force Brisson was in Garbo's life.

When Garbo and Brisson first met early in the nineteen-twenties, she was about fifteen or sixteen and he was eight or nine years older. It happened in Stockholm, Sweden. She was then merely Greta Gustafson, an unknown. And he was Karl Petersen, title holder of the light middle-weight boxing championship of Central Europe. He was riding the crest of popularity. He was Stockholm's reigning idol of the moment.

Like our own Max Baer, he also had talents beyond boxing. He could sing and dance and act, and he possessed, in addition, definite charm. So after his ringside triumphs, he was placed at the head of his own smart cabaret, known as "Brisson's Blue Blondes," and it was there that he and Garbo first met.

Brisson must have been a stunning figure then, for he certainly is that now, and it is quite understandable why Greta made his revue one of her favorite haunts. He stands six feet, two inches, possesses the trim, straight lines of the athlete, and his chest fits Cecil B. DeMille's description of the ideal Marc Antony, "broad enough for armies to march upon." Besides, his is a flashing smile that becomes a challenge to all of the sympathetic sisterhood.

"I hesitate to discuss the Garbo that I knew very well, for the reason that it might be misinterpreted," he said frankly, when I brought up the subject shortly after his arrival in (*Continued on page* 80)

Jimmy (Sonny Boooy) Durante moved over to the Fox lot where the gals are being glorified in three big musicals. Girl with high hat is Pat Patterson who makes herself known in "Bottoms Up"

That's Alice Faye, "Scandals" leading lady, who's shaking her—uh—finger at you. The fountain girls, above, were picked by Winfield Sheehan for his own "Fox Follies." The beauties in the fan are show girls the famous George White picked for his "Scandals" in which Jimmy Durante dons that blackface

MILLIONS of 'EM

The Power that Saved BING CROSBY

"TRANSGRESSION used to be my middle name."

Bing Crosby admits this as willingly as his thousands of palpitating feminine fans (from Baton Rouge to Tsien-tsien) admit that Bing is the one microphone hero whose screen appearance lives up to the promise in his caressing, "come-closer" radio croon.

Today Bing sits on top of the world, poised, successful, a family man, a home owner, a good husband and father. But not so long ago, the winds of gossip that blow through Hollywood's canyons were blustering about Dixie Lee's "bad Bing." One heard stories on all sides about the popular ex-Rhythm boy, who wanted to sit on the driver's seat of the whoopee-making band wagon at every party, but who never managed to hang on even to the back of the water wagon. Then, a little later, one read that Dixie, who had become Bing's determined little wife, had finally pulled her happy-go-lucky husband down from the swaying seat of the whoopee-bus, and boosted him up to a steadying, sober position on that other wagon.

"I can't get away from believing," says Bing. He is so grateful for his blessings, among them is little Gary Evans Crosby. Isn't he a honey?

Certainly, Dixie had a lot to do with Bing's reformation. But even superhuman efforts on her part couldn't have worked the miracle, if there hadn't been something in Bing to respond. There was another factor, as potent as love, which worked the miracle.

From Bing's own lips I learned that this *something more* —the *true* cause of his reformation—was the regaining of his deep-rooted, unquenchable religious belief. A spiritual trust as rare as his phenomenal golden voice!

Today, once more, Bing Crosby is a devout Catholic. His religion has given him a serenity of spirit worth more than all the adoration, all the worldly success, all the wealth which comes to him so effortlessly. In the last few years Bing has had the lion's share of power and glory. Yet, compared to his faith, "it's all trivial," says Bing; and he means it.

It's a delicate task to discuss one's religious convictions in the face of the cynicism and self-seeking materialism one so often runs up against in Hollywood. That's why Bing was momentarily shy when he started his story. That's why he prefaced his confession of faith with: "Please understand, I don't want to give an impression of being 'holier than thou' when I tell you what religion has meant to me. I'm not trying to influence or convert others. That's not my line. I'm a crooner. It's only because my story may help others who are—well, let's say bewildered—that I'm willing to talk about it."

Bing leaned back in his chair and sucked at his pipe. Meditatively, he knocked a few ashes onto the floor. "But," he continued, "whatever success I've had I attribute to the power of prayer."

He uttered this revelation so spontaneously, so quietly and so sincerely, that I felt I was listening to the "small inner voice" of his spiritual consciousness. I realized at that moment that I'd been privileged to glimpse his soul.

We were sitting in his dressing room—a typical disorderly studio dressing room. The pungent odor of make-up and cigarette smoke hung heavy on the air. Costumes were thrown carelessly on the floor, on every available chair, on the couch. What a contrast! Grease paint and prayer. Theatrical make-believe and the simple reality of faith. . . . The far-away look of the mystic crept back into Bing's eyes.

"I'd hate to think," he said, "what I might have turned out to be if there hadn't always been *something* ready to reach out a helping hand when I was in trouble, and to say: 'Look out, where you are going!'" He smiled apologetically.

"I'm no angel, you know. I've been a pretty bad guy in

His confession of faith is as frank as his admission of transgression in the past!

my day, and I've done my share of slipping. I drank, I swore, and I was lazy. Nothing appealed to me more than a life of ease. Until, finally, a sort of "protection" happened to me one night when I needed it—and made me change my life.

"Maybe I'm not entirely reformed yet, but I'm trying my best to do better." His blue eyes were extraordinarily wistful.

"It may sound silly to you—*but I want to be good!* I'd like to be worthy of the blessings I've received—and if there's to be any reward hereafter, I'd like to think I could participate!"

All this faith started way back in Bing's childhood. Bing comes of good, solid Irish middle-class stock. He is one of seven children; all except one married now, with children of their own. "We're not fanatical," he says, "just conscientious believers. Even though we *are* Irish!"

THE most memorable period of his childhood and adolescence centered around a Jesuit college in Spokane, Washington. As a little boy he lived across the street from it and played with the students every day. When he was old enough he attended that same Jesuit college for nine years—four years of high school, (*Continued on page* 68)

by Caroline Somers Hoyt

This collection of beautiful fashions by the famous Howard Greer was designed exclusively for Sylvia Sidney in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess." First in the series is this evening gown of crinkly white crepe embroidered in red and yellow. Red velvet is introduced in the buttons down the front, the sash and the shirred jacket. Though the neckline is high in front, it swoops low-down in the back, as seen below

SYLVIA SIDNEY

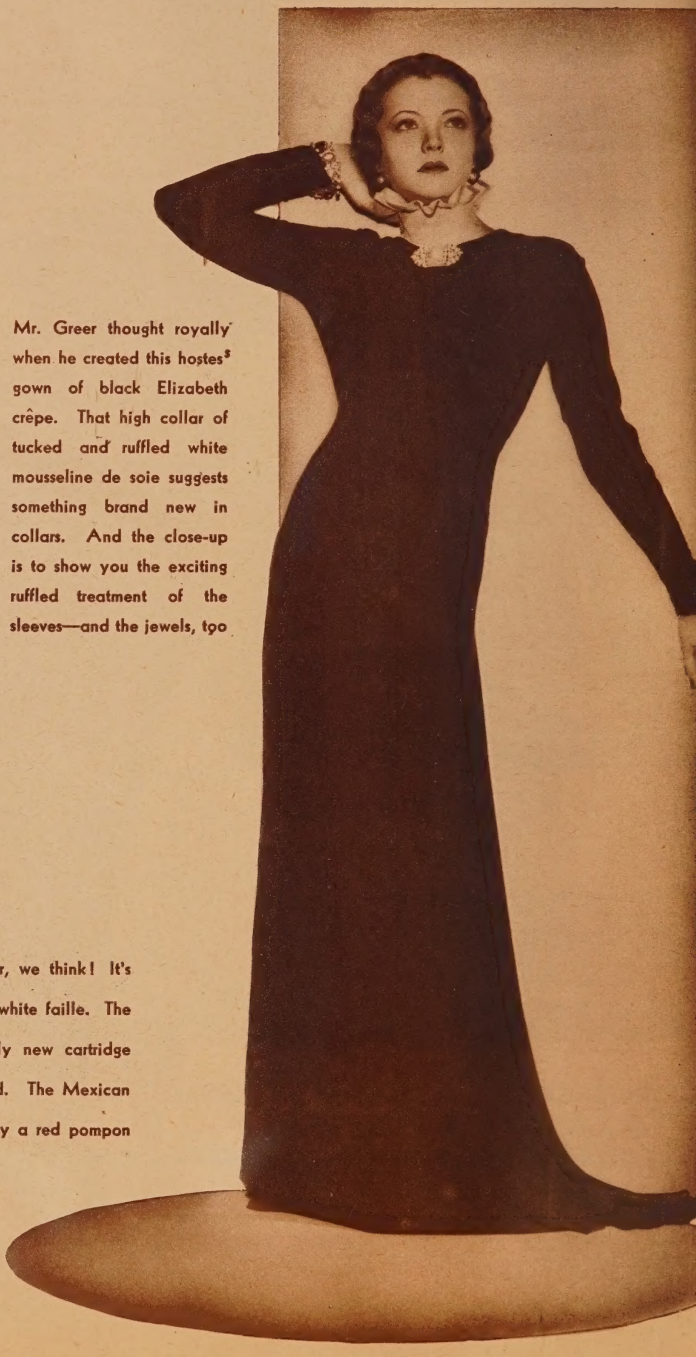
Regal beauty and simplicity are the keynotes of the red bagheera cloth hostess gown just below. The sleeves are shirred and draped, while the cuffs are pearl embroidered lace. In the center is a checkered tailleur in brown and white worsted you simply can't do without this spring

A Shirtwaist Dinner Frock is what Creator Greer calls the symphony in white, above, especially designed for Sylvia Sidney's personal wardrobe. The skirt is matelasse and the waist souffle with insertions of lace and ruffles. The stark whiteness of this costume is relieved only by the green glass buckle

FASHION FORECAST

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S

Mr. Greer thought royally when he created this hostess gown of black Elizabeth crêpe. That high collar of tucked and ruffled white mousseline de soie suggests something brand new in collars. And the close-up is to show you the exciting ruffled treatment of the sleeves—and the jewels, too



A rather classic endeavor for street wear, we think! It's black matelassé with collar and cuffs of white faille. The trickiness, however, lies in the absolutely new cartridge treatment of the edgings in white and red. The Mexican peon hat in black and white is set off by a red pompon

FASHION FORECAST

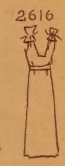
What old-fashioned femininity emanates from this bewitching black soufflé evening dress—and that goes for Sylvia, too! The oodles of ruffles swing to the back in a long train. And that, girls, adds much height. The shoulder straps are made of white chiffon leaves trimmed with pearls. But look at the T strap in the back! That is a surprise!

MOVIE MIRROR PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All patterns 15c each in stamps or coin (coin preferred)

No. 3429—Of course you must have a dress with cape sleeves. They're tremendously smart, besides being so deliciously cool and lovely. This adorable model also has a two-way neckline. See wee sketchlet! For an exceedingly fresh and cool looking effect choose print or plain pastel tub silks, handkerchief linen prints, batiste prints, etc. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents

No. 2616—Here's a snappy little sun-tan sports frock that bows its shoulders to lend feminine charm. It has tricky pockets, the new square neckline and straight skirt with comfortably full hem—not a lot of plaits to re-press after tubbing. Carry it out in almost any fairly firm cotton, linen, tub silks, etc. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Price, 15 cents



No. 2681—The familiar shirtwaist type dress—and such a charming little model. It is so simple to make, and so smart and easy to wear. It is a one-piece affair. The youthful collar terminates in a tie. Striped cottons, linen, tub silks, etc., are lovely mediums. It is for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Price, 15 cents

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.....Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

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Name.....

Address.....

JEAN HARLOW'S Own KEY to BEAUTY

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

"Ice water!"—and other simple secrets of skin perfection. Hair and health hints, too

HEAVILY shadowed violet eyelids fluttering over damask cheeks (fifteen dollars a treatment for the "damask" at M. Lilywhite's). Eyelashes an inch long that come by the yard . . . lips that are oh-so-red and full and arched . . . Exotic fingernails that flash like little red signals . . . In a word, all the trappings of the super-vamp.

But are they? Is that what men really prefer?

"Not," says Jean Harlow, the screen's first lady of what-it-takes-to-get-'em, "by several thousand miles! 'Painted' women belong in picture frames. Oh, they might have made Grandpa feel a bit devilish but they're just a laugh to your modern lad."

And how said modern lads do swarm about our Jeanie. What's her secret? During the past four years a casual acquaintance with her has grown into a friendship I regard pretty highly. I've seen her in slick satins at the Colony and the Grove; in simple street clothes and tailored togs that are smarter than next month's song hit. And always, *always*, she's had practically no make-up on. Lip rouge is about the only thing she uses consistently. A medium natural-as-blood shade during the day and a very dark shade at night. "Because," she says, "artificial lights fade out even the brightest colors so quickly."

MANY a time I've watched Jean ply that lipstick. This is the way she does it: she builds up the arch of the mouth just a trifle and carefully finishes one side of the upper lip before doing the other—outlining it first, then filling it in. After that she compresses her lips as if she were going to sing that "MM-mmm" song, so the lower one has the imprint of its neighbor. A little more filling in—she touches her mouth with a paper tissue to absorb the surplus rouge and do away with that "it'll-come-off-so-be-careful" look. And the job is finished. An art job, it is too.

No, make-up in itself doesn't do the trick for Jean. Her beauty goes deeper than that. Much deeper. I was speculating aloud about it when the Sweet Young Thing who is my cousin chirped up: "Oh, well, if *I* had the money to get as many massages and facials and beauty treatments as she does, I'd be grand looking too."

But I had her there. That's just the funny part of it. *Jean spends less than $35 a year for cosmetics for her private use!* Naturally her screen make-up costs more—but that's something else again. The Jean we're talking about is the everyday Jean. The girl you'd meet if you went to her home or saw her out at the races or dancing. She doesn't have any "fancy work" done to those young features by expensive specialists.

Jean gives herself a facial every (*Continued on page* 81)

Joan Blondell

Mrs. George Barnes is Hollywood's perfect example of a wise-to-herself lady; she's convincing in a sophisticated as well as in a hoydenish pose! Watch for her. She'll be in Warner's "Hit Me Again"

Eight women for one man

They make man's life complete, says Otto Kruger

By Sonia Lee

"IT takes eight women to make a man's life complete," declares Otto Kruger, whose calm charm transferred to the screen has enraptured even the most unromantic audiences.

Otto Kruger, long a star on Broadway and the newest leading man in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fold, holds no brief for the polygamous instincts of man. Rather, he recognizes the emotional traits and reactions to which every man is heir. The life of a man, he says, is punctuated and defined by many women. The phenomenon of a single track mind may exist—but there is no single track heart.

"Men aren't disloyal," Otto Kruger explains. "It is only that none of us stay put; that none of us remain the *same,* day after day. Change is as inevitable as the coming of day and night. A complete and encompassing love rarely happens. No matter how much in love a man is with his wife, there come periods when he is either in love with, intrigued by, or interested in some other woman.

"It may perhaps be a passing notion. It may perhaps be that a particular woman at the moment subsidizes a need or a desire.

"Every man is catholic in his tastes. Different women fit different moods. Almost unconsciously, he will seek out the girl who will find the void of that moment.

"Men are egotistical creatures. So, first of all, there must always be someone in the background who will feed his ego—some woman who knows the art of flattery, who can make even his deficiencies into worth-while attributes. Such a woman never lacks attention. She is constantly in demand because life is so constituted that man's morale is recurrently withstanding shock. And he needs a build-up. The ego-woman does it intelligently and consistently.

"A man never doubts the ego-woman. No matter what she tells him, whether it's about himself or about her own affairs, she is always right and always truthful, as far as he is concerned. The moment some doubt creeps into his mind about her, her value to him is destroyed.

"The great courtesans of history—from Helen of Troy down to this day—have invariably been ego-women. They made an art of flattery; they made mortals feel like Gods and imbued the men in their lives with superhuman courage, and self-satisfaction and extraordinary ambitions.

"Every ego-woman rounds out a man's character—and supplies him with the fine qualities which nature may have left out. To her a man will turn when the truths of life become too much to bear. She restores his soul. She is his rod and his staff and she comforts his tottering faith in himself.

"But the ego-woman does not suffice any man. There are moments in his life when he reverts to his childhood. When he wants to be babied and pampered, when he wants his hurts bound up. When he wants tenderness—not love. When he wants peace and not brilliance. When he is seeking not words but ineffable content. So he seeks out the second type, the mother type.

"Such a woman has a definite place in a man's life. But only rarely will he marry her, for she is destructive to his ambition and to his independence. The completely maternal woman is seldom happy, for a (*Continued on page* 70)

A Modern HERO

The mother of his son refused to marry him! Then life gave him everything—and snatched it away from him when he least expected!

Based on the Warner Production from the original story by Louis Bromfield

Fictionized by
DOROTHY EMERSON

THE CAST

Pierre	RICHARD BARTHELMESS
Joanna	Jean Muir
Hazel	Dorothy Burgess
Pierre's Mother	Marjorie Rambeau
Leah	Florence Eldridge
Elmer	Theodore Newton
Pierre's son	William Janney
Claire	Verree Teasdale

THE band blared, the crowds under the big tent cheered and cheered again while he put the white horse through its paces. This was Pierre, the star of the circus, "Pierre Radier, World's Premier Bare-back Rider." He circled the ring, doing his difficult stunts mechanically, but a resentment was growing within him. Here he was, running around in circles, under a tent, in a circus! There was more to life than that!

This morning, it seemed to him a way out had opened. He had snatched at it, impelled by the sweet beauty of a girl's face, and the knowledge of a child that was to be born to them. What wisdom had that girl possessed, when she refused to marry him? He had gone to the simple little house and said:

"Everything's going to be all right. I've come to marry you." He was being a little dramatic about it, but he meant it.

"No." Joanna had shaken her head. "That's all over now."

All over? How could it be . . . the memory of those idyllic days and nights? While the circus had played the towns nearby, he had come many miles back to Pentland to see her, to be with her.

Pierre was twenty-two and this was not the first of his

amours. It was the first to mean anything to him. He could not know it then, but it was to be the last to mean anything to him. Women! Even at twenty-two, he was grown used to their adoration, unself-conscious about his tremendous fascination for them. What they offered he took, and went on his way. This time, he chose to stay and she was denying herself to him.

"It's my child, isn't it?" he asked, not comprehending what she meant.

"Yes, but I've been doing a lot of thinking. I'm going to marry someone else, someone I've known for a long time. His name is Elmer Croy. He lives on a farm near here."

He tried to break in but she went on. "I've told him about us. He's a very fine man. It's best for all."

Pierre interrupted hotly: "You think I wouldn't be good to you?"

Wise Joanna who was choosing the better way, guided truly by a woman's instinct of safety for herself and her child, found it hard to explain, to hurt this man she adored.

"No, it isn't that," she said slowly. "It's just that we aren't meant for each other, to be married forever and ever. You're going far in the world. You're going to be somebody, somebody important. I'd only be a burden to you. I'm not clever . . ." Her voice trailed off. Then she went on, with growing emotion. "I'm not clever. With Elmer, it will be better for me, better for the baby too. Better for you."

His eyes implored her and she cried out: "I'm not sorry it happened, Pierre. I'm glad it happened. I'll never be sorry!"

He had come away, unable to shake her, though she made one concession. Her Aunt Clara would let him know about the baby. Fortunately, the circus would be not so far away at the time. He would be within reach, if needed.

And here he was, going round and round the ring, his lithe, beautifully developed body doing tricks in glistening, spangled tights, the centre of all eyes, the eyes of a circus crowd, hating women and not knowing that women were to dictate his whole life's history.

AFTER the evening performance, he ate his supper moodily in the living wagon he shared with his mother, and for the first time it appeared tawdry to him. For the first time, he began to be curious about himself. His mother, quick to sense the urge behind his careful questioning, gave him the truth:

"Your father is a very important man, one of the richest in Europe. He comes from a distinguished family. What I'm telling you is true. I'm not drunk." This last in answer to his openly skeptical glance. She often was drunk, this veteran of the life of the Big Tent, with her interesting old face and lovely body, lovely yet, in spite of the missing arm, the lack of which never seemed to hamper her.

"In those days, men meant nothing to me. I treated them like the animals in my leopard act that was the sensation of the continent. One night, the house was crowded. I felt two eyes upon me. I saw him, so handsome, daring . . . distinguished. His eyes were like yours, restless, always searching.

"He followed me all over Europe, but I was a circus woman and my family before me were circus people. He was the only child of his family, and I knew I should give him up. He must go back to the world he belonged to, where I could never go. So, in London it was, I left him, still sleeping.

"Then I read of his marriage. His family had arranged

He took, as always, what Leah gave . . . and made it the corner-stone of his future career

"It's you and I, against the world, Pierre," he told his son, his mind busy with great plans

it. That night when I went into the big cage, I didn't care what happened. My favorite leopard . . ." she plucked at her empty sleeve. "So you see, you are a real love child, for I loved him, as I have never loved another."

LOVE! Pierre thought about what his mother told him for a while and then forgot it. A plan was forming in his mind. He needed three hundred dollars and the question of where to get it was paramount. He had to have it soon too, because Mueller would get someone else to go in with him, if Pierre wasn't able to, and Pierre was determined not to let this opportunity go by. He had faith in Mueller's patent coaster-brake. Between Mueller's ability and his own ambition, they could make that repair-shop they planned to buy, pay, and pay well.

The weeks went by while Pierre saved his salary, but he could see he must find other ways. That was too slow. They were back near Chicago now, and one day Joanna's Aunt Clara came to see the show.

She brought the promised news of Joanna. The baby was a boy and Joanna had named it Pierre. She had to tell him, too, though it hurt, that Joanna refused to let him go to her.

With Aunt Clara was a woman whom she introduced as "Leah Ernst, one of my closest friends." Once again, Pierre felt the eyes of a woman on him, in that warm, speculative gaze he had learned to expect. He was not surprised when Aunt Clara drew him aside and whispered: "I got something to tell you. Mrs. Ernst, she likes you. She wants you to come up after the show tonight. Plenty of men would jump at the chance . . . a rich widow, no ties. I think you'll like her. Here's her address."

So Leah Ernst came into Pierre's life and was the second woman to have a hand in its shaping. No ties, Aunt Clara had said, and Leah never seemed to wish it otherwise. Whatever might have been her secret desire, she earned Pierre's gratitude by keeping it from him. He took, as always, what she gave, and made it the corner-stone of his future. For Leah was well off, and grudged him nothing. Yet some quirk in Pierre, perhaps from the sturdy stock of his mother, made him regard the money she gave him as a loan. He finally paid it off, all that first three hundred dollars which gave him the share in Mueller's bicycle repair-shop, and the other loans she gave him as working capital to expand and to help Mueller in his inventions.

She gave him other things too, that he could never repay; training in the ways of the world that gradually evolved a cultured man from the raw material of the circus boy; affection

"You're not beaten," his mother said. "You're coming into a finer, fuller life than you've ever known before"

and understanding when he most needed it. His mother had had no understanding of why he had left the circus when he did. To her, it was life, and a resentment grew up between them, though as soon as he was able, he sent her money regularly, increasing the amounts as his business prospered. It was lucky he could, because Madame Azais, as she called herself, grew too old for circuses. He knew she had set up as a fortune-teller, but she seldom wrote about herself, and they never saw each other.

MUELLER and Radier were a well-known garage by the time Mueller pronounced his newest experiment ready for trial. Pierre, ever looking ahead, had one of the first bicycle repair shops to study the needs of the new means of transportation, the automobile. It was an automobile that Mueller had been working on.

Together they wheeled it out of the shed, the bare engine mounted on four wheels, with a soap box for a seat. Mueller climbed up while Pierre cranked it. The motor roared and Pierre threw his cap up in the air and shouted: "The new Radier and Mueller 1907 model!"

His chariot of destiny, had he but known it, and again a woman was the instrument of fate! She was Hazel Flint, the daughter of hard-faced old Homer Flint. Their chauffeur was unable to find the trouble in their car, and Mueller fixed it, while Pierre chatted with Hazel. Her father's eyes lit on the Mueller experiment. "What kind of a car d'you call this?" he asked disagreeably.

"I think we've got a wonderful idea there." Pierre answered briskly, turning from Hazel.

Hazel beamed on him. "Do show it to daddy. He's crazy about autos. Daddy says they are getting more and more practical all the time. Why, we drove all the way from Pentland without a breakdown. He's thinking of going into automobile manufacturing."

"Pentland?" Pierre caught at the name.

"Pentland, that's where we live."

Her father wiped his hands, stained from the machinery he had been examining. "Young feller," he said. "We might be able to do business. I'll be back tomorrow for a demonstration at, say, eleven-thirty. Got to be going now."

"Certainly," Pierre answered. "And bring your daughter along. She might be interested." He was still smiling at the delighted girl when they drove off.

"Why wouldn't you take no money from him?" Mueller asked. Pierre seldom turned down money.

"Maybe he'll do something for us some day," Pierre said. Pentland . . . the town where Joanna had lived when he knew her. But his mind leapt back to the present. "Flint's the wealthiest man in the state, a big manufacturer."

Ever looking ahead, Pierre had applied for citizenship when he left the circus. By the time he met Homer Flint, his final papers came through and he bore them delightedly to Leah.

"Look here, Leah! I'm an American now. Even my name has changed. I'm Paul Rader."

Leah answered him wistfully: "It must be fun, to change everything like that."

Pierre was deaf to her despondency. "And there's other news too. I paid off the last of what I owed you today."

"You didn't have to pay it back. You might want it to invest in—another garage, maybe."

Pierre's eyes glistened. "No more garages, thank you. I've got bigger plans, with Homer Flint. You know who he is! I'm getting ahead, Leah. America's a great place. Just think, I might still be riding around a circus ring."

"Don't you ever get homesick for the circus?" Leah asked curiously.

Pierre shrugged. "No, that's all finished. I'm always thinking about tomorrow."

"Pierre!"

At last the pain in her voice reached him. He turned toward her and saw she was crying. "It's finished for us, too," she sobbed. "I've known you would grow beyond me, and you have. I know you don't want to hurt me. That's why *I'm* saying it to *you*. I won't make a scene. Maybe once in a while you'll write me what you're doing. If there's ever anything I can do for you. You know you can—always count on me."

He made no pretense of not understanding. It was quite true what she said. He was (*Continued on page* 85)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON *Helen Mack!*

YOU haven't heard much about Helen Mack. But you will. Any day now you will begin to see her pictures appearing everywhere, read her rules for this and that (even if Helen herself never does give them out), catch glimpses of her at Palm Springs, at the Cocoanut Grove, with this escort going about, with another escort going about. Why? Because Paramount is turning on the publicity all on account of Helen's performance in "All of Me."

Now "All of Me" was one of those goofy pictures that was never intended to be anything very special but which was. And the reason it was is Helen. And nobody is more surprised than Paramount and Hollywood.

"All of Me" actually starred Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and George Raft. But it is Helen Mack's picture, that same little Helen Mack who was under contract to Fox and then to Radio and who got exactly nowhere at all, a girl who little more than a year ago was so discouraged she wanted to pull up and go back to Broadway, where at least she felt she was appreciated.

Instead, with the topsy-turvydom of the movie city, she currently is the favorite of the producing gods. She signed her Paramount contract in January, a contract calling for a long line of dramatic parts and the right to look over the script before accepting it. And that right makes you *royalty* in the picture business! Only the biggest stars rate it. But at twenty, Helen has made that demand and is being humored.

To meet her I had to call at one of her friends' apartment. The reason I couldn't see her at her own home I was later to learn was characteristic of her. She had moved out temporarily because so many relatives had come visiting her, there wasn't room enough for her left.

She was very earnest about the interview. She hasn't had enough of them to be blasé. She knitted her dark brows carefully over each question and wouldn't give flip answers. Unless she walked down the street on her hands, I believe that no one would turn to look at her. But in a city where beauty is hurled at you like a brick, her shy and unpretentious charm is all the more appealing. When you're in a room alone with her, you wonder what ever made you notice more flamboyant girls. And I think just that may be one of the secrets of the success that is about to come to her. Because in the darkened movie theatre, the audience becomes one person alone in a room with another person, the star on the screen. Helen gives you that complete attention, that utter sincerity and simplicity that marks artists throughout the world.

SHE has been in Hollywood since she was seventeen. Three long years. Three years of little successes and bitter disappointments. Three years of hearing, "You're not the type."

And for once, Hollywood is right. Helen Mack isn't the type. She isn't like anyone else at all. She's just herself, as individual in her own way as Mae West or Lupe Velez.

But like all true individuals, she had a tough time getting started. The struggle began when she was about five years old. Vera Gordon, she who years ago in silent pictures made that outstanding success in "Humoresque," was playing one-night stands and visited Rock Island, Illinois. Helen, the wonder child of the community, was brought back stage to recite for the visiting star.

Helen is quite sure she was as awful as the average five year old forced to recite, and undoubtedly Miss Gordon was put in a spot from which she politely extricated herself by saying that such a talented kiddie ought to be in New York where a career would certainly be waiting for her.

Helen shakes her head over that now.

"Like fools, mother and I trooped off to capture the big

In the wake of her new-found success there was failure and frustration!

By GEORGE MADDEN

city immediately," she says, "and went right around to call on Miss Gordon. I suppose she felt sorry for us, blamed herself, perhaps, because we had come to New York. She was more wonderful than I realized then. She could so easily have ignored us but instead she introduced us around and in a short time I did get some engagements. It may have been beginner's luck, but I got enough work to keep us going."

Helen grew up on the stage and was educated in professional children's schools, very much as Tom Brown and Gene Raymond were. Like all stage children, she still bears the marks of extreme maturity combined with an elusive childishness. She is so poised and yet not at all grown up. She was just past her sixteenth birthday and playing the lead in "Subway Express" on the stage when a talent scout saw her and brought her to Hollywood for Fox.

Fox having secured her, promptly forgot her—which seems to be a bit of a Fox habit. They did the same thing with Sylvia Sidney and Helen Chandler when they had them under contract.

"People say that they can't see what's so awful about being under contract to a studio for a year, not doing any work and getting paid for it." Helen's dark eyes became defiant. "Well, it's better than starving, I know, but when your whole aim is to be an actress, when all your life has been planned to that end, it's pretty tough to see girls from other lots come into the studio and take all the new roles while you sit around and do nothing. I knew I could do those parts. But no one would give me the chance.

In the last month of her contract, Helen became desperate. She had been in the studio for a year and had not been in a single picture. Every day she waited outside Winfield Sheehan's office, hoping for a chance to tell that producer about how talented she was. A couple of times she managed a few words with him and he promised to find her a part. But the studio at that time was undergoing a change of management. Sheehan, buried under business worries, couldn't bother with a dark youngster named Mack.

"The only place where I felt at home on the lot was in the make-up department," Helen says. "They were all wonderful to me. They even tried to make me a Hollywood beauty, dyed my hair red and everything. I didn't look glamorous, but I would have tried anything, I was so desperate.

"JUST before my contract ended, a girl friend of mine went to the Pasadena Players to try out for a part. I went along with her and sat in a corner while she read her lines. All of a sudden, before I knew what I was doing, I had picked up a script and started reading one of the parts. I felt I wasn't getting any place in Hollywood. I wanted to go back to New York. I wasn't famous there but I knew people who would at least give me work. I was through with Hollywood. But I couldn't resist that script. It's in my blood, I guess, acting."

Much to her surprise Helen found herself being offered a part in that play and accepting it. The old excitement began coming back. Wait till the producers see her, she told herself. What chances she would get!

She didn't know about the program note under her name that stated she was under contract to Fox. But other companies saw it and made her no offers at all. And a few days after the play closed, her contract ran out, and Helen ran out, too, to nothing whatsoever.

She tramped from studio to studio. Finally she hit bottom and began grabbing at the chance to play in Westerns for the quickie companies. In Hollywood that's the beginning of the end. Only the encouragement from her mother and an inner faith in her self coupled with sheer necessity kept her going. Then one day she got in to see the casting director at Radio. Helen had long since forgotten the Pasadena play but the casting director hadn't. He remembered the dramatic

(*Continued on page* 83)

Despite an outstanding performance in Radio's "Sweepings," Helen Mack's real hope for stardom began with "All of Me," opposite George Raft

Here's a new wrinkle for Hollywood—a dog party, given by Mike Levee, the producer. Among the guests were Warren William, and the two cuties, Alice White and Jean Muir!

The lad looks a wee bit too young to be Helen Mack's boy friend, but they're great pals and you'll often see 'em together at the Grove and other places. Who is he? He's Charles Irwin, Jr.

Informal

TAKEN BY

When a tea was given for David Manners at the Colony Club the guests were Emily La Rue, Jack's sister, Glenda Farrell, Jack La Rue, and several others you'll see below and on the other page

Another intimate group at the Colony Club tea—David Manners, being welcomed back after his return from England, Kay Francis, just divorced from Kenneth McKenna, and Lyle Talbot

At Miriam Jordan's swell tea party—Herbert Mundin and wife (Merle Torten), Muriel Kirkland, Toby Wing and Jack Oakie. And, of course, the charming hostess, Miss Jordan

It's nice to see Karen Morley around town again; she was living in virtual retirement until recently. Here she is with Bob Montgomery, talking things over at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

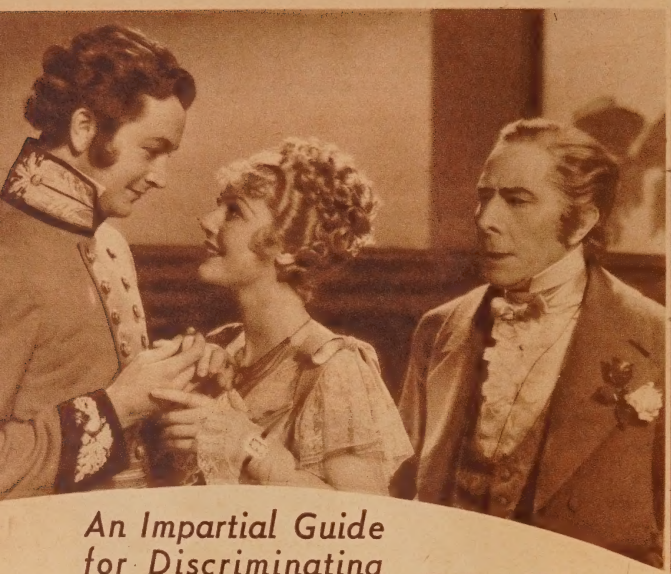
Shots

HYMAN FINK

Virginia Bruce decided she'd forget her divorce problems for a while so she came to the David Manners tea at the Colony Club tea with Ricardo Cortez and the Mrs., née Christine Lee

Heard about "The Killer"? That's the pet name Hollywood gives the lad who accompanies Georgie Raft everywhere—in other words, his bodyguard. Here they are at the Brown Derby

MOVIES OF



An Impartial Guide for Discriminating Movie Goers + + +

By JERRY ASHER

"The House of Rothschild" is an Arliss masterpiece. Loretta and Robert Young are the love interest. It is simply marvelous!

"Wonder Bar" isn't all it should be, but see it for Cortez' acting, Del Rio's beauty and Jolson's singing

YOUR editor has some fascinating observations to make on the opposite page. We agree pretty well, too, on those selections. Incidentally, in the last week, reviewing the latest films, I've come to the conclusion that things are looking up, pictures are getting really swell. Of course, you'll find a number of bad and disappointing ones in the following pages—but that's to be expected—and the purpose of this section is to give you straight-from-the-shoulder opinions, regardless!

The month, as a whole, is noteworthy for the introduction of Elizabeth Bergner and Dorothy Dell, the grandeur of "The House of Rothschild," the revelation of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. as a grand actor in "Catherine the Great," and the unusually long list of mediocre films. But as I said before, things are looking up!

✓✓"The House of Rothschild" (20th Century)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, Robert Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Helen Westley, Arthur Byron, Reginald Owen.*

It's About: *A famous banking house of Europe, its influence on European history and an unwavering loyalty to its own race.*

A magnificent attempt to reproduce the story of the most famous banking family of all Europe, has resulted in one of the finest productions of the year.

As Mayer Rothschild, father of the five sons, George Arliss superbly instills the ideal that they carry on the tradition of making the world a place where their people may live in peace and dignity. Then later as Nathan Rothschild, one of the sons and head of the house in England, Mr. Arliss carries on his portrayal to perfection.

The entire picture is done on a lavish but authentic scale. The smallest detail has not been overlooked, in costumes, sets and architecture. The action calls for drama, rare comedy and pathos. It is all done with a gentility that will touch the hearts of the audience.

The two Youngs (no relation), Loretta and Robert, are seen and very attractively, too, as the young lovers; otherwise almost all of the picture is George Arliss.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful portrait of a definite period in history.

For Children: They can learn much.

✓ "Wonder Bar" (First National)

You'll See: *Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell, Louise Fazenda, others.*

It's About: *All the mystery, tragedy and laughter that goes on out in front and behind the scenes in a famous Parisian Night Club.*

This is a picture for the out-of-town customers, and all points West. It's the accepted idea of night life in Paris, with plenty of the old sex business thrown in for good measure. We rate it one check for its cast and its glitter. It should have been a double check picture but it falls short.

It concerns the intimates of the "Wonder Bar," a popular and spectacular night club in Paris. All the drama centers around the singing proprietor who is in love with Inez the dancer—who in turn is in love with her gigolo dancing partner. And then there's a wealthy lady who bestows her jewels on the gigolo because her husband is a "tired business man." This could go on and on. There is plenty of plot but very little is done with it.

From a convincing standpoint it is totally lacking. The players never take themselves or their roles seriously for a moment. If the rumors of discord during the making is true, there is every evidence of it in their performance. By far the best piece of acting and casting should be credited to Ricardo Cortez. He seemed much at home in his role.

THE MONTH

George Breakstone, Ralph Morgan and Lois Wilson in "No Greater Glory." A great disappointment

Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., stands out in "Success Story," otherwise it's not so good. That's Genevieve Tobin with Doug.

(✓ Check for good pictures.)
(✓✓ Double check for extraordinary ones you should not miss.)

Al Jolson made the most of material that was not worthy of his talents. His best number was "Going to Heaven on a Mule," in which there was an amusing conception of Lenox Avenue in Heaven. Dolores Del Rio was very beautiful. Kay Francis seemed most unhappy in every scene and failed to register her usual charming and beautiful self. Dick Powell had little to do but he can always be depended upon to give his best. The Busby Berkeley dancing numbers were very effective, but were at times closely related to those in former musicals.

Your Reviewer Says: An unconvincing picture, done in an entertaining way.

For Children: Not unless they're very sophisticated.

✓✓ "Catherine the Great" (London Film Prods. Ltd.)

You'll See: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elizabeth Bergner, Flora Robson, Gerald Du Maurier, Diana Napier.*

It's About: *The history of Russia, the fall of the Grand Duke Peter and the rise of Catherine the Great.*

For once in our life we can use the word "colossal" with a "stupendous" thrown in for good measure and not feel extravagant. Truly, this is one of the most important productions of the year. Made on a lavish scale, it is produced by a master hand—interpreted by master artists. It is history humanized, it is a real love story brought back to life.

If temporary desertion of Hollywood is responsible for the performance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., more power to him for having the courage of his convictions. It seems such a great pity that he should have been wasted on so many inferior pictures when he is capable of delivering a role like that of the Grand Duke Peter. Doug. graces the charming costumes of the period, his interpretation is intelligent, and inspiring and he definitely stamps himself as a truly great artist.

Chalk up another beautiful performance to Elizabeth Bergner. She first impresses you as being rather plain. But once she gets started, you forget all that, due to the charm of her performance. The same can be said of Flora Robson. She has more character in one finger than a dozen popular actresses. She dominates the screen every moment she appears.

The picture moves with alacrity. The story is told in a direct, simple way. There is some photography to write home about. The technical details would have made the most discriminating critic disappointed with his lot. And let's not forget a beautiful directing job turned in by Paul Czinner

THE EDITOR SAYS:

I found these the highlights of this month's pictures:

THE MOST INTERESTING NEW PERSONALITIES: Elizabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great."
Frances Drake in "Bolero."

THE PICTURE THIEF OF THE MONTH: Roscoe Karns in "Come On, Marines."

THE BEST PICTURE: (I can't choose between two) "Catherine the Great" and "The House of Rothschild."

THE BEST PERFORMANCE: George Arliss, that grand actor, in "The House of Rothschild."

THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT: "No Greater Glory."

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

There's a laugh a minute in "Come on, Marines" with Richard Arlen and Grace Bradley. Roscoe Karns and Ida Lupino are in it, too

Your Reviewer Says: A masterpiece. See it above all others.

For Children: It's history but they'll love it just the same.

"Success Story" (RKO)

You'll See: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Colleen Moore, Edward E. Horton, others.*

It's About: *A young man who forsakes every ideal and devotes his life to unscrupulous methods of gaining power and wealth, only to wind up being the unhappiest person in the world.*

After his beautiful performance in "Catherine the Great," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is completely exonerated for the utter lack of realism in this picture. To all appearances Doug. is the only one connected with the production who really had an intelligent conception of what his character should be like.

The direction is slow and draggy. At times the picture speeds up only to fall back to its retarded progress. The characters fail to hold the interest of the audience, because they have been made to move in an improbable and dull manner.

Colleen Moore plays the childhood sweetheart of Doug. Miss Moore is a fine actress, but suffered from very bad photography. Genevieve Tobin played another one of those unnatural boudoir ladies. Nydia Westman, as a stenographer, so dumb she didn't know how many Z's there were in "exaggerated," is a grand comedienne and always delivers her best. Allan Vincent, in a small part, rightly won a lot of sympathy for himself.

Your Reviewer Says: Worthy of your time only because of the performance of Doug., Jr.

For Children: No good for 'em.

Otto Kruger plays a modern Sherlock in "The Crime Doctor." Good detective stuff with Nils Asther and Judith Wood

"No Greater Glory" (Columbia)

You'll See: *Jackie Searle, Jimmie Butler, Frankie Darro, George Breakstone and a bunch of unknown boys*

It's About: *Two gangs of kids who play at war.*

Director Frank Borzage, who creates young ro-

Dorothy Dell, a new screen face, is the big noise in "Wharf Angel." Preston Foster (shown) and Victor McLaglen are swell, too

✓✓ Come On, Marines (Paramount)

You'll See: *Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns, Edmund Breese, Monte Blue, Ida Lupino, Grace Bradley, many others.*

It's About: *The crazy adventures of a marine sergeant who wants to keep away from women and can't.*

Here is a comedy that is completely screwy and more fun than any picture you'll see in months, that is, if you don't care whether or not a plot makes any sense.

Dick Arlen is a marine who is always losing his stripes because of a mixup with a dame. He goes to the Philippines by way of punishment and is assigned to rescue some children in distress. The "children" turn out to be cuties all aged about sixteen, lost in the jungle in full evening dress. Dick had not only himself to control but a whole detachment of men. Besides this there is a big bold bandit roaming around in the bush—and you can just imagine the rest. Only you won't, because the plot is full of new twists and saucy lines.

Everybody in the picture plays as though he and she were having the grandest time. Roscoe Karns is a wow, Dick Arlen is that impossible combination, (*Continued on page* 89)

mance so beautifully on the screen, (he started with "Seventh Heaven" and kept on with it until "Man's Castle") tried to do something very fine and very different here. The picture is too different. Actually a preachment against war, the story is told through the medium of two "boy gangs" who fight each other for the possession of a vacant lot. All the elements of adult warfare are here except the kids use sand instead of gunpowder, hot water instead of poison gas. But flags wave just as violently and one youngster dies because of misunderstood heroism.

The trouble with the picture is that the idea is too heavy to be really funny and yet too funny to be truly impressive. It just isn't much of anything.

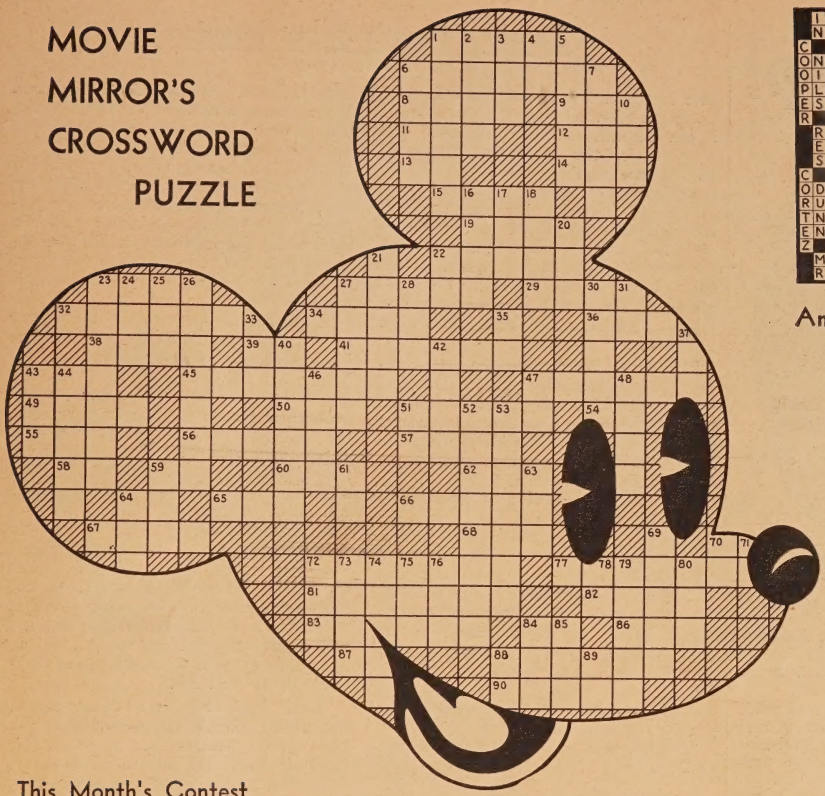
Your Reviewer Says: A good idea that went wrong.

For Children: Boys from eight to fifteen may get a kick out of it. It has plenty of action.

You'll like "Registered Nurse" because of its poignant situations and the splendid performances of Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot

HERE'S Romance, folks, with a capital "Ah!" Gary and his bride, Sandra Shaw, both enjoy the outdoor life, and Gary loves to give her pointers about how to conquer a horse. For a time it looked as though Gary were going to freelance but lately he's signed up with Paramount again. Here's a suggestion, gratis: why not let Sandra play in a picture opposite Gary?

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



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Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

This Month's Contest

This month's puzzle contest is won by Miss Frances Nesbitt, 1987 No. Madison, Pasadena, California. Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted in the month of February. Why not try your luck? Movie Mirror will pay $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before May first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

READ RULES CAREFULLY!

No prizes are awarded for the correct solutions to puzzles, as so many of you seem to think. Puzzles must be ORIGINAL

ACROSS

1. "Queen Christina"
6. Mrs. Ben Lyon
8. On
9. They act on the . . .
11. Short song or poem
12. Unrefined mineral
13. Concerning
14. In "Gold Diggers of 1933"
15. Screen idol now deceased
19. The indigo dye
22. Heroes are this
23. Frances Dee's husband
27. Has faith
29. Minute particle
32. In "Moulin Rouge"
34. A mound
36. In "Mary Stephens, M.D."
38. "C'm up some time"
39. Correlative of either
41. The ape man
43. Prefix denoting before
45. A cavalryman
47. . . . . Gallagher
49. Depend
50. Of the (Spanish)
51. Blue (obsolete sp.)
54. In "Another Language" (Initials).
55. Rowing implement
56. Red (French)
57. In "Hi, Nellie"
58. Possessive pronoun
59. Exists
60. Unit of work
62. Mimic
64. Negative answer
65. Mountain crag
66. Temperate
67. In "Going Hollywood"
68. Harry Bannister's ex
70. Sun God
72. Run
77. Disputed
81. Contracts are sometimes . . . . . .
82. Mrs. Bob Kenaston
83. Risked
84. In "Last Round-up"
86. Conducted
87. Pronoun
88. One of a famous screen family
90. Jots

DOWN

1. A fowl
2. Poker term
3. River (Spanish)
4. Exist
5. Johnson's partner
6. Entrance
7. Withered
10. Has three stooges
16. Organs of hearing
17. John Gilbert's ex
18. Prima donna
20. Allow
21. Pertaining to the sun
22. Exist
23. Mae West was robbed of
24. Number
25. Printer's measure (plural)
26. Stars receive many
27. Inn
28. By
30. More aged
31. Possessive pronoun
33. Also
35. Article
37. Printer's measure (plural)
40. Man's name
42. Screen comedienne
43. Golf teacher
44. 20 quires (plural)
46. An equal
47. Hoot Gibson's ex
48. Marie Dressler played in this
51. In "Heat Lightning"
52. Not suppressed
53. Matured
59. One or more atoms
61. Swedish star
63. Sea bird
64. Insect egg
69. Small mallet
70. Concerning
71. Public notice (abbrev.)
72. Sphere
73. A fairy
74. Growing out (adj.)
75. Minister's title (abbrev.)
76. Reverential fear
78. Tashman's husband
79. In "Only Yesterday" (abbrev.)
80. Spread to dry
84. "Flying Down to . . ."
85. Toper
88. Long Island (abbrev.)
89. In "The Right to Romance" (Initials)

Don't give up!

—a helping hand may be all you need

"I DO NOT want to give up . . . but why do I tire so easily . . . why can't I 'carry on' . . . and how is it that I do not feel like myself?"

It may be that as the result of colds . . . indoor or over-work . . . worry and the like . . . the strength of your blood has been weakened—that is, the red-blood-cells and hemo-glo-bin reduced . . . and Spring finds you with that "worn-out" and "let-down-feeling."

A deficient blood content is often responsible for many ills—frequently: loss of weight, sleeplessness, skin disorders, skin eruptions, sallow complexion, paleness, loss of appetite, nervousness or lack of clear skin.

You just can't be well, strong, and up and doing when you have "weak" blood—that is, blood with lowered red-cells and a deficient hemo-glo-bin content. Look to your blood if you suspect a tonic is needed.

For such cases try that time-tested tonic S.S.S.—not just a so-called tonic, but a tonic specially designed to restore body strength by its action on the blood—so vital to good health. You can take S.S.S. along with any other treatment without interference.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite . . . your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. may be the means of helping bring back days of health and joy to you. Why wait . . . start taking today.

S.S.S. is obtainable at all drug stores . . . it is liquid of course . . . never sold in tablet form. In two convenient sizes. The larger size is more economical.

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S.S.S.

builds sturdy health

Ronald Colman's Secret Romance

(*Continued from page 27*)

have to go on. I had found the only thing I was good for. We didn't say very much. I can remember mostly silences. We were, again, two strangers who could not see one another's faces. Then she seemed to come, with a great effort, out of the fog. She laid her hand on mine. She said that she cared too much, *we* cared too much. It would be a terrific job for her to handle but she would do her best. We would be married, as we had planned. We would have our home in Sussex. I would come to her there, when I could. . . .

"I went to Sussex over the next Sunday. The play was going splendidly. I had got off with a bang, right at the start. I knew that I was set. *I told her that I must not marry her.* I tried to make her see that she was a woman to whom home and children and an orderly pattern of life were seventy-five percent of love. If I disturbed that pattern I would kill her love. It was a tragedy—a tragedy that it had worked out as it had. But she loved me too little really to accept my pattern of life and I loved her too well to allow her to accept it. I told her that I knew I was losing the realest thing in the world—for an unreality. But unreality was the only kind of world I could live in now. I wasn't blind to what I was doing. *I knew that it would mark me for the rest of my days.*

"And so, because she knew that what I said was true, it was goodbye—

"I MET her again, seven years ago, in Venice. We must have been on the same train because, when I stepped into a gondola at the station on my way to my hotel she was there, too. I saw her before she saw me. And it was intensely painful. Not because I was disillusioned but because I was not. I'd heard that she was married. I'd heard that there were children. Like most men, I suppose, I'd thought with a vague sense of comfort, that she'd probably got stodgy and domestic and somehow unromantic. She hadn't. She was more beautiful than ever but in a way that made most of the modern women I had come to know seem thin as paper dolls, and as false. . . . She was what she had been in her first youth; the same golden brown hair and clear gray eyes and her mouth with the laughing look to it. Wholesome. Real. *Human.* I felt a sense of loss such as I had never known before nor have ever known again. I'd been through a lot. My first two years on the stage had been extraordinarily successful. Then had come the down-curve. I'd gone on tour and, in those days, to get back on the London stage again after touring was a terrific struggle. I'd been married, not very happily. I was tired. I felt a loneliness that amounted to physical pain. I had fantastic notions—perhaps it was not too late, even now—perhaps she was not as happy as she looked. Then I spoke to her—

"That night we dined together. She told me about her marriage. To a chap she had known all of her life, a neighbor. He was a barrister in London. He went up to town mornings and they had long weekends together. They had two children. Boys. One was named after her husband. The other after her father. She showed me their photographs. Her life had risen up about her, strong arms, encompassing her. I knew that she had got what she really wanted. I said: 'Then you are perfectly happy?' I remember the words she used when, after thinking a bit, she answered me. She said—and they were wise words—'No, *imperfectly* happy, Ronnie, it's much the best way—'

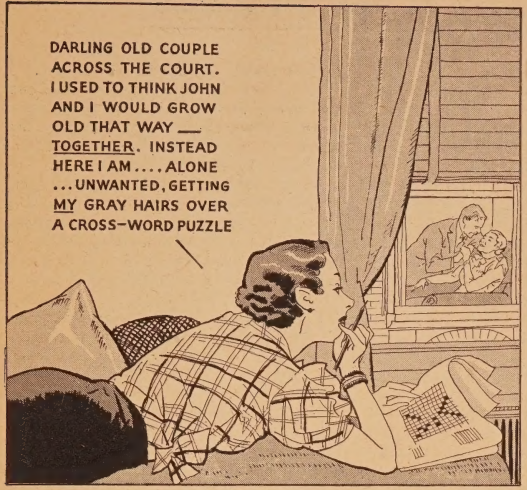
"I knew what she meant but I wanted to hear her say it. She did say it, in her honest way. She said, too, that I was not being very fair. I must know that she meant she could never be *perfectly* happy because perfection happens only once, at the beginning of things, and when it is done a minor chord runs through all the rest of your life making the sweet things sweeter and the safe things safer because you *know*. There were tears in her eyes when she told me this. And I knew that she was thinking of two young people who had walked on the Sussex downs and said goodbye—but I also knew that she was thinking of them as of people in a dream. A dream she had dreamed and still remembered and was haunted by and woke from to savor more strongly the happiness of her real life.

"I said good night to her after dinner. For a little bit I'd been tempted to ask her to take a gondola ride with me. Her husband was joining her in the morning. They were celebrating an anniversary. Then I knew that it would be no use. I was, I thought, bringing my make-believe world of the theatre into her real and honest world where dreams are dreams and actualities are separate.

"I SAW her again, in Colombo, on this last trip of mine. She was there with her husband, a terribly nice fellow, and their two sons. Now there is a little girl, too, at home in Sussex. We all had breakfast together on the morning of my arrival. They were leaving at noon. And I was very glad, this time, that we had not taken a gondola ride together seven years ago. She *is* happy now. And not 'imperfectly' any longer, I am sure. She is more mature now, of course, but even more beautiful with the full-blown, warm beauty that again makes other, more modern women seem thin and insufficient. She *is* a woman. A mother. She is what we mean, really, when we think of Woman. Her eyes are serene and full of pride in her husband, in her sons. Hers is truly a complete life.

"She asked me politely curious questions about my life in Hollywood. She wanted to know whether I had ever met Garbo. The boys were interested in Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, she said. They didn't go to the cinema very often. There were so many things to do . . . Sussex and Hollywood are a long way apart.

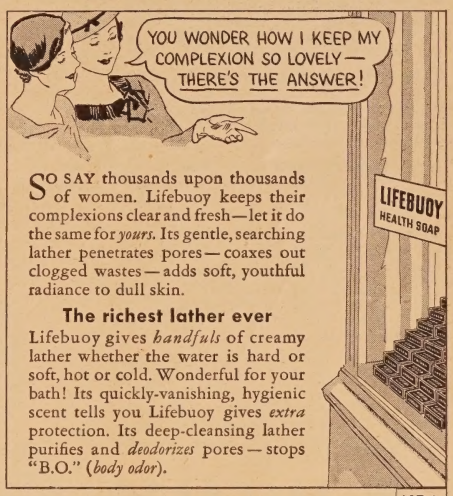
"Sussex and Hollywood *are* a very long way apart. I know it now. I knew it then. I have become a shadow on a screen. She could never have mated with a shadow. Because she is the realest thing in the world."


DARLING OLD COUPLE ACROSS THE COURT. I USED TO THINK JOHN AND I WOULD GROW OLD THAT WAY — TOGETHER. INSTEAD HERE I AM.... ALONE ...UNWANTED, GETTING MY GRAY HAIRS OVER A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

LATER — a friend drops in — helps solve the puzzle —
THEN CONNIE, FIVE DOWN MUST BE "B.O."—"ODOR OF LONELINESS." HOW SILLY! IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O." WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S WORST OFFENDER
OH...ER...I SUPPOSE EVERYBODY SHOULD PLAY SAFE. I'M CRAZY ABOUT LIFEBUOY, MYSELF

NEXT DAY
I TOOK CONNIE'S ADVICE — CHANGED TO LIFEBUOY. IF BY ANY CHANCE "B.O." WERE THE REASON JOHN CHANGED—I'M SURE I COULD WIN HIM BACK NOW

"B.O." GONE — her bachelor days over!
JOHN, DARLING, I'M GOING TO TRY SO HARD TO MAKE YOU HAPPY
DON'T HAVE TO TRY, HONEY. JUST STAY AS YOU ARE NOW



SO SAY thousands upon thousands of women. Lifebuoy keeps their complexions clear and fresh—let it do the same for *yours*. Its gentle, searching lather penetrates pores—coaxes out clogged wastes—adds soft, youthful radiance to dull skin.

The richest lather ever

Lifebuoy gives *handfuls* of creamy lather whether the water is hard or soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its deep-cleansing lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL ....

I WORK LIKE A SLAVE SCRUBBING AND BOILING— STILL THE CLOTHES NEVER LOOK REALLY WHITE
SILLY CHILD! CHANGE TO RINSO—IT SOAKS OUT DIRT. CLOTHES COME 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING

NEXT MONDAY EVENING
I'M SO HAPPY, JIM! I'M USING RINSO NOW—FOR THE WASH, FOR THE DISHES AND ALL CLEANING. IT SAVES SO MUCH WORK
IT SAVES YOUR HANDS, TOO, ROSALIND —THEY'RE LOVELY!

NO WONDER he's proud of her! She doesn't scrub clothes threadbare—she *soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter* in Rinso suds. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Women's Greatest POWER

lies in lovely eyes, romantic, provocative. How you can give your eyes added beauty.

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

WINX

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Cake or Liquid

FREE

Merely send coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". If you also want a month's trial package of Winx mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish cake or liquid, black or brown.

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Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

☐ Cake ☐ Liquid ☐ Black ☐ Brown

The Power That Saved Bing Crosby

(*Continued from page* 43)

and subsequently five years of university.

"Just going to parochial school helped a lot in giving me my first impulse toward religion. It's natural that these daily childhood impressions should have had a profound influence on one's life.

"But this alone couldn't have made me devout. It was something more than the doctrines they taught me there.

"Like all healthy boys, my heroes were athletes. The best football players in the school, the basket ball stars, the boxers, the track men. I worshipped physical prowess, and I had a mistaken notion, before I learned to know my teachers, that priests must be kind of *sissy*. Maybe because they weren't so strong or healthy as ordinary fellows, they turned to holiness for compensation. Anyway, that's the way I figured it out, until I had my eyes opened.

"The first awakening to my mistake came when I saw older boys, whom I worshipped with all the passionate devotion a little boy gives his hero, entering—not business or a profession—after graduation, but the priesthood. Many of them were chaps who came from the richest and most influential families in Spokane. And though it seemed cock-eyed, these fellows were renouncing everything—luxurious homes, automobiles, motor boats, high living—for a cell, a cot, a cassock, and just enough plain food to keep them alive.

"That made me stop and think. 'If those fellows can go for religion like that, it must be pretty real,' I thought to myself. 'There must be something more substantial and satisfying in devoting oneself to holy service than in living along like most people do—just thinking of making money and having a good time.' . . .

"So I came to have more than just an unthinking acceptance of the Catholic religion. I came to have a wholesome respect for it. And on top of that I received another violent shock.

"The two boys I chummed with through school became Jesuits, too. It was a blow between the eyes for me. We three had been about as bad a trio of young tramps you could hope to meet. We managed to help ourselves to every temptation that boys between 12 and 18 can take in. We flattered ourselves on being the modern 'Three Musketeers,' and we planned to continue our adventures together forever and ever. . . . Then they left me out in the cold, and without any explanation took their vows for the priesthood.

"FOR a time I didn't believe I'd get over it. You see, one of them had the same ambition as mine—to become an actor. He would have made a great tragedian. He was always playing heavy Shakespearean roles and he had the lead in the Passion Play several times . . . But that other urge was stronger than his personal ambition." Bing paused. There was a mist in his eyes. "The other one died soon after being ordained."

"Did you ever think of taking the vows yourself?" I asked. "Yes—I thought about it a lot at the time when I was so lonely for my pals. But I soon gave up the idea. I didn't think I had strength of character enough to go through with it; and I didn't want to take over anything that I knew I could not handle.

"So I went to work trying to put over my music—and bang! For a couple of years I forgot many things that were important to me. You—anybody in Hollywood—know the story."

It was, really, the story of wild youth, of a definite talent, that so often, until it finds itself, leads to excess. Bing was living in night clubs, running with the drinking crowd, sleeping days away, trying to adjust to the spotlight being on him.

"THEN one big thing happened to me that brought me back to my senses," said Bing. "I was still with Paul Whiteman and the Rhythm Boys. I was still acting the part of a bad boy and I got terribly, terribly drunk. And I stayed drunk for four days. I disappeared, and nobody, least of all I, knew where I lost myself or what I did during that time. But when I came to, I was in Brooklyn, across the river from New York, hobnobbing with a bunch of hoodlums, the worst toughs and gangsters I've ever come across. Yet, after Heaven knows what experiences, there I was, absolutely unharmed. They hadn't even taken away my roll of bills, and it happened to be a fat one.

"That jolted me considerably. Maybe it was that next morning's remorse working, I'm not sure, but I began to be aware of a power protecting me. I didn't change at once. That particular experience of going off on a binge and getting lost for days was my theme song with variations more times after that than I care to admit. But I kept coming through without a scratch—and each time I became a little more impressed with that fact. I got where I was afraid to push my luck too hard.

"I didn't really believe in good or bad luck. I still don't. I discovered then that I believed in the power of prayer and I still do. Although in my own case, I do not think it was nearly so much my own efforts at prayer that helped me through the tight places in my life, as those of my mother and of the "Little Sisters of the Order of Poor Claire."

"We lived near their convent and my mother used to visit them frequently and help them in their work with the poor.

"For her sake they had said Novenas for me every day since I had left Spokane ten years before.

"Those prayers were my salvation, I know. They made it possible for me to get a hold of myself and face life. They made it possible for me to have all the blessings I've enjoyed, Dixie and her love, my baby, my lovely home, my work. They protected me from harm. Nothing will ever shake my faith in them. I can't get away from believing!"

Bing leaned toward me. There was the same imploring note in his voice, the same plea for sympathy and understanding that you hear when you listen to him croon through the microphone.

"I'm not very good yet, but you understand why I'm trying so hard to be better?"

I understood. And I also knew why in that Crosby crooning there is more than a pull at the heart strings. There is in Bing's singing that whisper of something deeper that, half abashed, we call the soul.

The lies a mirror can tell!

LAST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you *weren't* altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it *impossible.*

Mum! That's what up-to-date women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

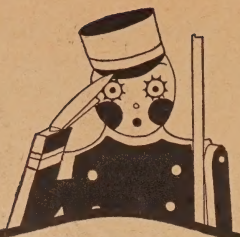
Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does *not* prevent the perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.



ON DUTY FOR BEAUTY!

Do your duty to your face — use Po-Go Rouge and Lipstick! Their Paris-styled shades bring you greater beauty than you've ever known. But that isn't all.

Po-Go Rouge actually pays duty to come from France. For it's *hand-made* over there in a "different" way. Extra-smooth, it blends beautifully and *stays on* dutifully for hours, without streaking or fading. Po-Go Lipstick is equally permanent—and never a bit greasy or drying.

Get acquainted with the Po-Go twins now—and meet greater beauty at low cost! Po-Go Rouge is 60¢; Po-Go Lipstick only 55¢, everywhere!

Rouge shades: Brique (*naturelle*); Ronce (*raspberry*); Vif (*bright*); Cardinal (*brightest*); Saumon (*very light*). Lipstick in Brique, Raspberry, Cardinal. At all stores or send cash to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Po-Go ROUGE and LIPSTICK

Gray Hair PENCIL

Instantly gives to GRAY HAIR Desirable Youthful Color. Sure easy way to keep gray from showing at roots, temples and parting. To quickly introduce BUEL

NOW 25 CENTS a full size Pencil for only 25c coin. Lasts months. State shade.

BUEL CO., 404 W. Erie St., Dept. D-45, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE this smart new HAT for 15¢

DIRECTIONS FOR 10 STYLES FREE

Now—a hat for every dress, and count the cost in pennies when you crochet them of colorful Dennison Crepe. Make this smart new "Halo," the "Desperado," the tricorn, the beret, brim styles, and many others. Illustrated instructions for all are free. Write DENNISON'S, Dept. S-145, Framingham, Mass.

Dennison Crepe

Eight Women for One Man

(*Continued from page* 51)

man gets awfully fed up with physical comfort. Inevitably he runs away—

"—to the third type, the woman who is child-like and clinging. She may be terribly dull, but she is soothingly dependent. She is easily bossed, easily swayed, easily impressed. He can swagger and brag to his heart's content—and she'll sit silent with awe.

"The fourth in a man's catalogue of women is the ravishing beauty whom he can display, whom he can put on parade. She may be dumb, she may be uninteresting, but she does satisfy a man's exhibition complex. She's the girl whom he takes to supper clubs; whom he takes out for dining and dancing. In her company he becomes a conqueror. She gives him a cave-man satisfaction. He is the captor and she is his slave. After all, a man must have something—even if it's only enough to pay the dinner-check—to intrigue beauty.

"A man likes to feel the eyes of the world on him in envy. He's right in his stride when beauty is at his side. So a lovely woman becomes a definite need in every man's life.

"But she frequently gives place to the intellectual companion. The woman who can match wits with him. Who can exchange sally for sally. He can be honest with her—there is no simulation of emotional interest between them. It is definitely a meeting of minds on a common battle-ground. She radiates mental energy and incites him to express his subconscious cleverness. She sharpens his tongue and kindles his brain cells.

"Only infrequently is she physically attractive—and even if she is, he doesn't have time to think about it. She may be bitter, she may be disillusioned, life may be for her an inverted bowl of cherries—but she's as smart as a whip, and her remarks are quotable. Many a man has built up a reputation for wisdom because he's picked the brains of such a woman.

"Such a woman is rarely inquisitive—and a man isn't inclined to tell her secrets—or to reveal himself as a human being—with emotions and problems. He'll discuss other men with her but seldom other women. Usually this companionship thrives on a plane of generalities with the outside world for their football.

"THEN there's the 'let's-go' girl. She's a vagabond at heart. An optimistic daredevil who doesn't know the meaning of time or place or responsibility. She wants action—and she's ready for anything that happens—anything which will remove her from here to there. She's the girl a man telephones when he wants a hamburger at two o'clock in the morning or has an inclination to go swimming at midnight. She's all set to go places and do things at a moment's notice.

"The 'let's-go' girl is a swell tonic but she is hard on a man's nerves. She has a defined place in a man's life—and is a necessity—but she's a terrific bother. She restores a man's youth, gives him a sense of exuberance and freedom. She's essential to his balance but a man can stand her only in small doses.

"Then there's the woman who has a genius for friendship. She has second-sight where a man is concerned. She's the girl whom he'll telephone when he's in trouble with his wife or his current attraction. She'll bail him out when he's in jail and put him to bed when he's drunk. She lectures him on his extravagance, and introduces him to the girls he should know. She is utterly sexless where he is concerned although she may be alluring to others.

"This is the sort of woman with whom a man will discuss his innermost thoughts as frankly as he would with a man. There is no secrecy between them; no explanations are ever necessary. She's the only kind of a woman from whom a man can borrow money and retain his self-respect.

"She's a pal in skirts. Long after a man forgets other women, he'll remember her.

"THE eighth woman essential to make a man's life complete, is the one who sets his nerves vibrating, and ignites his senses. She need not be beautiful; she need not be clever—she need be nothing special. She is an inspired, a reincarnated Eve, whose attraction is definitely physical.

"This is the woman a man wants to put within four walls and keep her there. He resents the intrusion of the world and its turmoils within their hand-made Paradise. It may be a Paradise for a week or for a year—but it is paradise while it lasts.

"She completes the circle of women which encloses a man's life—and makes it full and rich and satisfying."

Otto Kruger has been happily married for fifteen years. It has been tranquil and stimulating; filled with comradeship and with interest.

Granted that no one woman can be all things to a man, what sort does he marry?

Otto Kruger replies: "One who has something within her of all the other eight."

All the town's agog with hushed whispers. Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland are seen lunching together every day. They're just friends, La Bennett insists. And we'd better take the lady's word for it. Here she is bidding the Marquis a fond farewell

New Color For Old—With Easy Tintex!

These Tints and Dyes bring smart, Spring colors to faded Apparel and Home Decorations

In Your Home use Tintex for

Curtains
Drapes
Doilies
Dinner Cloths
Luncheon Sets
Blankets
Cushions
Bed Spreads
Table Runners
Slip Covers

FASHION says, "now is the time to do away with drab, 'washed-out' colors."

• •

And common sense says, "use Tintex to restore the original color to faded apparel and home decorations — or to give everything entirely different colors."

• •

These famous tints and dyes save *time*, *money* and *trouble*. They give *always perfect* results—equalled only by expensive professional work. No wonder millions of women use them. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are by far the most popular in the world! 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

In Your Wardrobe use Tintex for

Underthings
Negligees
Dresses
Coats
Sweaters
Scarfs
Stockings
Slips
Blouses
Children's Clothes

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

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TINTS *and* DYES

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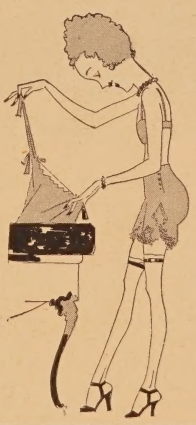


To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER

Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .

Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

To the above glittering stars I extend my sincerest wish that they continue to reign supreme as "The Ladies of True Emotions."

Marion Holloway,
Sunnyside, L. I.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A New Formula

I wish people would stop trying to reform the movies. I don't stay away from a movie because the heroine is immoral or the hero a gangster. These things are a part of life and we must face them. I revolt, however, when they are glorified beyond all proportion so that loyal, lawful lives seem dull by comparison; and it is vanity, rather than moral prejudice, which prompts the rebellion. I don't consider myself a dull person. And I resent the implication that it isn't just as glamorous to love one man loyally all one's life as it is to bestow one's favors promiscuously. There's quite as much, though more subtle, excitement in giving the baby his bath as there is in the tinselly glitter of a night-club. There's tragedy behind the wreath on your neighbor's door and adventure behind the serene faces of the old couple celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. Glorify the struggles of young husbands and wives, picture them waving their scarlet banner of courage—and watch them surreptitiously reach for each other's hands in the dark! I'm not suggesting reform, but, why not vary the formula?

Mrs. M. C. Miller,
Chicago, Illinois.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Dancing Lady

The screen shows us just black and white,
But Crawford seems a flaming light;
She's so alive and colorful,
So radiantly beautiful.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 13)

A forehead high and broad and fine;
Intelligence in every line.
A moulded chin and classic nose;
Mouth firm in motion and repose.
A zest for living, in the guise
Of bits of starlight in her eyes.

Rare combination hard to beat—
Dramatic face and dancing feet.

Last word in versatility,
And what a personality!
She 'witches us; with equal ease
She holds spellbound the hard to please.
Her genius in dramatic parts
With admiration fills our hearts;
A change of atmosphere, and then
Our dancing daughter lives again!
A lighter vein, with music gay,
And she will dance our blues away.

To immortality she's near,
A "Dancing Lady" without peer.

Leonore Cavanagh,
Detroit, Michigan.

Here's a scene with Fredric March and Fay Wray from "The Firebrand" a 20th Century Picture. Constance Bennett is also in the cast. The original title was "The Affairs of Cellini"

Astaire's Ascent

Here's a tip, folks, don't miss "Flying Down to Rio" introducing that charming young man, Fred Astaire! Though he is a newcomer to the screen, he is internationally known as a dancer and does he dance? Just go and see for yourself.

I don't believe it's a far-fetched prediction to say that in another year, he'll be as popular on the screen as he was on the stage. Anyway, here is one who hopes to see him often. He has what it takes, and during the entire picture my attention was focused on him, despite the exotic Dolores del Rio.

Bing proved a crooner can act; Fred now proves that a dancer too can make the grade. Please give us more of the ingenius, agile, droll Fred Astaire!

Come on, fans, root for Freddie.

Ethel Elvove,
Paris, Ky.

Another Rising Star!

Hail the new screen idol! I've just seen Francis Lederer in "Man of Two Worlds" and I've completely lost my heart to him. Isn't he perfect? I don't know when I've enjoyed a performance so much. What charm! What colorful personality! What marvelous acting ability! He might so easily have overacted his part, but he made it the most delightful, the most appealing bit of acting I've ever watched. Welcome Francis! You rank with Colman in looks, with Chevalier in personality, and with Barrymore in ability.

Sally Kaye,
New York, N. Y.

"The Play's the Thing"

Time was when a screen production, in order to insure box office success did not necessitate a cast reading like a veritable "Who's Who in Filmdom." The play, then was the thing.

Barely has John Barrymore measured up to his performance in "The Sea Beast" and "Svengali"—he lived these roles and kept his own personality in the background. As a personality Lon Chaney did not exist for us. If occasion demanded he was not only the man of many faces but the man of many voices as well.

Let's have more finely drawn characterizations and less glorification of personalities.

Julius R. Travis,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The Star Draws 'Em

There is no denying the fact that the name of a picture's star has more power to draw us into a theatre than the picture itself. Why then should the large salaries of the stars raise a continual howl of protest? Whenever I find myself wondering whether they really deserve such high remuneration, all I need to do in order to see the situation clearly, is to think of how few people would be drawn into a theatre were I advertised as the star of the picture, or for that matter, were any of those who protest so violently against high salaries, advertised as such. We are willing to admit the fairness of the larger share of the spoils going to a man whose brains can put over a business deal, netting huge profits. Is the situation so different in the case of a star whose hold on the public is so great that a picture in which he or she appears is sure to net an immense profit?

Mabel Argo,
New Albany, Indiana.

Story or Star?

Will Rogers rated second place as a box-office attraction in the annual poll of motion picture exhibitors conducted by the Motion Picture Herald. The San Francisco News in comment states: "Will Rogers' standing shows just what good stories will do for a star. In 1932 he was ninth on the list . . . A comparison of his pictures for the two years shows just why."

A surprising number of people won't budge from their firesides to see any star, but are strongly attracted when guaranteed a good story. The fact that bad stories will

eventually dim any star, no matter how glamorous, is proof.

I sometimes suspect the hunger of stars and directors and producers for credit and fame blinds them to the box-office appeal of a good story. More often than not the original author's name does not appear in advertising—only inconspicuously on the screen. Yet the featuring of authors would, as the various screen writers became known, create a greater public response by giving the movie goer some inkling of the story values of the movies he goes to see.

Wetherby Boorman,
Lomita Park, Calif.

Wouldn't You Like to See:

Lionel Barrymore without the itch, heart trouble, or other ailment he's afflicted with in his screen roles?

Phillips Holmes as Dorian in "The Picture of Dorian Grey"?

Katharine Hepburn as "Joan of Arc"? Or as Katherine in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"? Or in "Well of Loneliness"?

Garbo in a less tragic story—one that gives play to her charming sense of comedy?

Another picture half as good as "Little Women"?

Norma Shearer in Rupert Hughes' "Love Song"?

I sure would.

Terry E. Fourt,
Springdale, Wash.

The Meaning of Movies

Here's what the movies mean to me:

I have learned how the boats look from Westminster Bridge through a London fog; how houses and trees are broken in a hurricane; how hot lava looks, flowing; how Henry the VIII really looked and acted; how Culbertson plays a game of bridge; how much more beautiful modern furniture is than any other; how to buy clothes; how our President's eyes sparkle and his voice flows with humor and understanding; how Bobby Jones wields his club; how life goes on behind prison walls, in royal palaces, in Monte Carlo, in Shanghai, Paris, Zanzibar or the Isle of Bali; how futile and horrible war is.

Mrs. C. A. Kent,
Tifton, Georgia

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS—

Bob Montgomery is laughing loudly at whispers linking his name with Janet Gaynor's. He says, "It's probably due to my really being the Janet Gaynor of M-G-M!"

That Charlie Grayson - Irene Hervey business looks serious.

Sue Carol is very interested in Howard Wilson, George Cukor's protegee.

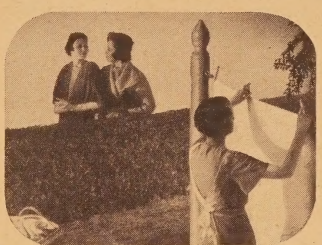
Wally Beery lunches daily with little Carol Ann at the Vendome, Hollywood's most expensive restaurant.

Fred Astaire has closed his London play to come back and reap his Hollywood harvest.

Gene Raymond is definitely set for the crooner in "Sadie McKee" but is demanding so many changes in the part that they say he may steal the picture from Joan Crawford, the star.

I'M GLAD THE STEVENS ASKED US... THEY'RE A SWELL COUPLE
I LIKE THEM A LOT... BUT I WISH SHE'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT "TATTLE-TALE GRAY." DID YOU NOTICE HIS SHIRT?

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "Tattle-Tale!"... "Tattle-Tale!"... that's what *your* clothes are when they're musty and gray — when they show that all the dirt *didn't* come out in the wash.

2. What to do about it? Let your nose tell you! Change to Fels-Naptha — the *golden* richer soap with *so much dirt-loosening naptha in it* that you can smell it!

• • •

YES—say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray"! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and hang out the snowiest washes that ever waved in a sunny backyard!

For Fels-Naptha isn't one of those "*trick*" soaps that make all sorts of promises and then forget to keep them.

You'll marvel at Fels-Naptha's lively, creamy suds—*the way they last and last*—till every speck of dirt is out!

You'll love the gentle way Fels-Naptha treats your finest linens, your daintiest lingerie and silk stockings—how friendly it is to hands!

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!.. Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

3. Give yourself a treat! See what glorious washes Fels-Naptha Soap brings you! Cleaner, sweeter clothes—*clothes so dazzling white*—you'll beam with pride!

© 1934, FELS & CO.

BLONDES WANTED!

THOUSANDS of blondes—to become actresses, movie stars, secretaries, sweethearts, wives! All men prefer them, but only if their hair is *really* blonde, with that shimmer of gold and that fascinating sparkle. If your hair is faded, muddy, darkening, stringy—don't give up. But don't *dye*, either! Try BLONDEX, the special shampoo designed for light hair, now used by millions of blondes all over the world. BLONDEX is a fine rich-lathering powder that *naturally* brings new golden color, gleaming lustrousness to the drabbest light hair. Try it and see. Get BLONDEX today at any good drug or dept. store. Two sizes — the economical $1.00 bottle and the inexpensive 25c package. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair*-35c.

ODORLESS HAIR REMOVER

Not a razor, liquid, paste or powder 25¢

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one in plain wrapper.
BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 2321-A, Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

This Girl Knows..

YOU CAN DEPEND ON NR IT'S ALL-VEGETABLE ..SAFE!

Bright Eyes... No Bad Skin

She learned long ago how often dull eyes, pimply skin, nervousness and lack of pep come from bowel sluggishness and constipation. Now NR (Nature's Remedy) is her secret of sparkling loveliness and vital health. No more ineffective partial relief for her—all-vegetable NR Tablets give thorough cleansing, gently stimulating the entire bowel. Millions take NR for thorough, effective relief from constipation and biliousness. Get a 25c box. All druggists'. Pleasant—safe—and not habit-forming.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk EP-54 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

The Will Rogers Nobody Knows

(*Continued from page* 33)

never had had no college education like I have."

ONE day I went out to his ranch to see about some studio business. He wasn't at the house, he wasn't at the stables, he wasn't on the polo field; but at last I unearthed him in the calf-pen riding solemnly around all by himself roping calves.

"What under the sun are you doing?"

"Learnin' to rope," he said, which surprised me, for he had made a quarter of a million dollars out of roping. And then he explained. He had been down on W. R. Hearst's ranch in Mexico and had seen a Mexican who had a twist of his wrist that Will had never seen before.

"I'd give a thousand dollars if I could get it," and I believe he was entirely serious. "This is the third day I have been tryin' and I ain't as good as when I started. Ropers are born, not made—and some of the best are born in Mexico."

He is a favorite around the studio, and especially among the humble workers, for he pays as much attention to a "juicer" as he does to a star. They all like to work in a picture with him. And wherever he goes (except in the dining-room) a trail of studio workers follows him like a tail on a comet. His syndicated daily article must be filed each day by two o'clock. He writes the telegram on the set, usually on his typewriter which he carries with him. Or sometimes he goes to his car, paws through a nest of newspapers on the floor, cocks the typewriter on his lap, and with the trigger finger on each hand begins to bang out his telegram. He writes it amazingly quickly; if I were doing one of them, I would stew around for a couple of hours before I would have it finished. He doesn't. I timed him once at his ranch. He was in the big dining-room, excused himself, disappeared up the steps to his work-shop, thumped out the telegram, and was back in just twelve minutes! It completely staggered me, but he thought nothing of it.

"It don't take long to write my kind of stuff. I save time on the punctuation. If you hadn't went to college, Homer, you'd be a lots faster writer."

Nitwits have said that Will Rogers has a "ghost" to do his writing; this is as ridiculous as saying that Einstein has a ghost to do his thinking. He has always written his own stuff, and he will continue to write his own stuff until Hollywood goes back to lemon groves. He files his dispatch and it goes direct to New York, where a clerk for the Western Union has the list of newspapers; he is the only person who sees the material until the editor gets it. Even the McNaught Newspaper Syndicate doesn't see it until the next morning. Except now and then, if the telegraph clerk thinks a mistake has been made, or if he is in doubt about something in the telegram, he calls up one of the syndicate officials for a decision. Nothing makes Will madder than for some editor to change his copy.

HIS home life is peaceful and happy; what the essayists would call "ideal." His wife is from Rogers, Arkansas; and he is from Rogers County, Oklahoma. He has been married only once. Except he puts it this way:

"Yep, I been married only once. I guess I'm the only actor that has ever gone into Hollywood, stayed a year, and come out with the same wife he took in."

When there is a crowd around, Will is the showman, just as Charlie Chaplin is; and how he entertains 'em! The more there are the better he likes it. You can hear his voice above everybody else's. But Mrs. Rogers is no showman at all; she is very quiet, you never hear her voice in a crowd, but with all Will's noise and bluster she is the power behind the throne. He likes his Missus and depends on her for advice, not only in domestic affairs, but also in business, for she has remarkably good business judgment; he knows it, and leans on it.

"Why," he says, "if it wasn't for Betty, I'd be ridin' range."

He has a polo field and a nine-hole golf course on his Santa Monica ranch—and never plays golf.

"A feller can't learn two things as complicated as golf and polo in one life time, so I guess I'll stick to polo and let the ponies do my thinkin' for me. I ain't ever seen a good thinkin' golf club yet."

He likes polo, and knows every polo player of prominence in England, Spain, the United States, and South America; and yet privately I am sure he would rather get out and rope steers. But of course that must never get around. He has a herd of calves he keeps for roping, and that is the way he entertains friends. As soon as dinner is over, he puts you into a pair of overalls, claps a ten-gallon hat on your head, and leads you to the roping field, puts you on a cow pony, and hands you a lariat. That is Will's big moment, when he is on his pony, and you are on yours . . . or trying to stay on. If you can rope a calf neatly and deftly, your politics don't matter. Nothing else matters. You are a great man.

PEOPLE are always asking me: "What kind of man is Will Rogers off stage? Is he as funny when you are talking to him personally as he is on the screen, or over the radio?"

Which is about like asking: "Is Ed Wynn as funny at breakfast as he is at a broadcast?" Of course not, for Ed Wynn has prepared for this moment and rehearsed himself; as a matter of fact he has paid his "gag" writers handsomely for his material?

Will Rogers, I will say, is the same "off" as "on." The only difference is that on the stage he has had time for preparation; he has brightened his chatter up, that is all. He is a natural-born talking comedian; the greatest of them all. And I don't say this without reflection, for I have known them all, I think, with the exception of Peter Finley Dunne, the "Mr. Dooley" man.

ANOTHER thing the average person unacquainted with him might not know is that he is not quick on repartee. Some speakers, when a person in the audience calls out something, come back with a crack that rocks the house; Will

never does. He gets under way slowly, for he has to think over a joke and digest it before he can take aim and fire. He never tells "funny stories," that is, the sort of story that deals with Pat and Mike, or with the traveling man. I can't remember hearing him tell one of that ilk in all the time I have known him. He tells anecdotes about real people; for instance, Sam Goldwyn, or Eddie Cantor, or W. C. Fields, but they are true and actual experiences, never the speakeasy brand of once-there-were-two-Irishmen, or once-there-were-two-Jews stories.

One time I asked him what was the best joke he ever had when he was with the Ziegfeld Follies. He thought for a while, then said he guessed it was the one he used during the time of Henry Ford's famous Peace Ship when Ford had the slogan, "We're going to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." As Will used it, this was the way it went:

"Well, I see by the papers that Henry Ford is sendin' a ship over to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. Well, if Henry'd just fill up his ship with some of the girls we got in our chorus and parade them up and down between the lines he'd get the boys out of the trenches before sundown."

They've Been Snubbed

(*Continued from page* 38)

we'll call Catherine, had always felt for Irene began to manifest itself more definitely and unpleasantly.

As a small child Catherine always had asked her father's chauffeur to drive her past the Dunne house in their Cadillac, the first Cadillac in St. Louis. And when Irene was about she had always waved her white teddy bear, the only teddy in town larger than Irene's, in a greeting of childish triumph.

"There were a dozen different things that happened to upset me upon my return to St. Louis," Irene says.

Catherine gave a party. And although she and Irene had been going to each others' parties all their lives this time Irene wasn't invited.

There was, as there usually is, some room for doubt. Catherine gave this party during a long holiday week-end. She might have thought Irene would be going to Indiana to visit her mother.

Irene told herself that at any rate. Over and over. Without convincing herself apparently. Because the night after the other girls had received their invitations and for many nights after that Irene lay staring into the dark and tossing unhappily for a long, long time.

"During one of those unhappy, restless nights I made myself an important promise.

"I promised myself there would be a happy day when my life would be so full, so busy, so pleasant that an invitation to a party wouldn't make any real difference to me one way or the other."

Irene smiled.

"The ironic part of that," she went on, "is that once you've achieved a full, busy, pleasant life you have more invitations than you possibly can accept. You're not likely to be left out. Of anything.

"If only very young people, crucified by some snub, would realize all of this,"

What a difference!

what a truly *amazing* difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids *do* make

The Approved Mascara

The New Maybelline Eyebrow Brush especially made for shaping and training eyebrows and lashes. **10c**

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance!

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THIS FINE PERFUME
IRRESISTIBLE
USE
ACTUAL TEN CENT SIZE
Irresistible
TRY THESE IRRESISTIBLE CREATIONS ALSO . . .
FACE POWDER, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, VANISHING CREAM AND TALCUM POWDER
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Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampo-Kolor," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. **Free Booklet.**
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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50c *A Jar*

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Mail this Coupon to Box 200
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
FREE ☐ Booklet on Freckles. ☐ Sample Face Powder.
Name .....
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Irene concluded. "The energy we waste in humiliation and resentment and self-pity directed in a healthier channel so often would result in gratifying performance."

WE'RE far more likely to think of women being snubbed and miserable than of men snubbed and miserable. Perhaps because men react differently to the things that hurt them. But that doesn't mean, after all, that men aren't hurt as deeply and as frequently as women.

There's Clark Gable. . . .

Clark was at one time with a repertoire company, appearing in Oregon. A young blood of the town became very friendly with him. He used to take Clark to the country club, introduce him to the nicest girls, and insist that during the day when he was busy that Clark use his roadster.

Then Clark's company went broke. Clark had to find another job. In a hurry. And the only job available was as a lumberjack in a camp about forty miles outside of town.

Clark liked the big husky Norwegians and Swedes with whom he worked well enough but he didn't have much in common with them.

More than ever he found himself setting considerable store by the friendship that young blood offered him. Whenever he could get to a telephone he used to call this boy. But not once after he joined up with the lumber-camp was he able to find him in. Finally Clark understood.

There was a girl, however—the girl Clark liked most—who didn't find it any disgrace for a man to earn his living doing a man's work. She wrote to Clark often.

And when, at last, Clark saved up enough money for a week-end in town this girl accepted his invitation to the Saturday night dance at the hotel very eagerly.

It was a gay dance. The music was splendid. Clark and the girl had great fun trying out new steps. They found they could do them beautifully.

However, it took concentration to manage those new steps. And so it happened that Clark didn't see the young blood until they met, face to face, upon the dance floor.

"Hello there," said Clark. "How are you?"

He received no answer. The young man looked directly at him . . . and then past him.

"Don't make a scene," whispered the girl. "Don't make a scene. Please, Clark. . . . "

Perhaps she felt the muscles tighten under Clark's sleeve. Perhaps she sensed his anger. Perhaps she saw a glint in his eyes.

Later they had supper, Clark and that girl. At a little table lit by a lamp with a rose silk shade and ferns growing about its base.

"You know," he said, "I wanted to swat that guy."

"I know you did," she said. "And I understood why, too. But I'm glad you didn't. . . .

"What purpose would it have served?

"After all, Clark, you have the rest of your life to prove you're his superior.

"And you'll do it. I know you will."

Telling about all of this, Clark says, "That girl was wise. At her age too few of us know enough to count on the future. We know nothing but the immediate present. That's why snubs hurt so darn much.

The same snubs which once hurt Mary Pickford might not find their mark today but there are other snubs which would.

One snub she especially remembers. It happened when she was a little girl, away from home, on tour with a theatrical company. The members of the troupe were kind, for the most part. And they looked after her when they remembered it. But it wasn't like being with her mother and Jack and Lottie.

Often Mary grew homesick.

On this one morning the stage manager was in a bad temper.

"How do you account for the applause you got last night?" he asked Mary when, with the rest of the company, she reported on the stage for rehearsal.

Sensing his ugly mood Mary prayed she might make the right answer. She didn't want to antagonize this man and lose her job. The money she was able to send to her mother in Toronto paid the rent, bought the food.

No, you guessed wrong. No romance. Just a couple of Britishers setting out for lunch on the RKO lot. She's lovely Diana Wynyard and he's Alan Mowbray who appears with her in "The Dover Road"

"I asked you how you accounted for the applause you got last night," the stage director repeated.

"I don't know," Mary said honestly. "I did my best. . . . "

"You did your best!" His voice lashed at her. *"Little Miss Copybook! You did your best!* Can't you say anything original?"

He walked away. Left her standing there.

"Don't you dare to cry," whispered the leading-lady in passing.

Years later Mary met this stage-director again. She was America's Sweetheart. At the Philadelphia theater where her picture was opening, Douglas Fairbanks had to lift her high above the heads of the tremendous crowds or they would have crushed her.

Up came the stage-director with his wife. To tell Mary how proud he was to remember their old association. To assure Mary he always had known she would go far.

It's amusing. I grant you that. But if little Gladys Smith had not had the fight-

ing spirit to carry on and become the great and internationally famous Mary Pickford it might have been tragic.

WITHOUT Lilyan Tashman's story this article would be incomplete.

Lil and a girl we'll call Dorothy Landis, for convenience sake, used to go to Girls' High School in Brooklyn together. They sat beside one another. They were the repositories of each other's confidences. They wore each other's clothes. They were friends, warm and fast.

School days over, Lilyan joined the Ziegfeld Follies. As a chorus girl. Her family disapproved. They rather believed the things sensational authors write about pretty girls who swing pretty legs in chorus line-ups.

Dorothy Landis never had entertained any notions about any career. She proceeded to marry a young man famous in Wall Street as a sensational plunger. Dorothy, therefore, became very rich.

For years Dorothy and Lil had gone to the same hairdresser. A hundred times they'd agreed he was a genius. It was in his shop that they met one day.

"Hello," said Lil, delighted to see Dorothy again. "It's good to see you."

"Oh, hello," said Dorothy, a trifle faintly.

"We must have luncheon," Lil continued, too enthusiastic to notice. "We simply must get together."

Dorothy drew her sables about her shoulders. She smiled the barest thread of a smile.

"We must," she said vaguely, "sometime. . . ."

Lil was crushed. "How awful," she thought. "Dorothy's ashamed to be seen with me. I'm a chorus girl. And *Dorothy . . . Dorothy Landis . . . is ashamed to be seen with me!*"

She never returned to that hairdresser's. Her pride forbade it. Someone there might have noticed Dorothy and her together, overheard Dorothy's snub.

"However," she says, "in my own mind, I knew it was not a disgrace to be in a chorus. And I didn't intend to remain in the chorus anyway. After that snub, more than ever, I meant to get somewhere.

"It was several years before I saw Dorothy again. I had made good progress. I was in New York on a visit and I went to a Mayfair party. I met loads of old friends and they were glad to see me.

"Suddenly I was conscious of Dorothy running up to me. Her husband, in the meantime, had plunged once too often. Most of his fortune was gone.

" 'Lilyan, *darling*,' she said, 'it's so good to see you. You must come out for a week-end with us. We simply must get together. . . .'

"I was mean," Lil admits. "My only excuse now I look back upon it all with some perspective is that I had been cruelly hurt.

" 'We must,' I said, as vaguely as she once had said the same thing to me, 'sometime. . . .'

"I should have fallen on her neck in gratitude, of course. For there's no question about it, that snub she delivered me increased my determination to get ahead a hundredfold.

"I can remember so well how, making another stride forward, I'd always think, 'I wonder if Dorothy would be ashamed of me now?' "

WINNIE'S WORRY —by Gil

1
NOBODY TALKS TO ME AT THE BEACH
2
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IRONIZED YEAST? THAT'S WHAT BUILT ME UP
3
4 WEEKS LATER
I'M GETTING ALMOST TOO POPULAR!

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

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Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

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Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

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Behind the Scenes of ZaSu's Romance

(*Continued from page* 31)

scenario writer, discovered her genius for comedy, and started writing little bits into her scenarios that only ZaSu could play. Tom was in demand as a juvenile.

ZaSu and Tom bought a little home on a hillside, and for a time it seemed as if all their dreams had come true. A wealthy business man, impressed by ZaSu's talent, promised to form a company and star her. They had settled everything, even ZaSu's salary, when Fate played a strange trick on them. Just as the company was about to materialize, the man died and his estate seized all his money.

At first the studios were inclined to blame ZaSu for the mishap. For a time, she found everything tough sledding. But all of it mattered very little against the shining, glorious news which her heart and her pulses and her body told her.

WHEN little Ann was born, ZaSu thought that the child would be a tie between her handsome young husband and herself that would be as deep and binding as life itself.

And for a time there was happiness in the little home on the hillside. ZaSu and Tom showed visitors proudly about the nursery and ZaSu said, her voice throbbing, "Yes, when Ann gets a little bigger, I'm going to go on with pictures. We're going to take everything that comes along, but some day," and here she turned dreamily to Tom, "well, some day we'll have that million dollars, won't we, honey?"

I suppose Tom nodded assent.

ZaSu, of course, did go on with pictures. But the demand for Tom as an actor grew less and less. The time came when he gave up the idea of pictures altogether.

In 1925 he became manager of the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood. His job was to make the weekly prize fights at the Stadium the most exciting events in Hollywood. Through his work he drifted into an entirely different world from ZaSu's. He'd always been a little bit of a playboy and a man-about-town.

One day ZaSu heard that her friend, Barbara La Marr, was lying ill and deserted in Altadena. She rushed to see her, but it was too late to do anything for Barbara. Yet there was something she could do. There was the little boy, Sonny, whom Barbara had adopted, and who had no one to care for him now. ZaSu took him to her own home. As you know, when Barbara died a few days later, ZaSu adopted Sonny, whom she treated as well as her own child.

When ZaSu worked these days, it was with a new purpose in her heart. Now she had two children to help provide for.

But all that did not keep ZaSu and Tom from drifting farther and farther apart. In the end ZaSu faced the inevitable. In 1926, six years after their marriage, ZaSu and Tom separated. Even then they continued to appear together in public. For though Tom Gallery had failed her as a husband, ZaSu always continued to regard him as a friend. How could she regard him otherwise, since she saw the early days of their marriage through a romantic haze, remembering always that he had given her the wonderful gift of his love when she was poor and unknown?

WHEN her great romance crashed, she never thought of getting a divorce. The thought that some day she might find a new romance and want to get married again never occurred to her. Why, she had had her share—more than her share of love. Because she had two adorable children to take care of and work to do, she thought that her life was complete, brimming over. Romance was in the past.

One day blonde and lovely Madge Evans came to Hollywood to star in some pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. ZaSu was working on the M-G-M lot at the time. Of course, she remembered Madge. Wasn't Madge the girl she and Tom had bought ice cream sodas for when she and Tom were "keeping company" together?

She thought that Madge probably knew very few people in Hollywood. She remembered how forlorn and friendless she had been when she had first come to Hollywood. And so ZaSu made it a point to give Madge's telephone number to Tom. She told him that Madge was the blonde little girl they had both befriended about ten years ago. Tom, of course, 'phoned Madge. When he came over one night, Madge felt the same strange attraction she had felt more than ten years ago, as a child. Then she had been ten and Tom nineteen. Soon they began seeing quite a bit of each other.

Hollywood gossiped, as Hollywood always has. Little by little the rumors began to drift to ZaSu. She had never wanted a divorce for her own sake. Then suddenly the rumors linking Tom's name with that of Madge Evans woke her up. Perhaps he would like his freedom. Perhaps he loved Madge and wanted to marry her. ZaSu made up her mind to get a divorce that would set Tom free.

The divorce was dignified and friendly—I can tell that now, and also that it was almost not granted, because I testified for ZaSu—she couldn't bring herself to say anything detrimental to Tom! It would have been funny if it hadn't been a little sad. Here was ZaSu, determined to give Tom his freedom, and then she almost couldn't go through with it because she couldn't bear to testify against him.

DURING the months that followed, ZaSu made rather futile attempts at being gay and having fun. But something had gone out of her life. There were many in Hollywood who thought that she was still carrying the torch for Tom. Personally, I doubt it. The torch she carried was for her lost illusions. When a sob sister approached her and asked her whether she would ever marry again, she said simply, "I'd like to fall in love, but I'm afraid I never will—again. And I've got my hands full with the house and the children—and all."

At one of the rare parties ZaSu did attend, she met Edward Woodall. Hollywood had been charmed by him. Here was this man who was a tennis champion and a match for Tilden at various work-outs at the Los Angeles Tennis Club and who

still found time to go into the brokerage business and make good. Marion Davies, who is practically the social dictator of Hollywood, was delighted when he consented to teach her tennis.

No wonder ZaSu was thrilled when Edward Woodall registered interest in her the moment he met her!

Soon he was driving her to the studio almost every morning at the shriek of dawn. Soon he was bringing her books and candy and flowers. Soon he was calling for her at the studio, and driving her about on all her various errands.

He had a way with children, too, and Ann and Sonny fell for him completely.

The one fault he had to find with ZaSu was that she was working too hard. In trying to establish a substantial trust fund for the children, she wore herself out physically. A serious operation, in her case, was almost a boon, because it forced her to rest. At the hospital Edward visited her constantly, and she grew to realize the depth and earnestness of his devotion.

IN October, while ZaSu was on location, she and "Woody" dashed off to Minden, Nevada, and were secretly married. ZaSu, being a romanticist, felt that in that way she could keep her marriage romantic a little longer, keep it the stuff "that dreams are made on." The only ones who were in on it all were her immediate household —the children. Ann decorated a cake for the bride and groom, and Sonny burst into poetry, as he is wont to do on occasions. They were both delighted with the new order of things.

One day she burst in with definite plans to go to New York for the first time in ten years. She had been spending lunch hours at the dressmaker's, snatching half hours here and there from work, for shopping and massages and such—I should have guessed her secret but didn't. I thought all her exuberance was due to holiday spirit.

The great day arrived for her departure, but with vague wavings of her hands she discouraged any seeing-off party. Again I missed a cue. We had a date for lunch, and she called up about four announcing that she was late, and had been detained at the beauty parlor. You can't blame me for asking what she was doing there again—she had just had her hair washed and all the trimmings, three days ago. "This time for luck," said ZaSu. "Don't go away. I'm coming right over." Which she did, all of a dither, in a blue suit, not quite as blue as her eyes, her hair bound up in a blue handkerchief (the yard square kind that usually flutters from her hand). She had been too excited to stay under that drier another minute. With an armful of yellow jonquils for my mother, a peace offering for months of secrecy, she broke the news of the real reason for her trip. It was to be a belated honeymoon.

That same day, I think, she broke the news to Tom Gallery, believing that he cherished her happiness, too.

Out of heartbreak ZaSu has found her way to happiness. Having known every kind of disappointment and struggle, she has saved something out of the wreck of her dreams. Buffeted by every hardship, she has never ceased to believe in the kind of things that to most of us are just copybook maxims.

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The First Man Garbo Ever Loved

(*Continued from page 39*)

Hollywood. "It is also somewhat indelicate because of Greta's present position here. After all, she is a queen in the movie world. And it is court etiquette for male subjects not to speak of their queen in the reminiscent mood of, 'I knew her when.'

"This I can say. Greta was a lovely, simple, charming girl, full of sparkle and animation, a warm, natural and vitally human person. She seemed larger than she does now, plump and very pretty. The Garbo of today whom the public sees—an exotic, passionate pilgrim of the abstract, is a personality into which, I am certain, she has deliberately made herself. That personality represents the results of conscious, intelligent, painstaking effort.

"Our first meeting occurred in Stockholm at the "Blue Blondes" show. It was right after I had won my boxing title, and you know how it is with young champions of any kind. They are made a big fuss over. Greta was something of a 'fan,' I suppose you could say, and she visited the revue very often. We saw much of each other and became very close friends.

"She used to stand night after night in the stalls of the theatre during one of my numbers, and when I would stop singing and ask who in the audience would like to take up the chorus, it would be my cue to Greta and she would burst into song, in that deep voice of hers. She was really a wonderful girl.

"BUT she was beset with one burning ambition which made her restless. She had but one dream, wanted only one thing from life, to be an actress. It was my good fortune to claim as a friend, Mauritz Stiller. I had known him long before Greta and I met. She wanted very much to meet him. He was a big and famous man, not alone in Sweden, but all over Europe. I arranged the introduction. Shortly after, she became one of his pupils. Nils Asther, Einar Hansen and Lars Hansen were also students of Stiller at the time, in the school attached to the Royal Theatre.

"My friendship with Greta came to an abrupt close shortly thereafter, when I received an offer to go to England. My career was also the big thing to me. We did not see each other again until five or six years later, after she had conquered America as the great Garbo."

Mutual friends of Brisson's and Miss Garbo's have told me that their parting was a heartbreaking affair for both. It was a sad farewell that Greta Gustafson waved to the romantic young Karl, as he bound the train for a waiting success on the continent. She was a fair and triste picture as she stood at the station, arms filled with violets, smiling "adieu" through tear-filled eyes. She was saying "goodbye" to first love. But Destiny was playing a hand that day. She had met Stiller, and though she didn't know it, she was headed toward the greatest fame the world has to offer.

Karl Petersen went to London, became Carl Brisson and a musical comedy idol. Greta Gustafson went to the Royal Dramatic School of Sweden and came to America to become Garbo, the greatest star in motion pictures. They did not meet again until the year 1926 in Stockholm.

"Greta had changed so completely that I didn't recognize her," Brisson said. "The combination of Stiller's wonderful training, and Hollywood, transformed her into a new being. I still can't reconcile her with the girl I first knew. Her mother is a very good friend of mine, and we have often discussed this.

"It was her first visit home since her American triumph. I had lost track of her through my years in England. When one plays steadily every night and special matinees, there is no time for diversion, outside one's work. I had had little interest in the cinema anyway at that time, so it was natural that I shouldn't have kept informed of Greta Gustafson's progress. I had heard of Greta Garbo, but it never occurred to me that she was my friend of the old days. Gustafson is a very common Swedish name, like Smith over here.

"I had gone back to Stockholm to fill a personal appearance engagement. One of the first nights I was there, I was invited to attend a banquet to be held in honor of another Scandinavian, an actress who had brought pride to her native Sweden through her film work in America. I thought it was just another one of those things and I never even bothered to find out who the 'great actress' was.

"After the close of my act, on the day before the banquet, I greeted fans in the foyer of the theatre. This was a procedure that was expected of me. As I was ready to leave, a young woman in big ulster, dark glasses and felt hat pulled down over her face surprised me by saying, 'Don't you know me, Karl?'

"Her deep voice reminded me of some one, and when she removed her glasses, I recognized a much more slender and more beautiful Greta. When she asked me if I was going to attend her banquet and told me that she was Greta Garbo, herself, in whose honor it was being given, I assure you I was speechless with surprise. I had to see her then and talk and talk. So we had a long, wonderful visit at that time. She was a new personality, of course, but at heart, she seemed unchanged."

WHEN I reminded Brisson that Garbo gives the impression of being a very mysterious and complex person, so far as popular opinion is concerned, and that she has the public slightly baffled by her mob phobia, or what not, he laughed genially.

"Well, that is understandable for anyone who knew Stiller. You see, it is always necessary to go back to the great teacher and his training. *One of Stiller's strongest preachments was against public appearances for the actor or actress who achieved fame. He always maintained that the moment a stage or film celebrity was seen too often in public, or at private parties, familiarity would set in and the star's box office would immediately drop.* Greta naturally dislikes crowds, as most sensible people do, but I think she is also being a very good Stiller pupil, and wisely, too.

"Stiller was a terrifically magnetic man. Everyone of us who worked with him at any time unconsciously copied his style and

even his mannerisms. Knowing how profoundly Greta admired 'Maury,' I am able to recognize much of his teaching and influence in her work. Even her much quoted remark, 'I think I will go home now,' reminds me of him. How often he would say to us when he was displeased with some dramatic business in a play, or an artistic result, 'That is very, very bad. I think I will go home now!' "

Hollywood's greatest curiosity is whether Garbo and Brisson will renew their old friendship in the film colony. So far Garbo has maintained her silence.

Jean Harlow's Own Key to Beauty

(*Continued from page* 49)

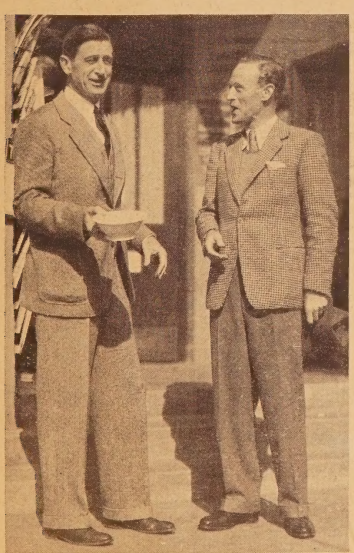
morning just as you and I could do. All the creams she uses do not amount to more than $13.50 every six months—and their price is included in the annual $35 for cosmetics!

"Jean, just what is this beauty secret of yours?" I demanded.

"Ice water!"

I'd been prepared for anything but that. "Supposing you start in at the beginning and tell me step by step what you do. . . ."

"WELL, here's the thing," said Jean seriously. "With a lovely skin and a great deal of personal daintiness any woman can give the illusion of beauty! You know what I mean by 'personal daintiness'—that immaculate look. It has to begin from within, too. You have to keep the system in order. That's why I begin every day of my life by drinking two glasses of *hot* water with the juice of half a lemon in each. I've done it since I was a youngster so it's a good, safe habit by now. Then next comes a quick cool shower. Not *cold*, mind you! You begin feeling pretty zippy by the time you've given yourself a rub-down with a turkish towel. . . .



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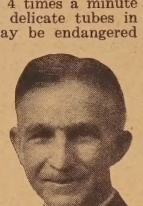

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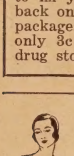

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

"The facial I give myself takes about ten minutes, and Jerry, it's a wise investment of any girl's time!"

Looking at her I could well believe it. It was clear to me what Clark Gable meant when he said: "Jean's so darn *real.* A man feels there's nothing phony about her—not even her make-up! You know how it is with some girls; their war paint could be scraped off. But not with Jean. She's natural."

That's just it. A lovely luminous skin doesn't need any artifice. You can just be yourself and not give a whoop whether you're in strong sunlight or flattering shadows. Here's what she does to get that almost baby-soft complexion: First she takes a cleansing cream and pats it in all over her face. And I mean *all over.* On the sides of the nose and around the eyes, up on the forehead and over to the very ear lobes. She works it into her eyelashes, too, because Jean says they need to be kept soft and pliable and this is the way to do it.

She rubs it off—beginning at the chin and working up—with three paper tissues or more to be sure every particle of it is wiped away. Then those brisk young fingers of hers smooth on an excellent pore cream and begin a pit-a-pat-pat to help the skin absorb it. She leaves it on for about three minutes. "But there's no set rule for this," Jean explains. "It's best to follow the directions that come with the pore cream you use as to the time, only make sure it's a well established and good brand because this kind of cream especially can be very irritating to the skin.

"After you've taken it off, the skin feels so stimulated. All glowing and clean and so fresh. That's when I rub on a thin layer of tissue cream to soothe it and give it protection for the day. Then—*then* comes that ice water! A big pan of it as cold as I can stand. I douse my face in it about six or seven times until it tingles—the old ducking-for-apples effect. You see what this does is to make the skin more firm and tone up the muscles of the face. And of course it helps to 'set' the tissue cream so you don't have an oily look.

"I wind up by patting astringent on, particularly on the sides of the nose and the indentation above the chin where there seem to be more oil secretions."

This is a daily ritual with Jean—like breakfast. Which, by the way is very light. Some stewed fruit, toast and coffee as a rule. Lunch consists of a clear soup—no rich cream soups!—and a salad. For dinner she takes cooked vegetables and meat. And there are always twice as many vegetables as meat. Occasionally she has custard or tapioca for dessert.

"IT'S funny about candy," she told me. "I was never allowed more than one piece a day as a child. I gradually lost my desire for it when I learned that too many sweets cause an ugly skin. They create too much acid in the system, you see. . . .

"Personally, I think the most terrible thing a woman can do to herself is to go on a radical diet. If you feel you must, then consult a doctor. But you can't be too careful. If you give up pastry and starches and sweets, that's all that is necessary. I'm a little bit hipped on this subject. I've seen too much of what it's done to girls right here in Hollywood. A diet that is too drastic is bound to be injurious to the health, and when health is destroyed, so is beauty.

"You can't get away from it—health *is* the real basis of beauty. I live out of doors as much as I can when I'm not at the studio. Never wear a hat if I can help it. I've always believed the body needed to be free and unhampered to be well and graceful. So, as you know, I go around the house here mostly in shorts, a sweater and tennis shoes."

Outside of lipstick the only make-up Jean uses is a little powder and rouge. And that's for special occasions only. Never when she's going to play tennis or exercise in any way because then she believes in letting the skin perspire freely without being clogged by cosmetics. "A good way to tell the rouge you should use is to pinch your cheek very gently and match the rouge to the natural blood-shade that appears," she said. "Another thing—I invariably powder first and then rouge, contrary to most rules." Jean mixes her own powder. She blends rachel and flesh and it comes out a nice banana color with a delicate pinky tone. Her favorite perfume is Shalimar but she uses it just for the evening. During the day she sprays on a simple honeysuckle toilet water that has an elusive charm. No exotic scents for our Jeanie! Neither does she indulge in garnet red nails. The polish she uses is a lovely deep rose.

THE most drastic change Jean has made in her appearance since coming to Hollywood is with her eyebrows. She has arched them considerably to give her eyes more prominence. And when she does use an eyebrow pencil she plies it so skilfully as to be unnoticeable. Very defined lines above the eyes harden the features. . . .

"What do you do for the nightly cleansing process?" "That," Jean pointed out, *is* pretty important. After I have applied the cleansing cream I wash my face in warm water and pure soap—twice a week I scrub it with a brush! When it's rinsed, *I don't dry it completely.* I immediately pat on that tissue cream before the skin has a chance to become thoroughly dry. Again comes my nice big pan of ice water. After I've dipped my face in it till my nose warns me it's nearly frozen, I sort of sponge off the water with paper tissues instead of a towel—and the surplus cream with it. The skin can only absorb so much of the cream anyway. And that takes away from going to bed with a greasy face!"

Is that something to know!! All you brides who have dreaded facing hubby with a muchly-creamed countenance, take heed. It's the beauty secret of the ages!

And if you've been wondering why—and how—that famous hair of Jean's has such a lustrous sheen, here's the answer: She rubs in hot castor oil before every shampoo. "That protects it like nothing else that I've found," Jean declares. "You have to wash it out in warm water instead of hot. Then I lather my hair with white pine tar soap. It's made especially for blondes, you know, and there's another pine tar soap for brunettes. I don't use any rinse. . . . "

That is Jean Harlow's entire beauty story. Simple. And more effective than all the complicated siren-methods in the world!

Keep Your Eye on Helen Mack!

(*Continued from page 57*)

power of the dark little girl. She wasn't the right type in Hollywood but she made you feel. Here was an ingenue with more than looks. The small but dramatically important part in "Sweepings" would be ideal for her.

Helen's voice still trembles when she talks about that. "When Radio called me for that test I was on top of the world. But after they tested me, they tested about ten other girls. And that's a bad sign. If you're right for the part, the studio generally doesn't test anyone else.

Helen spent ten agonizing days. Then Radio called and accepted her for the role. She went into it at once and held her own against as experienced an actor as Lionel Barrymore, held her own so well that she was given a contract.

But almost the same thing that had happened to her at Fox happened to her at Radio. They didn't just make her sit around idle but they gave her a series of mediocre roles, roles in which all she had to do was to look pretty until the final fade-out when she was clasped firmly in some leading man's arms. Hollywood is full of girls who can do that. Helen knows it. Again she felt herself slipping into obscurity. Just before her contract expired she was loaned to Paramount for "All of Me" and Paramount snapped her up at once.

AFTER this big chance, she thinks she's on the right track at last. But she isn't conceited about it. She knows her limitations as well as her abilities.

"Ingenues are harder to play than it would seem," she says, seriously. "I haven't anything against that type of role as long as it isn't too sappy. I just think that a succession of sugary parts would kill me."

Because of that feeling, she is turning down a chance to make a picture for another company in a few free weeks she has from the studio. She needs the money but she doesn't think the part would help her career.

Now that she is nearing the point toward which she had driven since childhood, she looks at the past with wise but not bitter eyes. She looks to the future with hope but not with over-confidence.

"I think that people like Garbo and Crawford and Shearer are grand," she says, "but I'll never be like that. There's no use trying. I'll have to get along with what I have."

And she has plenty.

She has acting ability, not an exhibition complex. She has emotion and not a flair for tantrums. She has a keen intelligence and not a store of cheap chatter. And she definitely has sex appeal. And unless I'm as wrong as an old man's weather forecast, she will be a star within the next two years.

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Mother McCrea

(*Continued from page* 16)

those publicized extremists, Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn. She has an unaffected and wholesome youth about her. She radiates happiness. But there is no gush. And when she looks at the world, she takes off her rose-colored glasses. She's a realist.

She went out of Hollywood for her marriage. And since she and Joel are spending most of their time on the ranch, the whispering set has rumored that she is trying to stay out of Hollywood to keep it.

This isn't true.

Frances Dee can meet Hollywood on its own grounds. And beat it right there.

"Hollywood is just what you want to make it. You can make it the craziest or sanest town that ever was. I'd just as soon raise my girl or boy right here as anywhere else. And if he wants to go into pictures, I haven't anything against that."

Hollywood sees Joel as a boyishly handsome actor with a beautiful body.

To Frances, he is something quite different. And something much more. She knows that there is a lot more than seems behind his boyish face. People expect, almost demand, that a person of Joel's type act carefree and gay. He's supposed to smile. Not think. And it's easier for Joel to show Hollywood the side of him that it expects, than to show himself as he is.

First of all, Hollywood came to Joel. He didn't go to it. If he had been raised in any other community, it is more than probable that Joel would never have become an actor. A cowboy at heart, he became interested in pictures only because they sometimes portrayed ranch life. As a kid, he spent most of his free time hanging around the old William S. Hart studio.

It is a strange thing that while most actors complain when they have to make a Western, Joel, whose main interest is in cattle and ranches, has yet to make one.

It was only natural that, living where he did, Joel should drift into pictures. He followed the Hollywood pattern. But, if Hollywood will take the trouble, it will notice that Joel broke the pattern once he got into pictures. He refused to go the way of the good-looking young play-boy.

With sudden fame and adulation from the world's most beautiful women, he kept his balance. Such poise comes from more than an engaging smile.

And Joel has more.

He's not taken in by people. He's not even fooled by his sudden fame. He knows where he is, and where he's going. And he has his own ideas on how to get there.

IT is hardly more than a year ago that Frances met him. It happened during the shooting of "The Silver Cord." Joel's name, at that time, was being linked with three or four of the town's most glittering stars. He was the prize catch.

Frances was too busy with her part even to notice him. Anyway, she had heard of his reputation and was not interested. Then, at the completion of the picture, he surprised her by asking for a date.

"I suppose I wasn't as thrilled as I should have been, but to me Joel was just another boy."

The next time she saw him was at the Santa Monica Swimming Club, where she went to make some publicity stills. He was unshaven and tired. Not at all the famous ladies' man.

He hadn't been on an all-night party. He had been alone in the hills all morning, exercising his horses. Frances began to see the real Joel.

Their courtship was a quick one. But not furious. It was as calm as if they were old friends meeting again.

And now, when you talk to Frances Dee, you get the feeling that she is something more than a successful young woman. She's a happy woman. In a city taut with ambition and whirl-wind love affairs, her serenity is most striking.

She's not smug. But she's content.

"I suppose I haven't yet quite found myself as an actress. But I'll keep on playing the rôles the studio gives me. Eventually, I should get there. It's as good for the studio as it is for me to be a success."

When everyone is complaining that someone is trying to knife him in the back, it's pleasant to hear that.

And occasionally, as you are talking with her, she looks up at the clock. She can tell you what Joel is doing every minute. And I'll never feel the same about movies until a camera is able to catch the color of her eyes.

THERE is a regularity to their life on the ranch. And even though she's in the studio, she can look at the clock and say, "Joel's probably feeding the horses now." She likes it up there. She didn't learn to endure it because of Joel. Sometimes friends drop in. A good deal of the time they're Gary Cooper and his bride, Veronica Balfe, or Sandra Shaw as she's known in pictures.

When Gary drops in, the two great lovers go out to ride, or look at the cattle. And leave the women alone to carry on the conversation. No polite small talk, no subtle advances from them. They're as articulate as a couple of deer. When Gary and Joel go around judging flesh, you can bet a dollar, if you've got one, that it's flesh on the hoof.

As you walk around the lot with Frances Dee, you notice that some of the actresses treat her with acid politeness. She notices it, too.

"I keep forgetting how popular Joel is." She laughs. "I guess they do resent me. He's from this studio, you know. They all know him here."

Of course, they resent her for taking Joel. But inside, possibly without knowing it, they resent her for something more. For taking life, herself and her career with placid good humor. They resent the ease with which she is happy. And now that she is going to have a child, they resent her completeness.

She has no special theories about child-raising. But when the time comes, she will do it as competently, as surely, as she has done everything else.

When people look at her, they think of Joel. They say, "Lucky Frances Dee."

Me, I'm all for starting the cry:

"Lucky Joel McCrea."

A Modern Hero

(*Continued from page* 55)

immeasurably grateful to her for letting him go like this. He hated scenes and right now he had business to attend to.

First, he made Flint see the wisdom of treating him well, and edged his way into the financial matters of the new venture. Later on, he felt the necessity of consolidating his position and found the means ready to hand, Flint's daughter, Hazel.

Driving home from the office one afternoon, he said to her: "Hazel, what would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

He knew the answer, but he smiled to himself at her typical response. Ever her father's child, she must qualify: "Well, I don't know. I'll have to think it over. . . ."

Pierre laid a hand over hers and leaned toward her. How could she know what that ardor meant, that it was not her he saw, but his own ambition reflected in what she was.

THEY were married, and the important people came from all over the state to witness the wedding. He might have been satisfied now, this Pierre Radier, who had become Paul Rader, of Flint and Rader, the big automobile people. He was accepted everywhere, even at the exclusive golf club, where he became a familiar figure. This was the life he wanted, he told himself over and over again, because deep within him was a sense of lack.

What Pierre searched for, was something to love. No use to pretend he ever loved Hazel, or any of the other women, except Joanna and she was lost to him. But there was his son, the baby he had never seen, and life brought them together.

One day when he went to play golf, his favorite caddy was not there and he took a new boy, a handsome child, with big brown eyes and a delicious smile.

"What's your name?" Pierre asked him, and dropped his club to stare when the child said: "Pierre Croy."

His son, his son, *his!* The words rang in Pierre's ears while he chatted with the boy, and plans whirled through his brain. The next day, he sought out the little farm that was Joanna's home wondering to himself why he had never done something about the boy. But then, how could he know the child would be like this, himself over again?

He found Joanna the same girl he had loved, but calm and, as she did not need to tell him, happy.

"You've changed," she said to him. "You're different, somehow. I guess it's because you're successful."

"I've been lucky," he answered simply, and then, abruptly: "Are you ever sorry you didn't marry me?"

There was no hesitation in her answer: "No, it's better this way. I'm happy here."

The horn of his automobile was blown outside, and they both smiled to see young Pierre sitting in the driver's seat, pretending to drive along proudly.

"He's so much like you," Joanna said caressingly.

"I wish I knew him better." Pierre sighed for the years he had missed. "I'd like to see him often. I want to do something for him. I have money. I want him to have a fine education, all the things I

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didn't have when I was a little fellow."

Joanna promised him nothing, but as time went on, he had hopes of winning her over. But she refused him pointblank when he spoke of adoption.

"You know I wouldn't consider that. Neither would Elmer."

Pierre was annoyed at the mention of this other man, Joanna's husband, whom she had preferred to him.

"What's he got to do with it?" he demanded angrily.

"He's got everything to do with it. He took my child in as his own son, and he's always treated him that way."

"You'll have to admit I have some rights to the boy, at least to help him. He's going to have every advantage I can give him. When he's older, I want to send him east to school. I want him to grow up to be a gentleman."

This last irritated Joanna. "I suppose I can't make him a gentleman," she said a little bitterly.

Pierre regretted his choice of words. "I'm not criticizing you. But some day, Pierre's going to be rich and important. I'm going to help him to be."

Joanna looked at him and brought out the point both of them had ignored: "Some day, he's going to wonder why you're so interested in him. Then what?"

"Leave that to me, will you?" This business was between him and his son. It was not a woman's concern and he wished she would cease her probing questions.

"Suppose old man Flint finds out?"

"I'm being very careful that he doesn't. When I get enough money, it won't matter if he does find out. I'll be free of him!" He caught her eyes straying to the picture of Hazel that stood on his desk. " . . . And I'll be free of her too," he concluded grimly.

"Oh. Aren't you ever going to have any children of your own?"

This flicked him on the raw. "What do you mean? Isn't Pierre my own? He's as much mine as yours and I'm going to see him as often as I like. That boy means more to me than anything else in the world."

SO Pierre made his plans and the years brought them slowly but surely to fulfillment. He made money, enough to satisfy Hazel's demands, and to build up the fund he was preparing for young Pierre.

Pierre, Pierre, his son! The knowledge of him ran like a bright, scarlet thread through the day's work, the times of arguing with old man Flint, the seemingly endless times of bickering with Hazel, who became more and more like her father, with an added, female shrewishness of her own.

Pierre changed perceptibly from the ardent, talkative young chap of the garage days, yet responsibility and the executive manner added to his charm rather than detracted from it. One was ever aware of the tremendous vitality, the unceasing drive under the suave exterior he achieved.

When 1914 came, bringing with it the war, Pierre was ready for it. Flint and Rader went into munitions. Everything was breaking for the Raders, father and son. Young Pierre was sixteen and his father had wrung from Joanna her reluctant consent to let him be sent east to school. At the same time, Pierre received the first nibble on the big thing he had been waiting for. It came in a wire from New York:

CAN GET YOU IN ON GROUND FLOOR BIG POOL IF YOU ACT IMMEDIATELY. STOP. MUST SEE YOU. STOP.
EGGLESON.

Eggleson was a Wall Street man, Pierre had come to know recently. Meeting him at a cocktail party, he had made a point of following up the acquaintanceship. He had expected something of the kind from the hints Eggleson had let drop, and it came now at a lucky time, for he could go east on the same train with young Pierre and take him to school himself. It was a very good school too, one of the best. Nothing was too good for the Raders!

Pierre enjoyed that railroad journey, not only for itself but because of the times ahead of him with the boy. He thrilled with pride when the Headmaster of Barrington welcomed the boy with such evident pleasure.

From the school in New England, Pierre returned to New York and hurried to Eggleson's house to complete the details of the big deal. Nor did he falter when he handed over practically his entire fortune.

"I brought these securities myself, because I don't want my name to come into the transaction. If Flint ever finds out I'm using my stock in the company like this . . . "

"Leave everything to me," Eggleson said. "When we stop, you'll have a profit of a million and a half. Then you won't have to bother about Flint. Now, shall we join the ladies and have a cocktail?"

The ladies included one Lady Benston, who singled Pierre out the moment their eyes met. Mrs. Eggleson had told her: "Paul Rader is the only rich man I know who has that something." So her ladyship knew he had money. All Pierre knew was that her attention flattered him at first. Later on, she skillfully made him see that she might be the very crown of his fortunes, with her beauty, birth and culture, and that if he went on as he was going, she might not be unwilling to exchange her title to become Mrs. Paul Rader.

Yet he bided his time, curbed his im-

Lannie Ross, the radio star, makes his debut in "Melody in Spring" for Paramount. Here he is with his German police dog, Von

patience to shake off the Pentland obligations till he was secure in that million and a half Eggleson had promised. The promises were materializing. By the next year, stocks were booming and he felt he could afford to be blunt when Flint discovered something of what was going on.

"I don't owe you any explanation about what I do with my money," he told him carelessly.

"Oh yes you do," Flint responded. "I got my daughter to think of. Because you've been lucky, you think you're a big fi-nanceer. You mark my words. You're riding for a fall. And there's another thing. Who's this boy you're sending to school?"

This was something Pierre didn't think Flint knew. He tried to pass it off: "A boy from Pentland I've been interested in for a long time. As long as I'm never going to have any children of my own, I'd like to do a little good with my money."

Flint was not convinced. "That's all he is to ye, huh? After all these years, none of us know much about you."

"What is it you'd particularly like to know?" Pierre answered him insolently.

"Wal, I'll give you one more chance to get out of this deal with Eggleson."

"It's too late. I know what I'm doing. I can take care of myself. In the next six weeks, I'm going to make more money than I've made in the last six years."

"All right. But I warn ye, if you put one penny's worth of our stock into that pool you'll take the consequences."

Pierre heard him out patiently. It would not be long now before he would be out from under all of it.

On his next trip east, he had young Pierre join him at his hotel for a holiday and a rare time they had together. At breakfast the last day, the boy said:

"Gee, I wish I didn't have to go back to school now. I always have such a swell time staying with you."

Pierre regarded him thoughtfully over the breakfast table. The lad had been out on a party the night before with some young friends and had come in more than a little tight.

"I don't want to preach, but take it from me, drinking is a bad business. I never drink myself because I'm afraid of it. It's in my blood," he repeated more slowly. "And it's in your blood, too. Because, you see, I'm your father."

The boy stared at him. Pierre went on: "I know it's awfully sudden. But it's nothing for you to be ashamed of. It was the most beautiful thing that ever happened to me, in my whole life. Your mother is the finest woman I've ever known. That's why you mean all you do to me. It's you and I, against the world, Pierre. Sometime, when you've finished school, we'll have a grand life together, partnership and all. Eh?"

While he talked, he was watching the boy, and saw with a relief he would not admit, that it was all right. "You'd like that?" he ended.

"I'd like it!" cried young Pierre and the two Raders laughed together.

Pierre returned to Pentland intending to broach divorce to Hazel but she forestalled him. She had become increasingly suspicious of his New York trips, and when, one short week after his arrival, he announced another, she raged at him:

"You haven't any time for me. It's always business, business. You're never home. I'm not going to stand for it much longer, I'll tell you that."

He flung out of the house, conscious of her angry eyes on him from the upstairs window, telling himself that the next time he left Pentland it would be for good.

Lady Benston's summoning wire had been strangely curt. "Come at once," it said, with none of the endearing intimate terms he had grown used to from her. Well, it would not be long now, before they didn't have to resort to the telegraph. The big pool was nearly ripe, and then! He gave himself up to dreams as the wheels clicked out the miles bearing him on to his great good fortune. Vaguely he thought of his circus days, of his mother, of Leah, of the past he had put behind him. Money! That was what did it. Get it! No matter how.

HE went directly to Lady Benston's apartment. She was expecting him, but it was not the lovely, melting lady he knew who greeted him coldly with:

"Something's wrong with the Eggleson deal. He's left town and nobody knows where he's gone. It happens that my money's in this thing, too."

Pierre's reaction was characteristic, his own affairs came first. "But my God! Every cent I've got is in it and my Flint and Rader stock."

He stepped toward her, but she drew back contemptuously.

"It appears you're not as shrewd as you thought you were. Goodbye, I'm going out to some friends on Long Island."

Pierre heard her incredulously: "What do you mean?"

"I'm finished. And don't be a sentimental fool. What do you want me to do, break down and weep and pretend this

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASHES

Will Rogers was in fine fettle at the annual dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Awards went to Katharine Hepburn for finest performance of year in "Morning Glory" and to Charles Laughton for "Henry the Eighth." Runners up: May Robson in "Lady for a Day," Diana Wynward in "Cavalcade," Paul Muni in "Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." "Cavalcade" was voted the best picture.

The party was somewhat dampened by the absence of La Hepburn and Mr. Laughton. Norma Shearer was considered the best-dressed woman there, wearing an all-white dress with a scarlet sash. Edna Best and Herbert Marshall were at her table, although rumors of marital discord between them persist.

* * *

Romance news: Friend reports that Gertrude Lawrence is wearing Doug. Jr.'s ring, in the privacy of her home; being British she resents publicity about her private life; Doug. won't come home for a picture unless Gertrude will come along . . . Phil Holmes and Florence Rice have chilled . . . Ditto Joan Marsh and Tommy Lee . . . Esther Ralston is being dated by Earl Oxford. . . .

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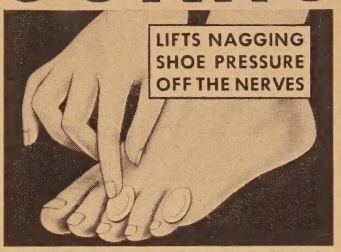

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has all been so 'romantic'? You know perfectly well what it was."

Her sneer changed Pierre's disillusionment to anger.

"So—it's the sinking ship, is it?"

PIERRE needed time to adjust himself. This woman who was an integral part of his plans—she had deserted him. He had been mistaken. It pounded through his brain. He had counted on her and he had been wrong. He, Pierre Rader, was not the infallible child of good luck he had come to believe himself. His confidence began to crumble. He wanted to shove out everything else and think about it, but there was no time. He must find Eggleson. Eggleson!

Two hours later he knew the worst, or what seemed to him the worst. Eggleson had absconded, leaving no trace, and the money was gone. Pierre returned to his hotel room, put in a couple of last, despairing telephone calls, and then sat still. But fate had not finished with him. With a final gesture, it stripped from him the last of his precious possessions. He received word that young Pierre, his son, had been killed in an accident in the very car Pierre had given him.

Like a man in a daze, Pierre made the trip back to Pentland. Like a statue he stood beside the grave of his hopes, and heard at a distance, Joanna sobbing on the shoulder of her husband.

When it was over, something drew him back to his house, he could not call it home, and he realized it was Pierre's letters to him he was seeking, all he had left of the boy. They were hidden away, with pictures and small souvenirs, and his will was there too, leaving, in outspoken legal terms, everything to his son, Pierre Croy.

It had never occurred to him that they would not be safe. He reckoned without a woman's curiosity and malice. He found the drawer of the desk in splinters where Hazel had forced the lock. It made no difference now, what she had learned. He ran through them hastily. They were all there, she had taken nothing. A grim smile flickered over his grim face as he reread the will. " . . . do hereby bequeath to my son, Pierre Croy, all my property, real and personal." All his property! What was money, that it would vanish and leave a man naked in the eyes of the world!

Later, he found himself going downstairs, toward the door. He was going out of this house, that much was clear to him. Hazel stopped him, her bright little eyes avid with morbid curiosity.

"Where are you going?" she asked, and stood between him and the door.

His voice was deadly. "Get out of my way, I never want to see you again."

She screamed at him: "I'm glad he's dead. You've been punished. You've lost everything, your money, your son. I'm glad he's dead!"

He could still hear her hysterical raging as he plodded down the driveway of the pretentious house, and a strange, pain-born happiness welled up within him that he was leaving the house, and all it stood for.

BUT it is an axiom of life that you cannot leave something; you cannot only go away, the very act becomes a going on to something else. Where can you go when there is nothing left, when heartbreak numbs the heart and paralyzes the will? Where else, but to your mother? So went Pierre, drawn by the blood that was in him, back to that fierce aristocrat of the circus ring who had given him the life he had so misused.

"I knew you'd come," she said, looking at him searchingly under the gas-light of the mean little room.

He stood before her humbly. "It's all over, everything's gone."

"You don't need to tell me. I know all that's happened."

He sank heavily into a chair, not meeting her eyes.

"Why don't you say I had it coming to me. Why couldn't I have died, instead of my son? Why do I go on living?"

She busied herself pouring a cup of coffee and passed it to him before she spoke, choosing her words with care.

"Why? Because you're my son. You have my life in you, as well as your father's, and I've never known defeat. You've paid your toll to your father. It was his blood that drove you on, greed, money, power. Well, you've come to an end of that. Now you're free."

He roused to face her. At that moment, he resembled again Pierre, the little circus-rider, the boy who had ridden fearlessly in the ring because his mother was guiding the horse. What she said was striking at his heart with insistent blows that swept away the numbness.

"You're not beaten. You're going on, in spite of everything that happens. And you're going on in your own power. Take it from me, my son. You're coming into a finer, fuller life now that you have learned what is real, what is false."

"But. . . . " Already, his mind was leaping ahead to ways and means of this new setting-out.

"Oh, we've got the money. I've saved everything you sent me. We'll even change worlds. We'll go to Europe. . . ."

It was as his mother said. Pierre had learned to know what was true. He was seeing it now, seeing, recognizing it in the woman who was his mother, who had loved him, who still loved him. He was paying his first homage to it as he bent over her hand and kissed it.

"I hope some day, I'll be worthy of you," his mother heard him say.

"First marriage is frenzy," says Dick Barthelmess, "But

Second Marriage—"

In an honest and straight-from-the-shoulder interview with Gladys Hall, Richard Barthelmess talks courageously about his second marriage and what it means to him. His wife's son by a former marriage—and his own daughter . . . how do these children affect their life—how do Richard and his wife combat the harmful influences of Hollywood? You must read every word of this fine story in the

June MOVIE MIRROR

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

both funny and romantic, Grace Bradley dances the hottest number you've ever watched, and Ida Lupino is quite all right.

Your Reviewer Says: You can have a fine time watching this nonsense.

For Children: It's a bit hot.

✓"Wharf Angel" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Dorothy Dell, Preston Foster, Alison Skipworth, others.*

It's About: *Life on San Francisco's Barbary Coast, and the regeneration of a scarlet woman who finds one real man in a world of hoodlums.*

More movie stuff, photographed with unusual feeling and beauty. It concerns a girl named Toy, who has been what her name implies. Needless to say, in the atmosphere of Barbary Coast, she hasn't much love in her heart for the average man.

But one comes along who isn't the average. He's above the average. He's wanted by the police and she hides him in her room. Why she does it even she doesn't know, but she soon finds out. It's love that eventually triumphs.

Dorothy Dell, a new and interesting face on the screen, plays Toy. For her first picture, Miss Dell creates a definite spot for herself and shades her acting with an intelligence that shows great promise. Preston Foster as Como, her man, presents a very interesting characterization. His life is devoted to promoting the universal brotherhood of man. He brings a real spiritual quality into his scenes that adds to his natural virility.

Victor McLaglen is splendid as Turk, the stoker, who is also in love with Toy, a role which does not offer anything new to the usual McLaglen characterization, but which he plays convincingly. Alison Skipworth plays Mother Bright, an old wharf rat character and does it beautifully. All of the cast are excellent. In fact, much better than the material given them to work with.

Your Reviewer Says: It's good old movie hokum, entertaining in spots.

For Children: No.

"She Made Her Bed" (Paramount)

You'll See: *Richard Arlen, Sally Eilers, Robert Armstrong, Roscoe Ates, Grace Bradley.*

It's About: *An automobile camp, its four-flushing manager who attracts the tourists by putting on a wild animal show and the wreckage he causes by his unfaithfulness to his wife.*

After sitting through what would doubtlessly have made a swell serial, the last scene in this picture implies that this originally was called, "The Baby In The Ice Box." And what an ad for the manufacturers of that air cooling product! After seeing it, every mother will run right out and buy an ice box just to keep her baby safe from harm.

Instead of calling this picture by a title that had nothing to do with the story, they should have called it "The Writer's Nightmare!" Surely every conceivable situation was written in to give us something different in the way of entertainment. And it was so different we couldn't believe it, even for the tiniest moment.

Robert Armstrong played the manager of the auto camp who tried to tame tigers —and women, in his odd moments. And one of these women was Grace Bradley who is the wickedest thing this side of the hot place.

Sally Eilers is the suffering little wife of Armstrong, who runs the lunch counter in the auto camp. Richard Arlen comes into her life as a big medicine man who peddles snake oil at the State Fair. It becomes quite involved with everyone falling in love with the person they shouldn't—and most of them doing nothing about it. Eventually they do, when a tiger gets loose, Armstrong is killed, the house is burned down and they save Sally's baby by hiding him in the ice box. Outside of this—there isn't any more plot!

Your Reviewer Says: If you have a good imagination, it will help a lot.

For Children: No, mam!

"Registered Nurse" (First Nat'l.)

You'll See: *Bebe Daniels, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday, Irene Franklin, Mina Gombell, others.*

It's About: *The daily life of a hospital and a beautiful society woman who returns to nursing when the law prevents her from divorcing an insane husband and marrying the man she loves.*

We've talked to several nurses and doctors since seeing this one. They would all like to know where they could find a hospital like the one pictured. Rules and regulations seem to be forgotten and all formalities are swept aside to allow for the action in the story.

Aside from this weakness, there are some good performances turned in and chief among them, is that of Gordon Westcott. This player has distinguished himself in unimportant parts and is becoming one of our most capable actors on the screen. His role of an insane husband is done with great feeling and restraint.

Bebe Daniels still appears as charming as she did in her first "Lonesome Luke" comedy. She is sincere and gives a very good account of herself. Lyle Talbot, has very little to do in the picture. As a busy doctor, he spends most of his time in civilian clothes following Bebe down the corridors.

All the sympathy in the picture goes to John Halliday. What beautiful feeling he puts into his role of the elderly doctor who is secretly in love with Bebe. And Irene Franklin is screamingly funny. Balance of the cast are all worthy of mention.

Your Reviewer Says: It's satisfying in a mild way.

For Children: Nothing to hurt them.

"The Showoff" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Madge Evans, Grant Mitchell, Clara Blandick.*

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It's About: *The blunderings of a human windbag whose bragging almost costs him his life's happiness.*

"The Showoff" was made as a silent picture. Before that it was a play and before that a vaudeville sketch, and perhaps it is just because of its venerable age that it seems to us so very dated. Or perhaps it is due to Spencer Tracy's ingratiating acting. Tracy just can't help creating sympathy for Aubrey Piper. Spencer is that kind of a gentle, understanding actor, but because he makes Aubrey sympathetic, you pity him, rather than laugh at him. And if you can't laugh at this little drama, it becomes just another one of those things.

Aubrey was the original of all that nuisance school of characters who talk all the time, buy things on the installment plan, try to run everyone's business and thereby practically ruin everyone's life.

Madge Evans is charming as the young wife, Clara Blandick, as her mother who hates Aubrey is swell. Tracy is simply miscast.

Your Reviewer Says: Small town audiences will like this better than city people.

For Children: Okay but they'll be bored.

"Countess of Monte Cristo" (Universal)

You'll See: *Fay Wray, Paul Lukas, Reginald Owen, Patsy Kelly, Paul Page, Carmel Myers and others.*

It's About: *An extra girl, who masquerades as a countess and meets up with a series of adventures.*

Very little can be said in favor of this production or the people connected with the making of it. It is poor story material, filled with impossible and improbable situations.

For no reason, the story is laid in Vienna. They say it is Vienna, but the studio, the studio atmosphere and the personalities have all been seen a hundred times by audiences who recognize the average Hollywood extra.

The players are adequate. Fay Wray is the trembling extra girl who steals the company's car by driving right out of a scene. Patsy Kelly is her girl friend who poses as her maid. The real tragedy of the picture is allowing that charming actor, Paul Lukas, to be wasted in such stuff. He is certainly far too capable to have his talents thus abused.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another picture.

For Children: They could sit through it but why make them?

✓ "The Mystery of Mr. X" (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth Allan, Lewis Stone, Ralph Forbes, Forrester Harvey, and others.*

It's About: *Scotland Yard, a diamond thief, and a mysterious maniac who baffles the countryside with his endless slaying of policemen.*

Lovers of murder mystery stories will revel in the gory details of this one. It concerns the maneuvers of a maniacal murderer. He limits his victims to the London police and accomplishes his task by running a long saber through their heart. All effort to apprehend him meet with failure, even when he is thoughtful enough to send murderous announcement cards, written with printed letters cut from the daily papers.

Robert Montgomery is in rare form, in his role of a jewel thief. Through his presence at the scene of one of the many crimes, he is suspected of being Mr. X. In reality he is there stealing a famous diamond. Therefore, the police believe the holder of the jewel is the man they want. It is up to Bob to track down the criminal to prove his own innocence.

Besides the splendid performance of Mr. Montgomery, Forrester Harvey plays a cockney taxi driver so splendidly, he brought hoops of delight from the preview audience. Lewis Stone handed in another capable performance. Elizabeth Allan did her best with little to work with. Ralph Forbes and balance of the cast are all good.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a hair-raising drama and will satisfy your thirst for thrills.

For Children: It is entirely too gruesome.

"I Believed In You" (Fox)

You'll See: *Rosemary Ames, Victor Jory, John Boles, Gertrude Michael, others.*

It's About: *Life in Greenwich Village and a girl who experiences many adventures in her quest for finding realization of her ideals.*

The reaction of seeing this picture is rather a strange one. You can neither find a great deal of fault nor go tearing at your curly locks in rapture. Just about the time you decide you don't like it, you'll find something that particularly pleases your fancy.

We groan in despair when we have to resort to time worn expression of "she resembles, etc."—in speaking of Rosemary Ames. We apologize to the lady for she is distinctly individual. Yet we had to keep pinching ourselves as we subconsciously watched for Dietrich's fluttery eye-lids and listened for Tallulah Bankhead's rasping tones. Miss Ames is a strange combination of both ladies. Rosemary Ames is a very intelligent actress and for her first picture, does unusually well. It will be interesting to see what experience will accomplish for her.

In his role of the radical who preached Communism as a racket, Victor Jory gives all the necessary fire and color. John Boles, as a whimsical millionaire, who makes heavy investments to satisfy his curiosity, is very good in rather a limited role.

Irving Cummings has done very well with the direction of this picture. The camera effects are most unusual with the camera being everywhere but on the floor, most of the time. Greenwich Village is seen in its most amusing manner.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll have to decide for yourself on this one, but it will help a lot if you're a seeker of ideals.

For Children: They'd probably be bored to tears.

CHECK LIST

All the movies reviewed in recent issues of Movie Mirror—just in case your neighborhood theatre is showing them

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (*20th Century*)—Another newspaper story with a zippy performance from Lee Tracy as the bad boy reporter who gets punished by having to run the "Lonely Hearts" column. Sally Blane and Sterling Holloway do their part ably.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (*Paramount*)—A grand morsel for the children to digest. They'll be pleased with Charlotte Henry as Alice.

✓✓ ALL OF ME (*Paramount*)—The story of two different kinds of men who loved two different kinds of women in two different kinds of ways is not nearly as grand as the performances rendered by Helen Mack, George Raft, as one pair, and Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March as the other pair.

BELOVED (*Universal*)—Music lovers especially will relish this beautiful story of a great romance that carried on through a lifetime of disappointments and frustrations, of a musical genius. John Boles and Gloria Stuart have top billing.

✓✓ CAROLINA (*Fox*)—A proud old Southern family, the House of Connelly, completely penniless, is saved by the brains of a slip of a girl—and that girl is Janet Gaynor. Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young and Henrietta Crosman are splendid.

✓ COMING OUT PARTY (*Fox*)—An exposé of Park Avenue and its people. Frances Dee, a debutante deserts the social register to become the wife of a violinist in a jazz band, Gene Raymond. You'll like it because youth's problems are always interesting.

✓ CONVENTION CITY (*First National*)—It's one continuous round of laughter and entertainment, with the whole cast turning in swell performances. Adolphe Menjou is splendid and Guy Kibbee priceless.

✓ CHRISTOPHER BEAN (*MGM*)—This picture has everything that makes for laughs—a few tears and swell entertainment. Marie Dressler is marvelous. Lionel Barrymore is grand, as always.

✓✓ DANCING LADY (*MGM*)—A burlesque beauty who tries to go Park Avenue gets thwarted by love elsewhere. It's the old Joan Crawford with a new bag of tricks that will send you away cheering. And for Clark Gable and Franchot too.

✓✓ DUCK SOUP (*Paramount*)—Another Marx Bros. riot, which means a hodge-podge of everything thrown in that might possibly make for one more laugh.

✓✓ FLYING DOWN TO RIO (*RKO*)—The music will haunt you long after the picture is over. Fred Astaire's dancing alone is worth the price of admission. Ginger Rogers, Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio are swell too.

✓ GALLANT LADY (*20th Century*)—Here we have another child-doesn't-know-its-own-mother situation expertly directed and acted by such superb artists as Ann Harding, Clive Brook and Otto Kruger.

✓✓ GOING HOLLYWOOD (*MGM*)—You'll be entertained by this, for both the new Marion Davies and the crooning Crosby whose acting keeps on getting better and better.

✓ GOOD DAME (*Paramount*)—Sylvia Sidney, a virtuous carnival girl, meets a card shark who excels in his charm with women too, Fredric March. Go, by all means, and watch the fun.

HOOPLA (*Fox*)—It's too bad Clara Bow couldn't have had a better story for her comeback. So if you don't like this picture, don't blame it on her. She's still the Brooklyn Bombshell.

✓✓ HI NELLIE (*Warner Bros.*)—Though the plot of this newspaper story is slightly reminiscent of another picture you've seen recently, you will want to see Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell.

✓✓ IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (*Columbia*)—Double check and how! This movie has everything, including Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.

✓✓ LITTLE WOMEN (*RKO*)—The greatest movie of the year! It's about four girls, their lives and loves. A Hepburn triumph, ably assisted by Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker.

✓ MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (*Paramount*)—Timely, moving and very constructive. Baby LeRoy is the child who is kidnapped from the arms of his famous actress mother, Dorothea Wieck.

✓ MOULIN ROUGE (*20th Century*)—You'll enjoy Constance Bennett's sparkling personality in a musical comedy of gay intrigue. Franchot Tone deserves honorable mention in the role of a jealous husband.

✓✓ NANA (*Samuel Goldwyn Production*)—You'll probably want to see Anna Sten, the foreign importation, who has received so much publicity. The story is rather colorful with an excellent supporting cast.

✓✓ ONLY YESTERDAY (*Universal*)—One of the most beautifully sentimental pictures of the year. Margaret Sullavan comes like a breath of invigorating air in her initial talking picture. Take along a goodly supply of handkerchiefs to cry in.

✓✓ QUEEN CHRISTINA (*MGM*)—You will find this dull in spots, very thrilling in others, but you most certainly will want to see this because of Garbo, who comes back in this, beautiful, high-spirited and charming.

✓ SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (*MGM*)—An ultra-smart sophisticated comedy drama. Miss Brady's flair for comedy is given a grand opportunity. Lionel Barrymore, too, goes funny in this.

✓✓ SPITFIRE (*RKO*)—If you're religious minded, you'll especially enjoy this picture of the backwoods. Otherwise, go to see it because of the artistry of Katharine Hepburn.

✓ THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (*RKO*)—One of the nicest ways of spending a pleasant evening. No great dramatic moments, yet interesting and entertaining, with Ann Harding, Nils Asther and Robert Young.

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Dwindling Dollars

(*Continued from page 29*)

must be given in her own home, after she has finished a day's work at the studio. Then there are taxi bills and oversize tips for the attendants.

Another woman wails over the size of her food bills.

"You'd think I was supporting an army," she said. "But I'm at the studio all day long. I just can't check up on kitchen expenditures."

One day she did spend a little time checking and discovered that the servants were carting baskets of food to their own families. She stopped that.

"Tonight," she told them, firmly, "I want a prime ribs of beef roast. Tomorrow night I want it warmed over, and on the night following we'll have roast beef hash."

INSURANCE on jewels and furs has always been a large item in Hollywood. To begin with a star wears them a great deal. A thief has many opportunities to make a good haul. The Mae West robbery proved that. I suppose it is one of the world's oldest gags about the actress having her jewels stolen, but the story is true as often as it is false.

So, insurance is stepped up quite a bit on Hollywood's account. And, something else I never knew before—often a divorcee has to pay a greater premium! Maybe the alimony is slow in arriving and the jewels will be rather conveniently stolen. The insurance is probably more than the jewels would bring on an open market.

There are all the legal matters to be considered, too. A successful player can never tell when he will need a good lawyer. If he is unmarried there is always the danger of breach of promise suits. Blackmail threats, seldom getting as far as the newspaper headlines, are frequent. If an actor's car so much as breaks the thumb nail of a pedestrian he is in for a $50,000 lawsuit.

Entertainment is a staggering item. Although most of the stories of Hollywood parties have gained fantastically in the telling, they most assuredly lean to the elaborate side. Large parties like the costume balls given last winter by Kay Francis, Fredric March, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Darryl Zanuck ran well into four figures. And, as I said before, it doesn't come off the income tax. Not while Uncle Sam knows it.

In most towns a hostess can give a cocktail party fairly economically. Probably one or not more than two kinds of cocktails are sufficient. In Hollywood it is customary to have one or two cocktails and also Scotch, bourbon, beer and one or two wines. I know of an actor who demands champagne as a matter of course, although I've seen hosts grit their teeth.

It's almost unbelievable how a Hollywood cocktail party grows by leaps and bounds. By six-thirty it looks like the storming of the Bastile. About 200 people are usually on hand. There must have been 400 at Colleen Moore's Christmas Eve "tea."

Extra caterers must be brought in. Of late, cocktail parties begin in the afternoon and most of the guests are still there for a snack at midnight. That means extra food.

So, if our $100,000 a year man entertains with three of those affairs a year he is out between two and three thousand dollars.

There's plenty to be charged off to publicity—portraits, two or three sittings a year, sometimes more; advertisements in trade papers; a personal publicity representative, considered important by many stars, costing from $1200 to $5000 a year; the expense of handling fan mail. . . .

SO far this story has dealt with expenditures that our $100,000 a year man was probably called on to meet. The special extravagances of the players is another story.

When Joan Crawford re-decorates her house every few months it runs into big money. Clark Gable's polo ponies and race horses come high. The de luxe cabin planes which several male stars maintain are distinctly in the luxury class. And the luxury tax is something to make your hair stand on end.

The guards which Marlene Dietrich employed to protect her daughter, Maria, from kidnappers came high.

It takes large staffs to run a movie star's estate. There are many servants at Pickfair, the Marion Davies beach house, and at the huge Harold Lloyd mansion. There must be night and day watchmen, too.

The Davies home, in particular, houses a fabulously valuable collection of paintings.

Then at the end of the year comes Christmas. It's a nightmare for the players. Gifts must be exchanged with friends, and presents sent to workmen on the set, hair-dressers, and to members of the studio publicity staff. $5,000 or $10,000 will do it, according to the extravagance of the player.

Clark Gable, who lives fashionably, earns a reported $2500 a week. He probably cannot save nearly as much as James Cagney, who earns $2800 a week. The Cagneys don't bother much with society. Chevalier, with $7500 a week, lives four times as frugally as Joan Crawford, who earns $4000. Garbo, at $9000 a week, must be a tremendously wealthy woman. Foreign players, usually have high taxes levied against their salaries by the homeland.

The movie star does earn a lot of money, but he must spend so much that it almost goes in one pocket and out the other. After the Government is through with him the rest of the world is lined up with outstretched palms—just like leaving a Continental hotel.

The Hidden Hollywood

(*Continued from page 4*)

FOR the craziest item of the month, I offer you this tender moment that happened to **Neil Hamilton.**

It was the last day's shooting on "Tarzan and His Mate." (It was shot and shot, you know, for nearly six months.) Months earlier in the shooting, Neil had died for the scenario, but this latter scene was one that was to appear earlier—so mad are picture methods. In the scene Neil was to be attacked by a lion and nearly clawed to death.

Well, they shot the scene, first taking Neil being badly scared, then taking the lion registering hunger. Neil and the lion weren't, of course, too close together. But finally the director decided that it would be better if they were close together, in fact one against the other. They couldn't do that with a live lion, so they shot the beast and propped him, still warm and losing blood, against Neil's chest. It wasn't Mr. Hamilton's happiest moment. Among other things, the animal weighed six hundred pounds.

Eventually they took the scene, but the director still wasn't satisfied. He thought the sight of the lion's face next to Neil's would be dandy. So Neil had to lie down with the lion oozing all over him. Then it seemed the beast didn't look fierce enough, so they propped his mouth open, by hanging nails between its teeth and lopping its lips over them. This took about two hours to perfect and Neil was practically fainting when he felt the lion move.

That was too much. The lion's weight was so heavy he couldn't get away. So he screamed, "This lion's coming back to life," whereupon the whole company ran in four directions.

But the poor old lion wasn't coming to life. Actually it was rigor mortis setting in that had made it move.

When they finished the scene, Neil went straight home and had a drink, quite a lot of drinks, without much water.

Watch This Note: Kay Francis is wearing Maurice Chevalier's orchids! I'll be talking to you next month!

R. W.

MARQUIS BUSBY

Marquis Busby, one of our favorite writers, and one of the most popular young men in Hollywood, died suddenly, just as this issue of MOVIE MIRROR went to press.

He was as thoroughly delightful as his writing and most completely civilized. In a town where everyone traditionally aims at the extreme, he remained poised and serene. He was truly sophisticated, in the best meaning of the word, being always tolerant, wise, witty and kind. He liked foods and wines and good companionship but he never let them interfere with doing a good day's work.

The last day that he was out, he stopped by my house to bring me a little table bell for my dining room, and to have a glass of sherry. The next afternoon—Saturday—he was ill with what seemed to be a cold. By Monday the diagnosis was scarlet fever and by Thursday, he was gone. His mother survives him.

His was a gracious spirit and the whole world of Hollywood from stars and writers to the humblest workers on the various lots mourn him deeply. For few men can live so that they have many friends and no enemies but Mark was one of them.

R. W.

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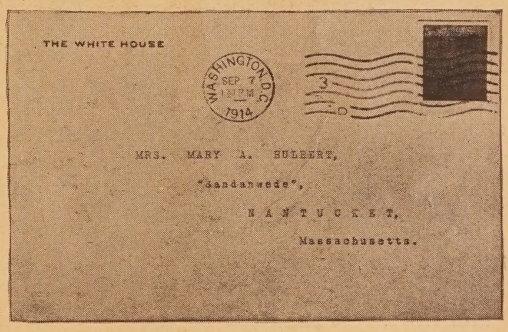
The capitalist's mansion is as apt as the mechanic's modest rooms to foster a startling, dramatic human-interest story. Most of the stories in the new May issue are about folks you never heard of before. That is simply because the world is big. But perhaps you have read the name of Burmah White in the newspapers. In search of fun she went on a "blind" date that led her into adventures that shocked the Pacific Coast. What a story! Now she says:

"Two short months of evil companionship have branded me at nineteen as a bandit's 'moll.' Only five days a bride—my husband trapped and slain by the police—I find myself the widow of an ex-convict—left to pay the penalty for a series of crimes in which I was forced to take part under penalty of death. From behind the walls of the State prison for Women in California I am writing the details of my tragic experience in the hope that—through the pages of True Story Magazine—it may serve as a warning to others. . . ."

Of course you'll want to read every word of her dramatic revelations. Turn to page 22 May issue.

She first met Woodrow Wilson while vacationing in Bermuda. (Below) One of the letters that became the basis of the whispering campaign.



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819 Strange Murders
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943 Masterpieces of Mystery
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Books on Sex

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209 Aspects of Birth Control
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I THOUGHT I'D BE SMART AND SAVE A FEW PENNIES, SO I LET THE CLERK TALK ME INTO BUYING A CHEAP LIQUID POLISH.
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